PRAISE BOOK


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THE

BAPTIST

PRAISE BOOK:

PREPARED BY

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CHAPEL EDITION.

FOR THE SOCIAL MEETING, SUNDAY-SHOOL AND SANCTUARY.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.
1872.

THE BAPTIST PRAISE BOOK EDITIONS.

B22

1. HYMNS AND TUNES. The complete work; with 1311 Hymns and 477 Tunes, besides Chants and Anthems, containing Order of Service, Full Indexes, &c. 640 pages, 8vo. Retail price, $2.50.

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A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
Publishers of Manuals for Church Worship, etc.,
111 & 113 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

PASTORS have for a long time felt the need of a suitable hymn and tune book for social worship. This has especially been true of late years, when many favorite hymns and tunes have come into use, but are not available in any one book of a cheap and popular form.

At the same time, multitudes of churches feel unable to supply themselves with any one of the hymn and tune books lately prepared for public worship.

To meet these necessities, the "*Chapel Edition*" of the BAPTIST PRAISE BOOK has been prepared. It will be seen that the twofold need here spoken of is fully met. All the topics in the "Praise Book" proper are here preserved, and in the same order; so that it is a complete book for Sabbath services, though, of course, not so full under the several topics. Very many of the new or feebler churches will therefore find this volume just what they desire. To facilitate its use with the large edition, the original numbers of the hymns are also given. The size of the type is also the same.

As a Vestry or Conference meeting book it will be found of a superior order. For the richness and sweetness of the melodies, the variety, warmth, and unction of the hymns, and their fitness for revivals, as well as every phase of church and Christian experience, the volume, it is believed, is far in advance of any previous publication. The aim has been to make it both popular and substantial.

And, in the words of the Introduction to the original edition, May He whose face shines on its every page, accept this labor of love, and cause it to animate the joys of His children until they unite in the chorus of praise with the redeemed in glory.

7777

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A COVENANT.

As we trust we have received, through Divine Grace, the Lord Jesus Christ, and given ourselves wholly to him, and on profession of our faith have been buried with him in baptism and thus united to his church, we do now solemnly and joyfully covenant with each other, and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, engage—

That we will walk together with brotherly love, exercising a Christian care and watchfulness over each other, participating in each other's joys, and, with tender sympathy, bearing one another's burdens and sorrows:

That we will not forsake the assembling of ourselves together at the Communion and other appointed meetings, but seek and pray for the spirituality, harmony, and prosperity of this church; sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline and doctrines; and give its claims a sacred pre-eminence over all organizations of human origin:

That we will cheerfully contribute of our means, as God has prospered us, for the support of a faithful and evangelical ministry among us; for the relief of the poor; and for spreading the gospel over the earth:

That we will maintain private and family devotions; religiously educate the children committed to our care; and endeavor, in purity of heart and newness of life, and good-will toward all men, to exemplify and commend our holy faith, win souls to the Saviour, and hold fast our profession till he shall come and receive us unto himself.

[*Relying on the grace of God, do you thus covenant and promise?*]

And now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

WE BELIEVE—

In one God, Maker and Ruler of heaven and earth, revealed as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, equal in every divine perfection :[a]

In the Holy Scriptures as his inspired Word, and the only rule of faith and practice :[b]

In the fall of man and his condemnation as a sinner, and God's sovereign grace and love in redemption and the choice of his people :[c]

In the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, the Son of God incarnate, who obeyed the law, suffered and died for the sins of men, and is risen and exalted a Priest and King :[d]

In the free offer of eternal life to all in the Gospel, and the aggravated guilt of those who reject it :[e]

In the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and of repentance toward God and faith in Christ :[f]

In the justification and adoption of the believer, through the blood and righteousness of Jesus :[g]

In the Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the visible church of professed believers with its initiatory and memorial rites, Baptism * and the Lord's Supper :[h]

In the sacred observance of the Lord's Day, for rest, worship, and religious instruction :[i]

In the final perseverance of all saints, through sanctification of the Spirit and obedience to the truth :[j]

In the present life as man's only day of grace, and the soul's entrance at death into conscious blessedness or woe :[k]

In the resurrection of all the dead at the glorious coming of the Son of Man, and his just adjudgment of the wicked to everlasting punishment and the righteous to life eternal.[l]

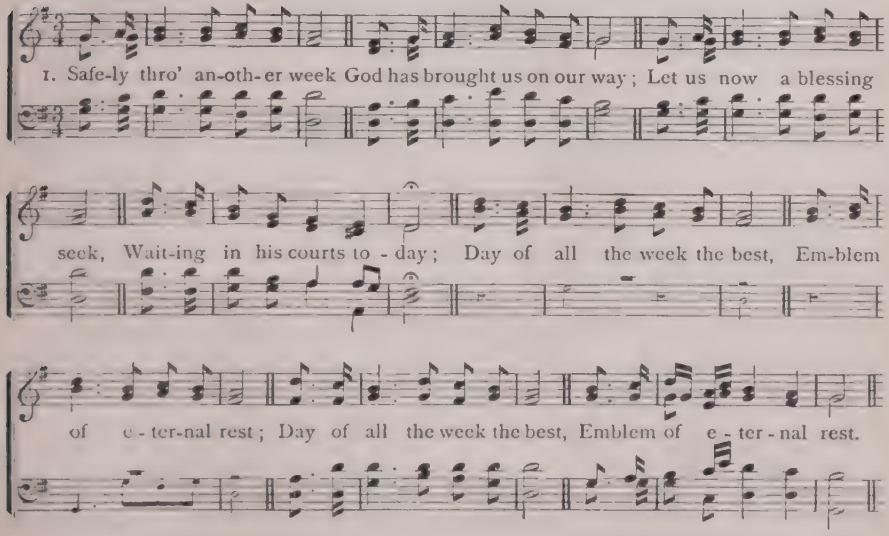
[a] Eph. 4 : 6, Is. 57 : 15, Matt. 28 : 19, John 10 : 30, Acts 5 : 3, 4. [b] 2 Tim. 3 : 16, Prov. 30 : 5, 6, Phil. 3 : 16, 1 Pet. 4 : 11, Is. 8 : 20. [c] Rom. 5 : 12, 18, Gal. 3 : 10 ; 4 : 4, 5, Eph. 1 : 4, 1 Thess. 1 : 4. [d] Acts 4 : 12, Phil. 2 : 8, 9, 1 Pet. 3 : 18, Heb. 4 : 14 ; 7 : 25, Ps. 2 : 6. [e] John 3 : 16 ; 10 : 10, Rev. 22 : 17, Matt. 11 : 23, Heb. 10 : 29. [f] John 3 : 5—8, 16, Mark 16 : 16, Luke 13 : 3 ; 16 : 15, Acts 20 : 21. [g] Rom. 5 : 1, 9, Acts 13 : 38, 39, Gal. 4 : 4—7, 1 Cor. 1 : 30, 1 Thess. 4 : 3, 1 Tim. 1 : 15, 2 Cor. 7 : 1. [h] Mark 3 : 14, Eph. 4 : 11, 1 Tim. 4 : 14, Matt. 28 : 19, 20, 1 Cor. 11 : 2, Phil. 1 : 1, Acts 2 : 41, 42, Rom. 6 : 4, Luke 22 : 19, 20, 1 Cor. 11 : 26. [i] Acts 20 : 7, Rev. 1 : 10, Ex. 20 : 8, Heb. 10 : 25, Acts 11 : 26. [j] John 10 : 27, 28, 1 John 2 : 19, Phil. 1 : 6, 1 Pet. 1 : 2—5, Rom. 8 : [k] Luke 16 : 22—26 ; 23 : 43, Rev. 22 : 11, Mark 12 : 26, 27. [l] John 5 : 28, 29, Acts 24 : 15, Matt. 25 : 31—46, 2 Cor. 5 : 10

* Immersion only to show forth in a solemn and beautiful emblem, our faith in the crucified, buried and risen Saviour, and our death to sin and resurrection to a new life. Note. By "the visible church" is meant a local congregation, in distinction from the whole body of believers, or kingdom of Christ, and from a territorial, national, or ecclesiastical church. The New Testament churches were evidently organizations of baptized believers, local, and independent, under Christ ; their officers being pastors and deacons, bishop and elder being the same as pastor.

HYMNS AND TUNES.

WORSHIP.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines. L. MASON.



1 (2)
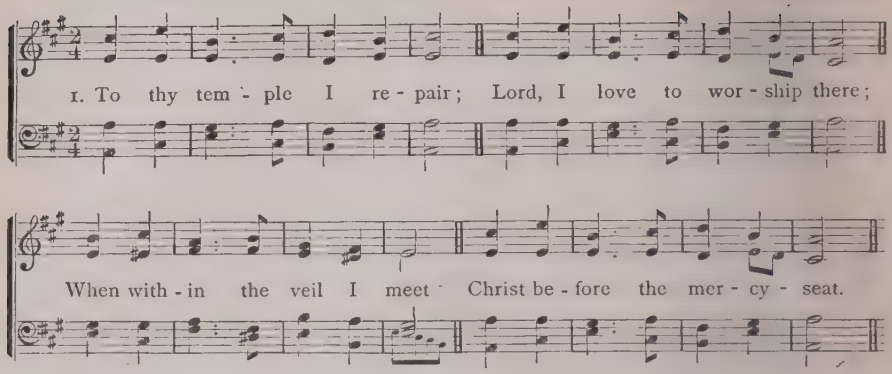
2 While we pray for pardoning grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
Till we rest in thee above.

NEWTON.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



2 (4)

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness!

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend!
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

3 (6)

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign. NEWTON.

4 (85)

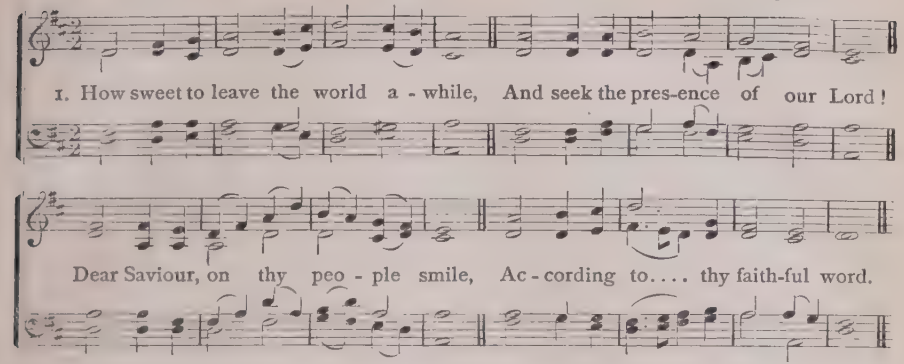
1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Thou, though sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

4 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
DOANE.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.



5 (17)

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we by faith may view thy face;
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place.

KELLY.

6 (21)

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh, write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

WATTS.

7 (34)

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

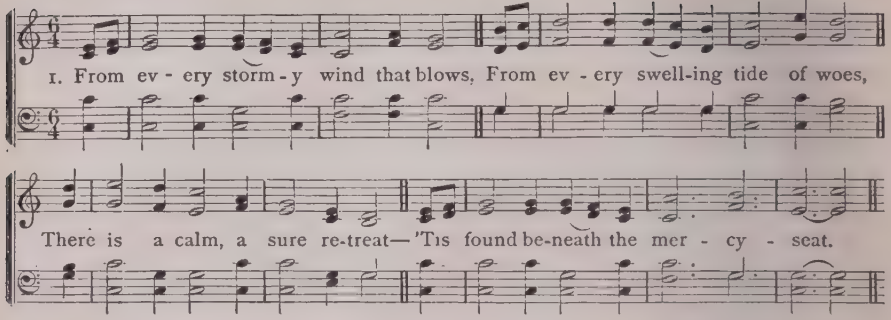
4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.



8 (27)

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

STOWELL.

9 (28)

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to thee!

C. ELLIOT.

10 (29)

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

COWPER.

11 (32)

1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God my Sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

Watts.

12 (33)

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Ken.

13 (36)

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store,
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

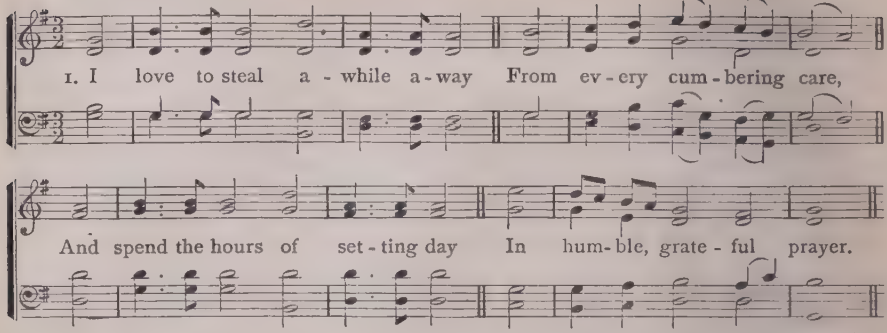
Keble.

14 (38)

1 While now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. DUTTON.



15 (57)

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. BROWN.

16 (64)

1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent!
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

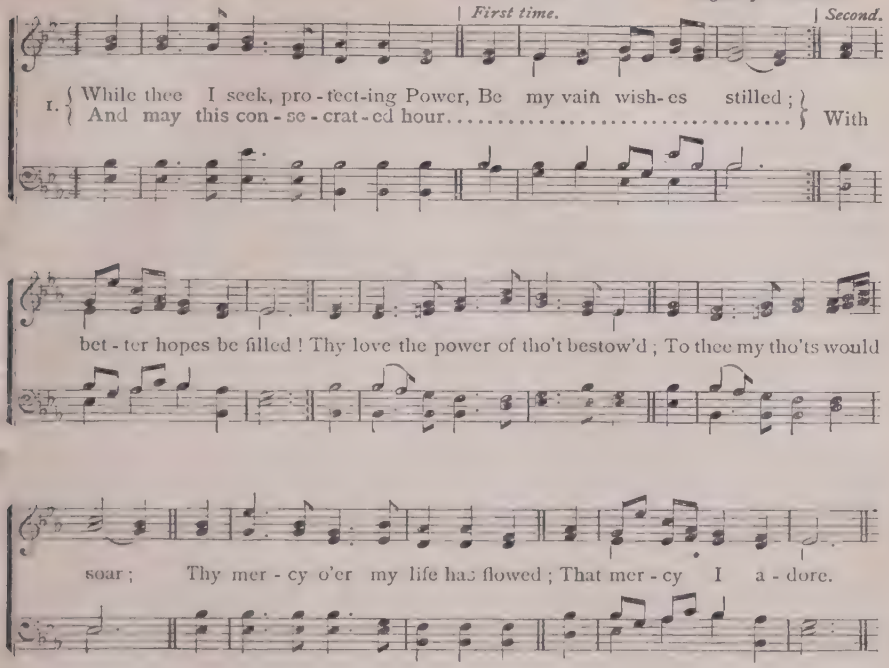
17 (43)

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double. *Arranged by* L. MASON.



18 (59)

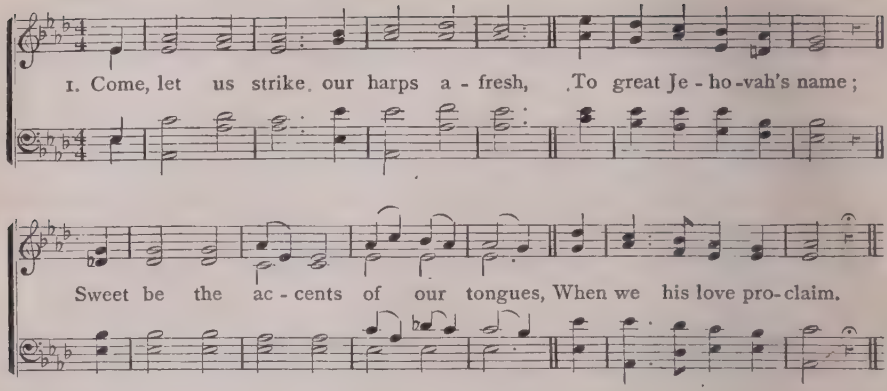
1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the power of tho't bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

WILLIAMS.

HUMMEL. C. M. ZEUNER.



19 (54)

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace! REED.

20 (55)

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

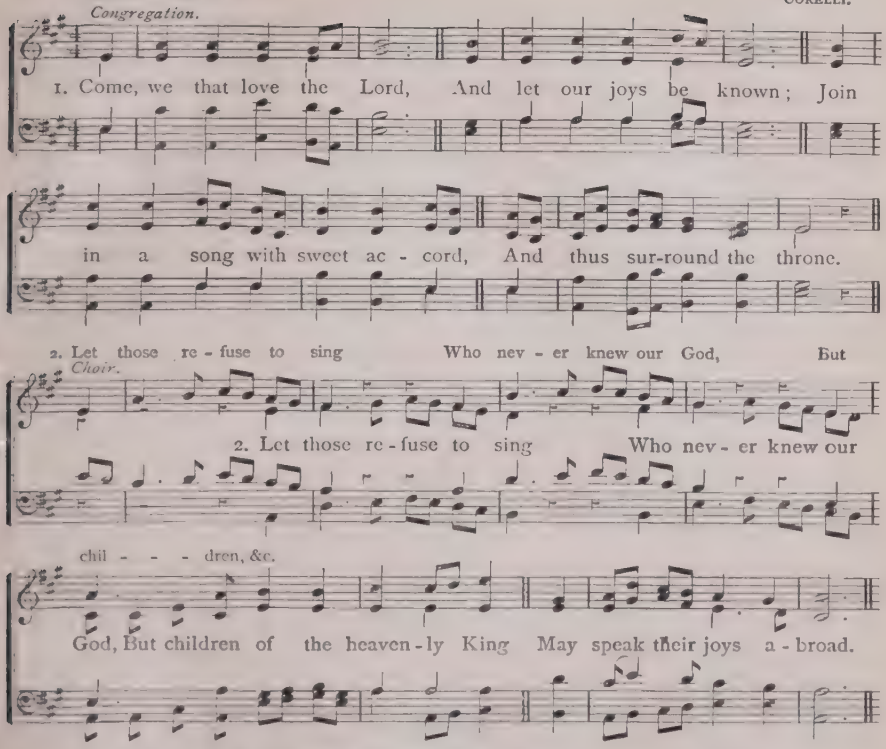
2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

4 May we in faith receive the word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.
NEWTON.

AIN. S. M. CORELLI.

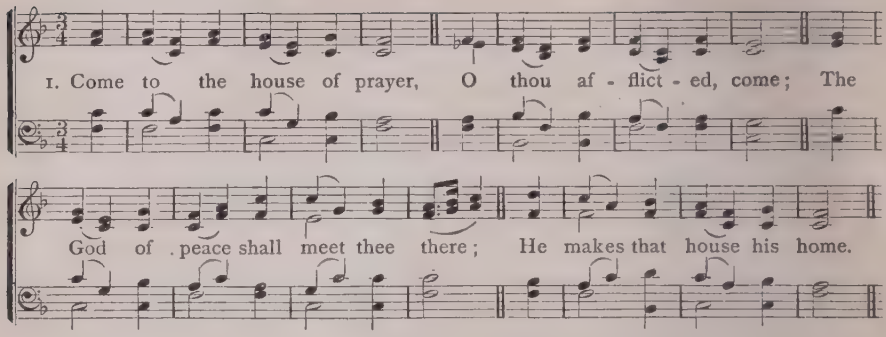


21 3 The men of grace have found (68)
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. WATTS.

DENNIS. S. M. NAGELI.



22 (75)

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,—

4 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

E. TAYLOR.

23 (76)

1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight vails our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

24 (77)

1 THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day:
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

25 (78)

1 THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

JOHN MASON NEALE.

26 (79)

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love. LELAND.

27 (72)

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around. STENNETT.

28 (73)

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join!
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 Oh, blest assurance this!
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

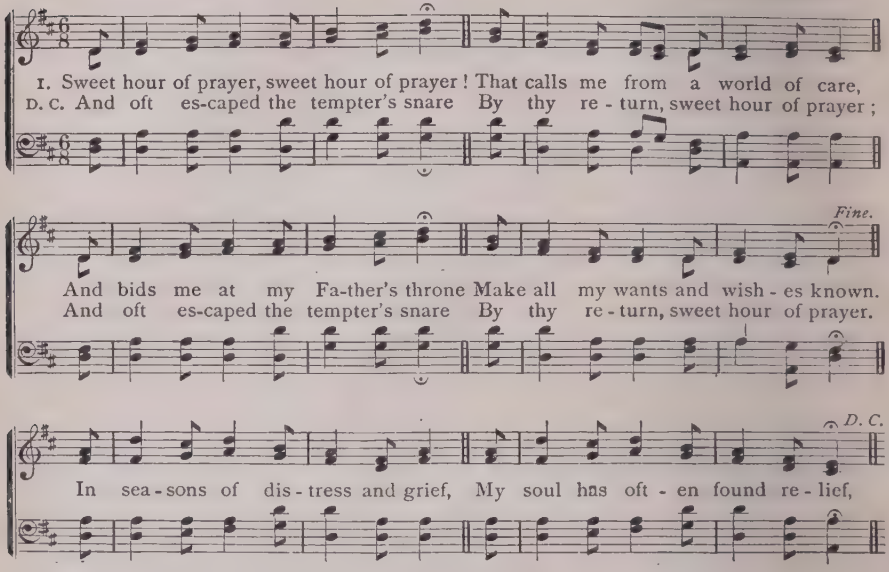
29 (74)

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love. C. WESLEY.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



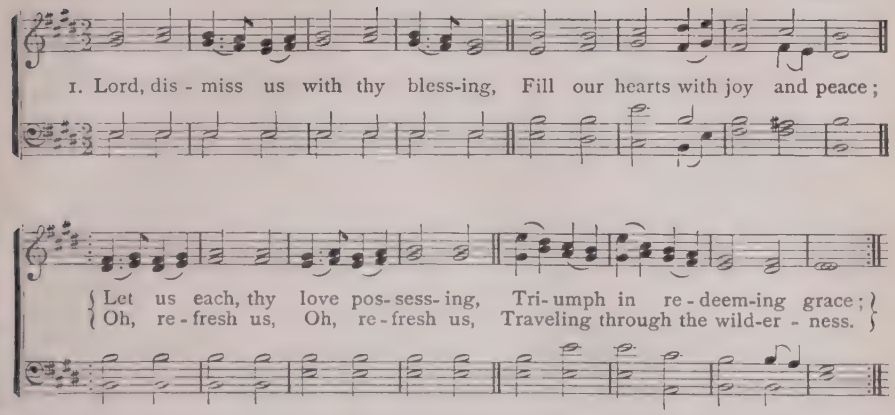
30 (95)

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

MOZART.



31 (86)

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

BURDER.

32 (87)

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

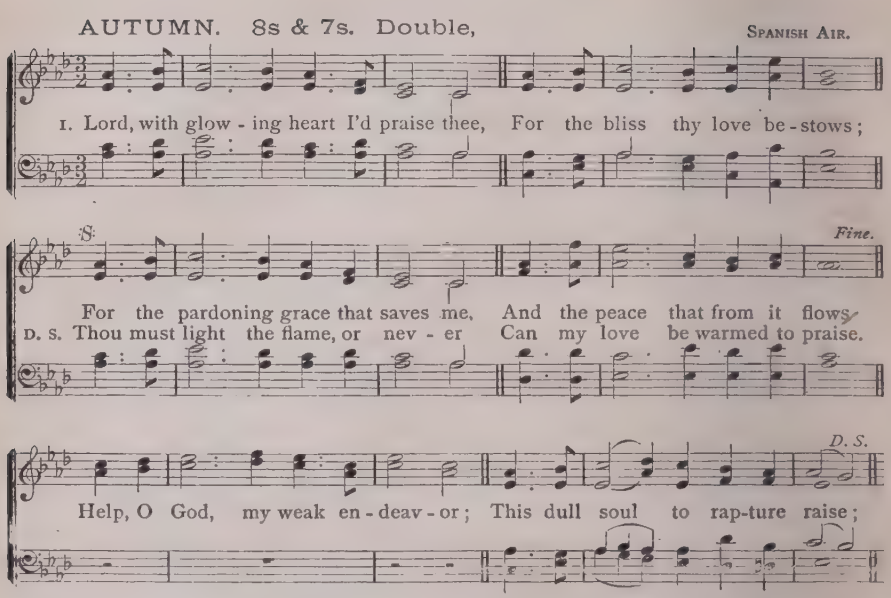
2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

DOXOLOGY.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

GOD.



33 (106)

2 Praise my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

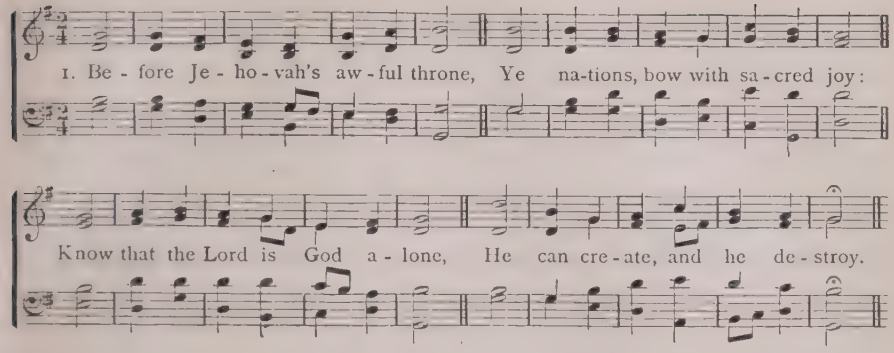
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Key.

34 (107)

1 Heavenly Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



35 (117)

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

36 (118)

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

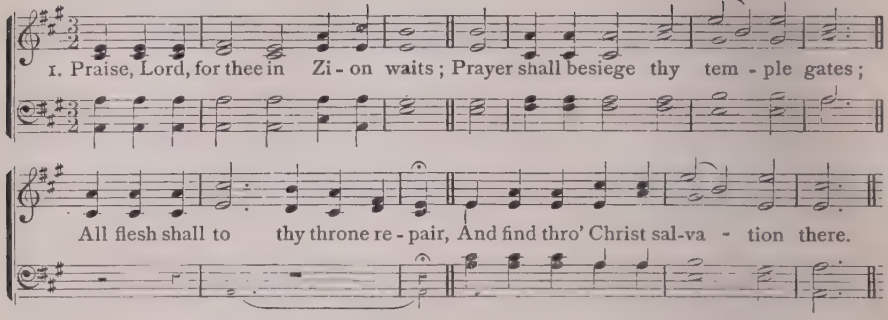
2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

WATTS.

WARE. L. M. KINGSLEY.



37 (155)

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee.

3 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Thro' thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

4 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

38 (162)

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

39 (334)

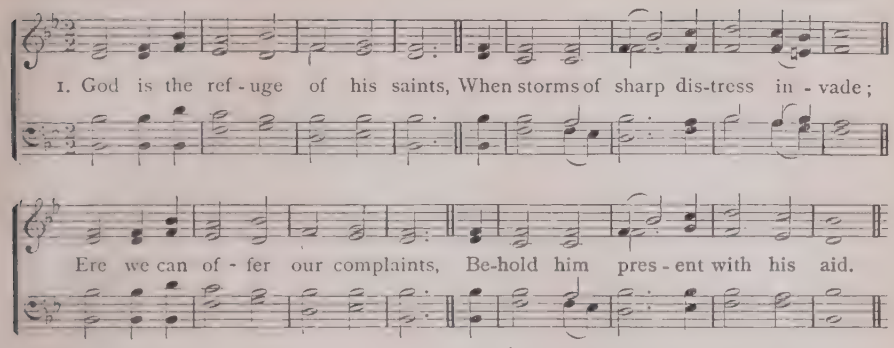
1 NATURE with open volume stands
To spread its Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Oh the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

WATTS.

WARD. L. M. L. MASON.



40 (147)

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

WATTS.

41 (153)

1 WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

BEDDOME.

42 (161)

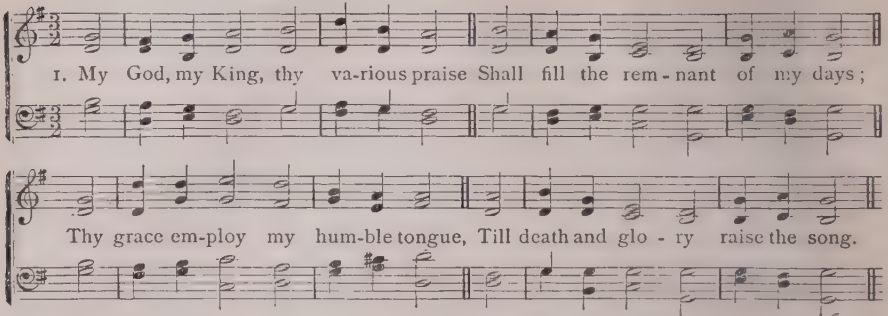
1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

WATTS.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. L. Mason.



43 (140)

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

44 (124)

1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song?

Blacklock.

45 (142)

1 With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes.
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive. Watts.

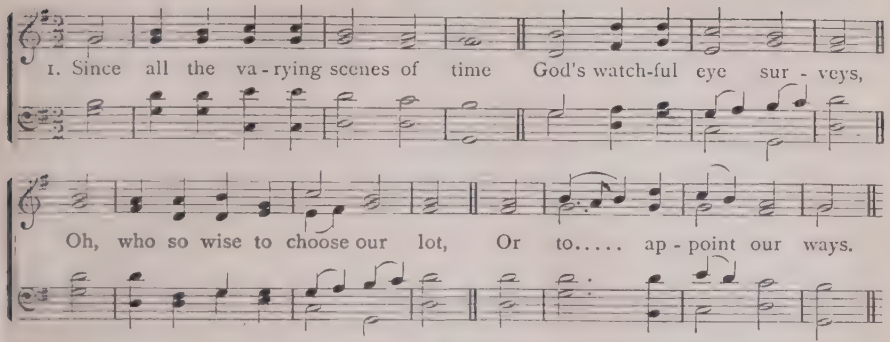
46 (130)

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives,
The hourly follies of our lives.

3 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine. Watts.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. L. MASON.



47 (211)

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

HERVEY.

48 (228)

1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

LYTE.

49 (218)
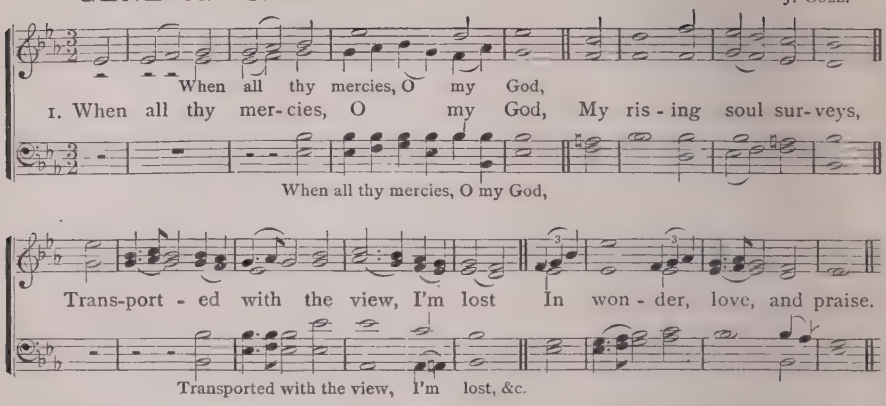
1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

GENEVA. C. M. J. Cole.



50 (205)

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery path of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Addison.

51 (200)

1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

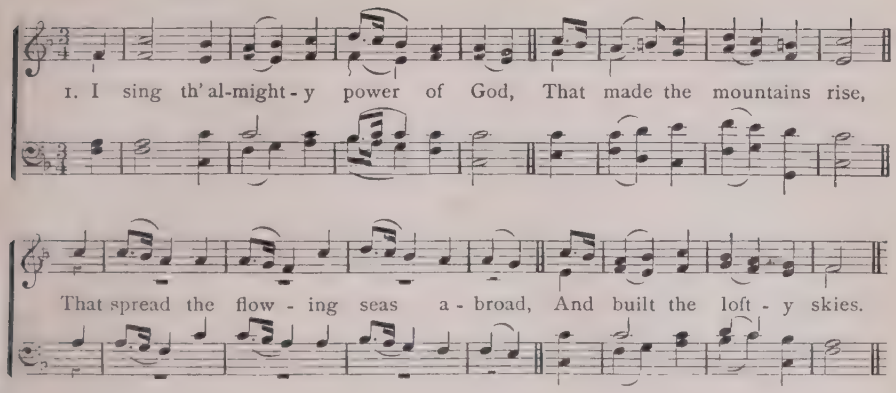
2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines,
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

Watts.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.



52 (175)

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there. WATTS.

53 (177)

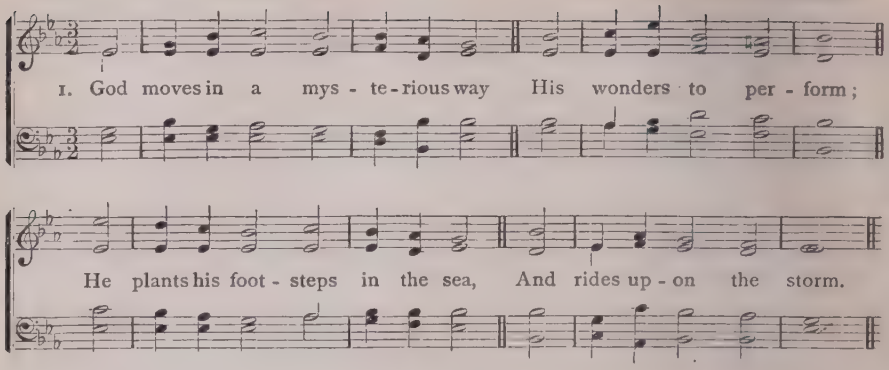
1 LORD! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

4 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh! let my lips life and make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

5 All-bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;
Oh! teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.
STEELE.

DOWNS. C. M. L. MASON.



54 (193)

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

55 (186)

1 KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

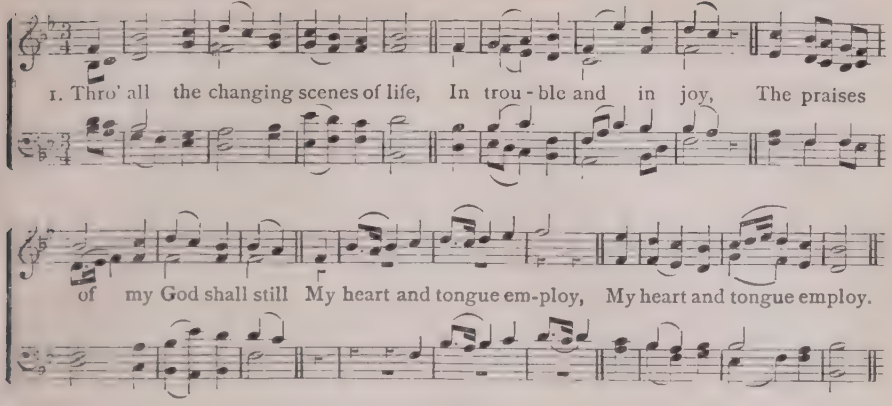
3 His providence unfolds the book,
And make his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

CLARKES. C. M. T. CLARKE.



56 (202)

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

3 Oh, make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

TATE & BRADY.

57 (203)

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

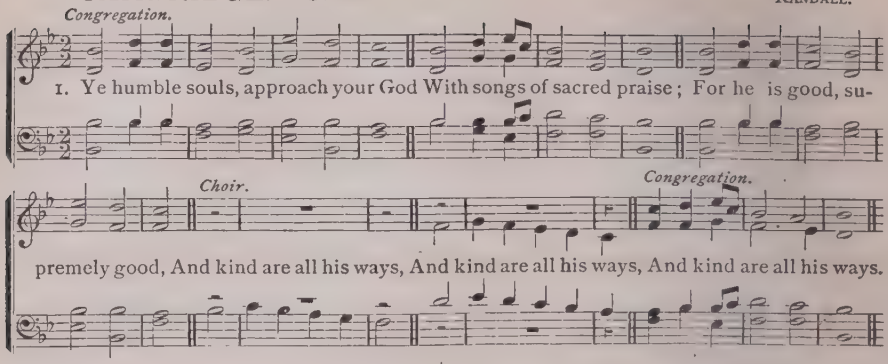
4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. RANDALL.



58 (214)

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise. STELLE.

59 (47)

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still. WATTS.

60 (196)

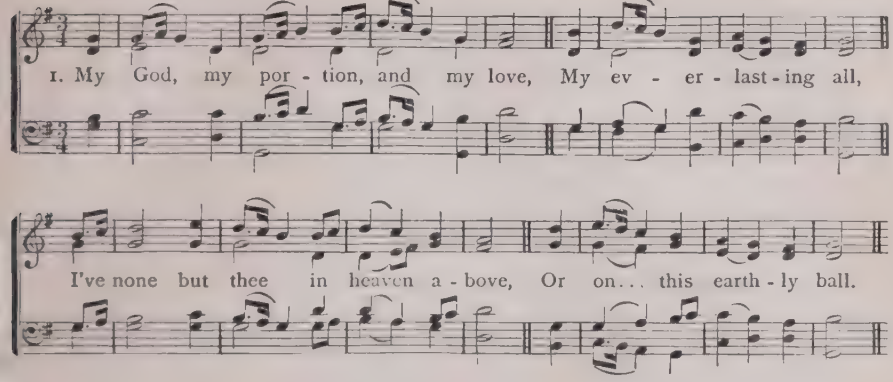
1 Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine. WATTS.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. WM. TANSUR, 1735.



61 (220)

2 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon—
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed
Through midnight hours I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
My health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more. WATTS.

62 (221)

1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

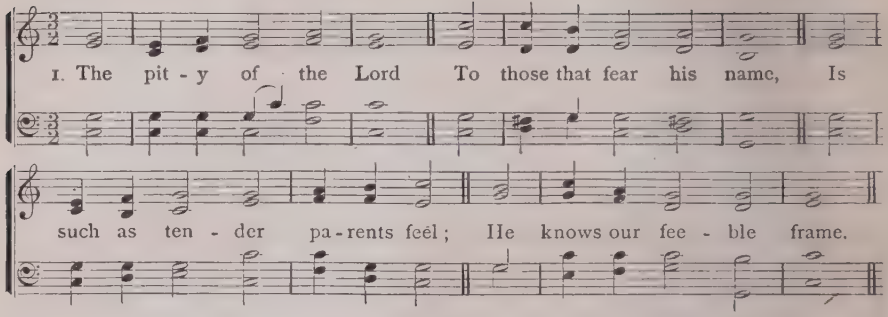
2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.
WATTS.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. Mason.



63 (239)

2 He knows we are but dust
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. Watts.

64 (236)

1 My God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I can not live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

65 (237)

1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

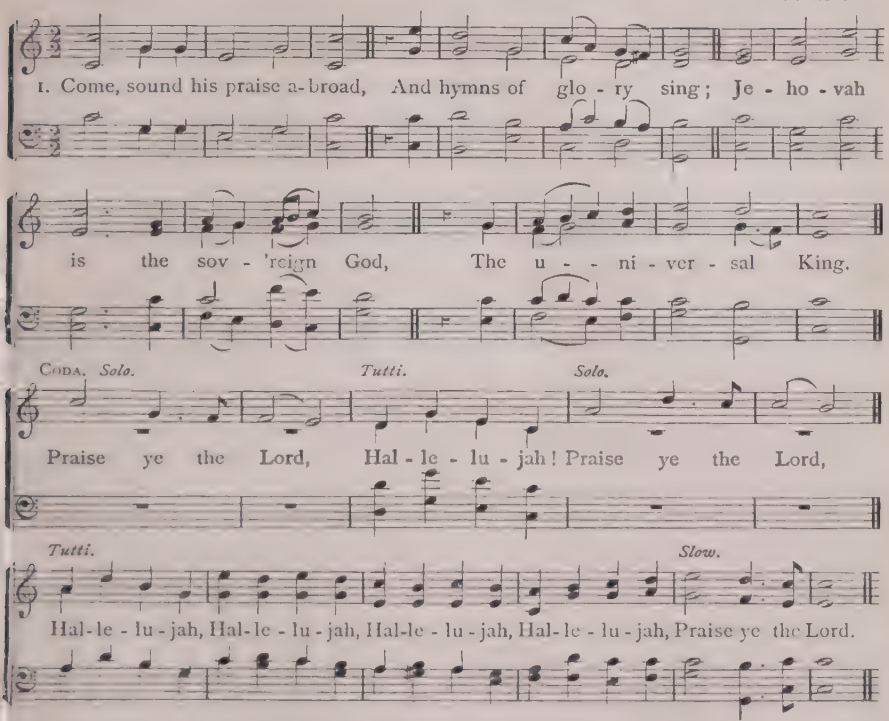
2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim:
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.
Watts.

SILVER STREET. S. M. With Coda. I. SMITH.



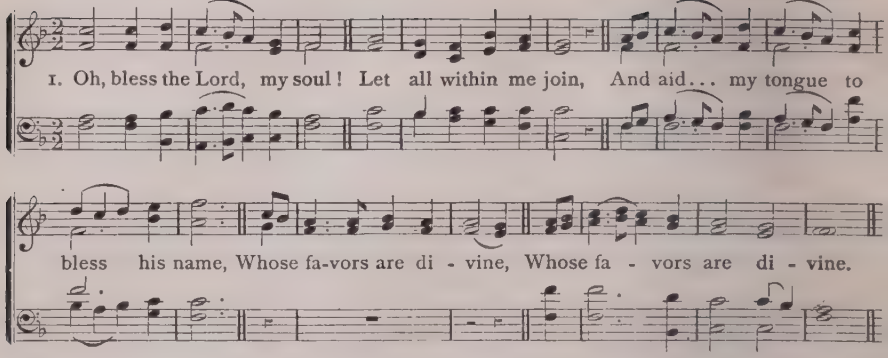
66 (229)

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. WATTS.

LUTHER. S. M. T. HASTINGS.



67 (231)

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

WATTS.

68 (232)

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
And swift fulfill his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace. WATTS.

69 (98)

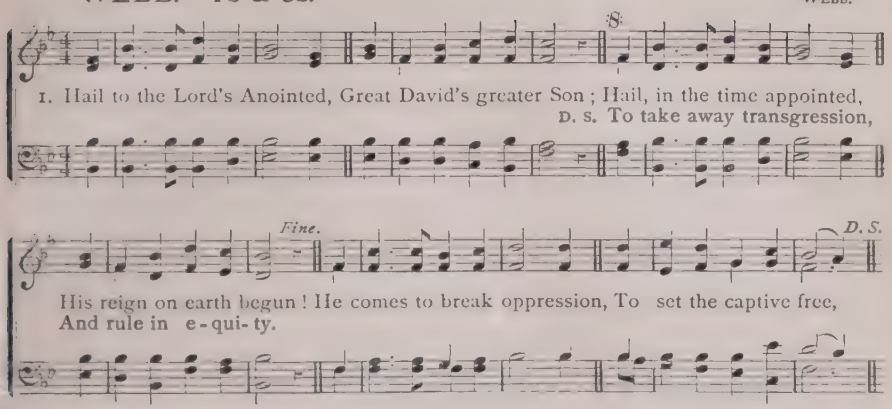
1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

WATTS.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



70 (294)

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom, still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is Love.

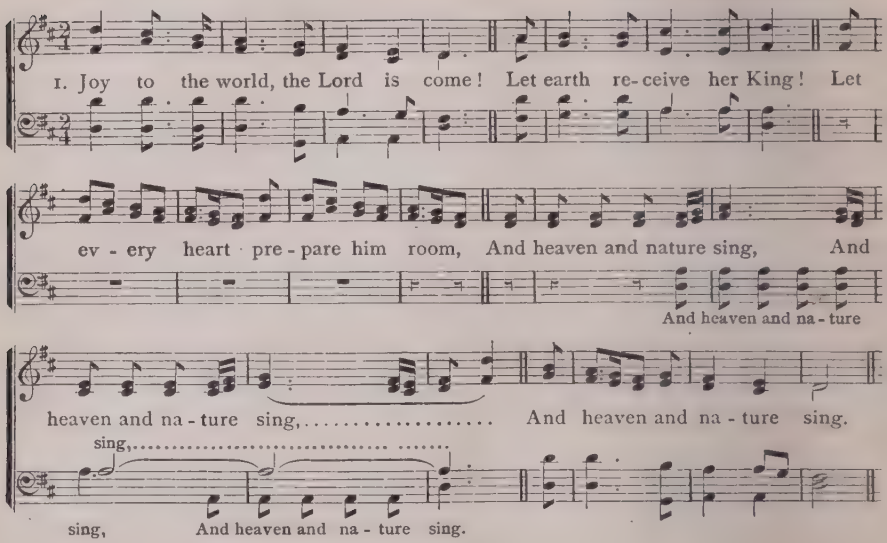
MONTGOMERY.

71 Children's Hymn. (295)

1 WHEN his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still—
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill—
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna!
To David's royal Son.

ANTIOCH. C. M. HANDEL. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



72 (281)

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

WATTS.

73 (282)

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

WATTS.

74 (283)

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

MEDLEY.

75 (284)

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
The welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

76 (285)

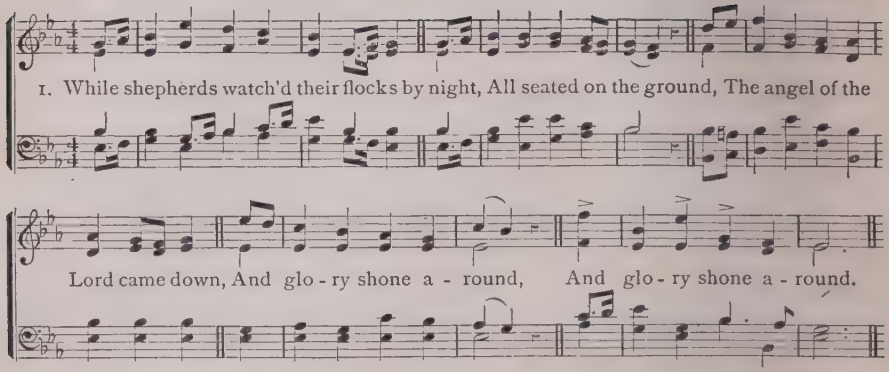
1 ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich, abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might. HURN.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *From* HANDEL.



77. (288)

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!" TATE.

78 (290)

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

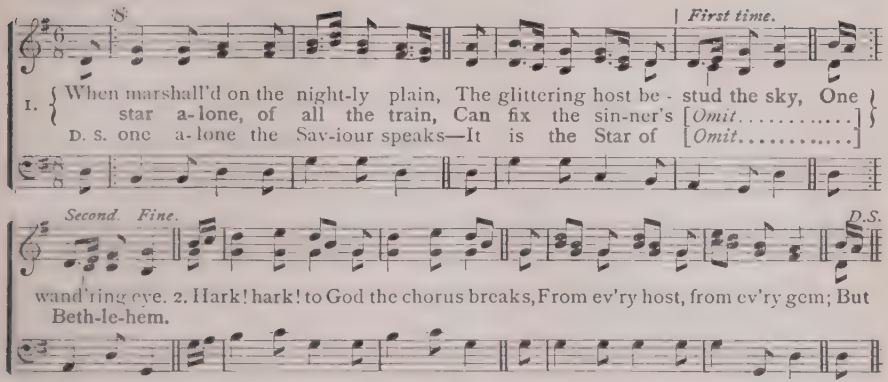
2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.
STEELE.

STELLA. L. M.



79 (291)

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

H. Kirke White.

80 (292)

1 When Jordan hushed his waters still;
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul:

3 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

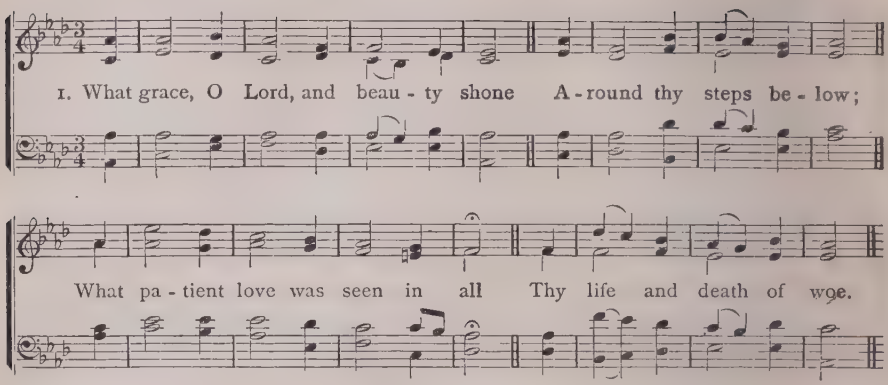
4 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

T. Campbell.

ROMBERG. C. M.

ROMBERG.



81 (317)

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

82 (318)

1 INCARNATE Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

2 If poorly clothed, or proudly fed,
In need, or wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

3 Through fickle fortune's various scene,
From sin preserve us free;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee!

83 (319)

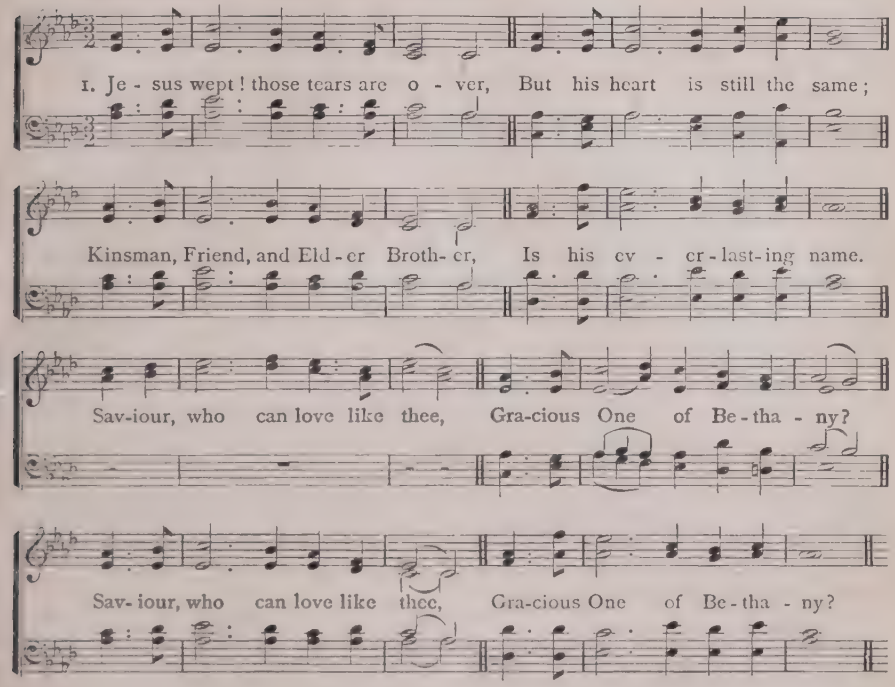
1 THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

DOANE.

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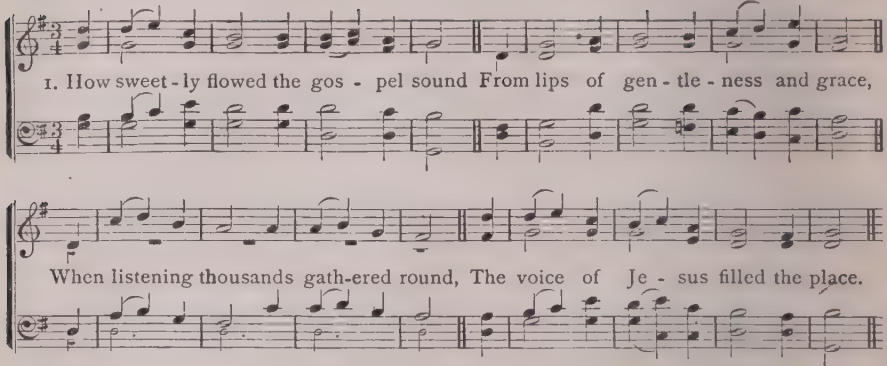
84 (320)

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

WARNER. L. M. "TEMPLI CARMINA."



85 (311)

2 FROM heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

86 (312)

1 AT even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

5 O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man:
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 The touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

87 (313)

1 When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

2 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature wails her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid." J. E. Smith.

88 (314)

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.
Watts.

89 (315)

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!
A. C. Coxe.

90 (316)

1 When like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

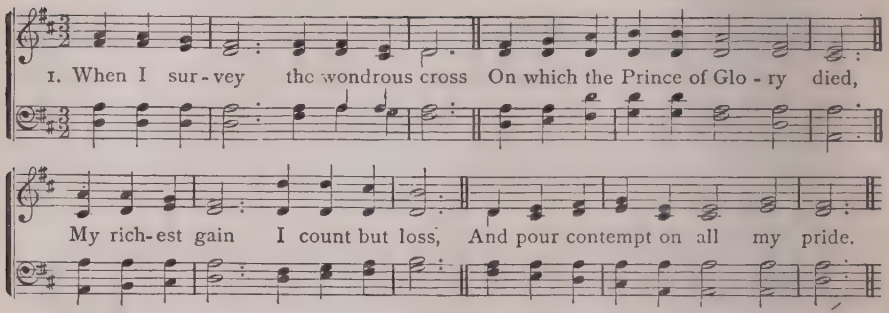
2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.
Montgomery.

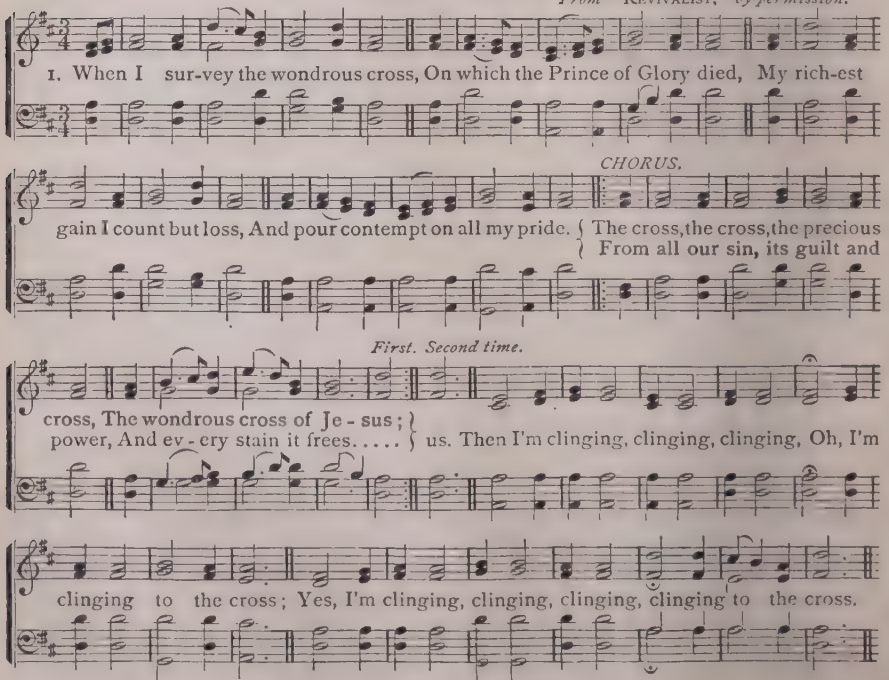
WILLIAMS. L. M.

Arranged from "TEMPLI CARMINA."

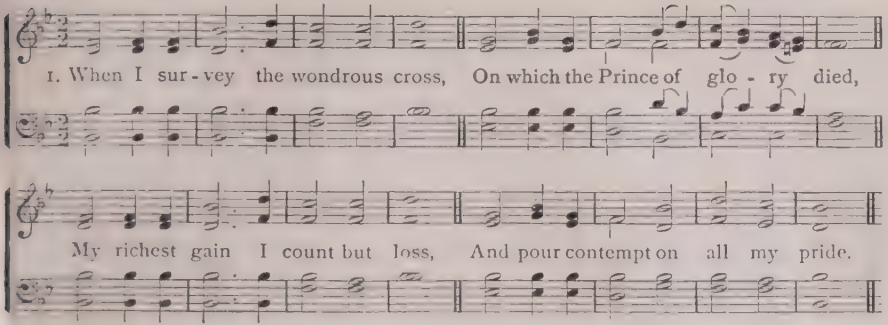


CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

C. G. WELLS.
From "REVIVALIST," *by permission.*



WELTON. L. M. *Theme by* MALAN.



91 (330)

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

92 (333)

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

STENNETT.

93 (331)

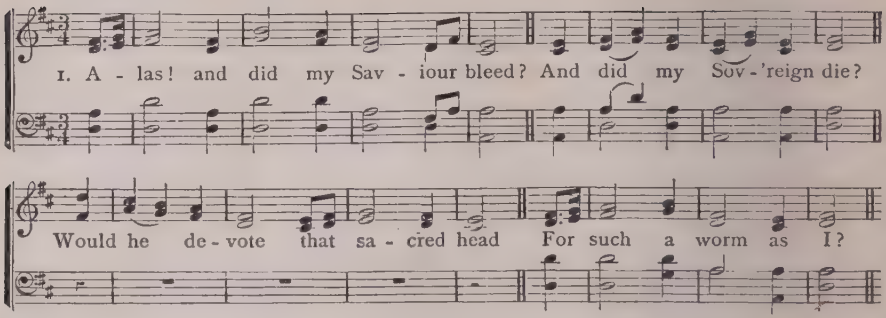
1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow
And yet my heart so hard remain,
Unmoved by either love or pain?

3 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

STEELE.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



94 (347)

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do. WATTS.

95 (348)

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed,—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the Garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray. HAWEIS.

96 (349)

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, oh miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled.

3 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God. STEELE.

97 (344)

1 From whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
And why do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonished shake,
And nature sympathize;
The sun as darkest night be black:
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

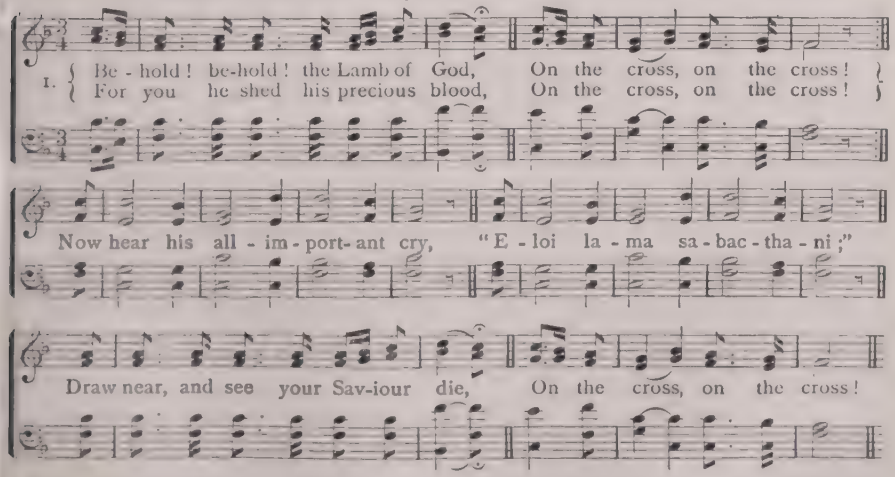
3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
Oh save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

S. Wesley, Jr.

ON THE CROSS. 7s, 6s & 8s.

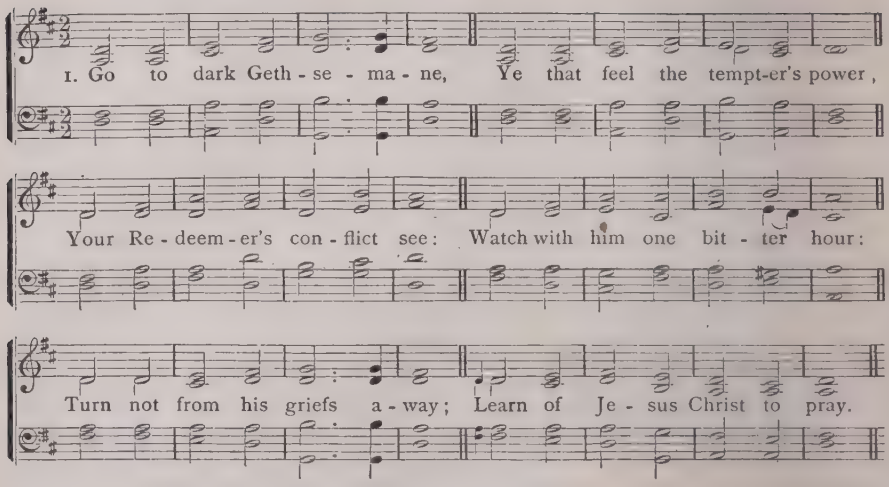


98 (356)

2 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross!
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross!
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffer'd death for me,
On the cross, on the cross!

3 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross!
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross!
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb
On the cross, on the cross!

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.



99 (362)

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen, he seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise

MONTGOMERY.

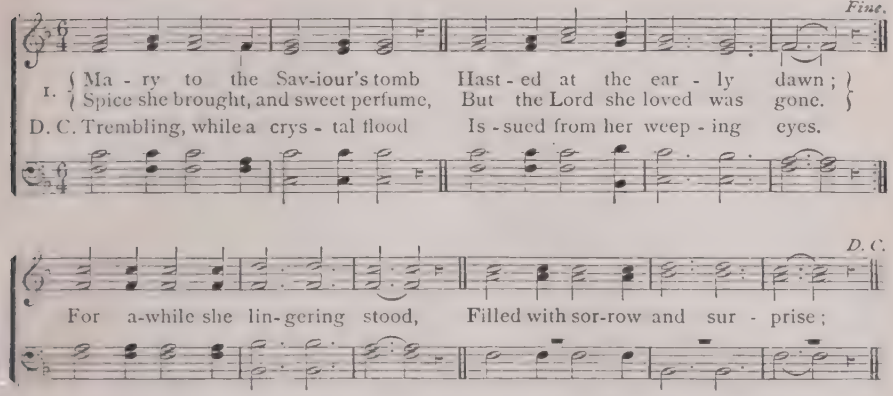
100 (363)

1 WOULDST thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to himself again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

2 Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love?
Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above;
Come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

3 Hate the sin that cost so dear;
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep thou must, but likewise fear
Lest that fountain freshly flow,
That once freely gushed for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane. MONSELL.

MARTYN. 7s. Double. MARSH.



101 (360)

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved :
Though at first she knew him not,
When he callèd her by name
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
As she heard his welcome voice ;
Just before, she thought him dead,
Now, he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

NEWTON.

102 (361)

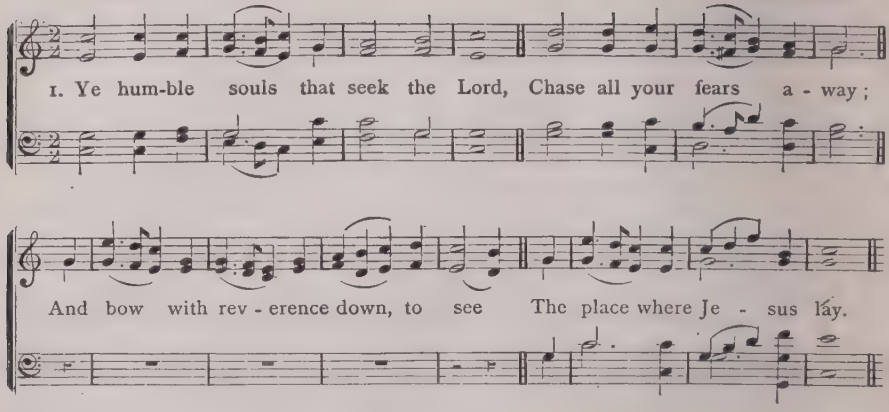
1 RESTING from his work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still he slept ; from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,—
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealéd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalméd cell
None but thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. WHYTEHEAD.

HENRY. C. M. S. B. POND.



103 (384)

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquished grave,
Then wipe your weeping eyes.

4 Yes, dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic band he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

DODDRIDGE.

104 (385)

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments, and crowns,
Are moldered into dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

DODDRIDGE.

105 (386)

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble face address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour. Watts.

106 (390)

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns,
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them, the cross, with all its shame
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Kelly.

107 (391)

1 Welcome thou Victor in the strife,
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in thy life
Around thine empty grave.

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 Oh, share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou diedst to achieve;
We meet within thy house to-day,
Our portion to receive.

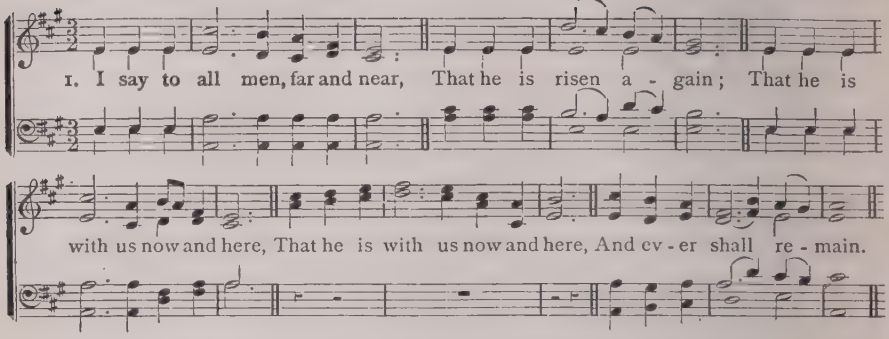
4 And let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.

5 We die with thee: oh, let us live
Henceforth to thee aright!
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to-day.

Schmolke.

TAPPAN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



108 (387)

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

3 Now first to souls who thus awake,
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from his hand.

4 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his belovéd sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

NOVALIS.

109 (388)

1 THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings,
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings:

2 While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

4 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

110 (389)

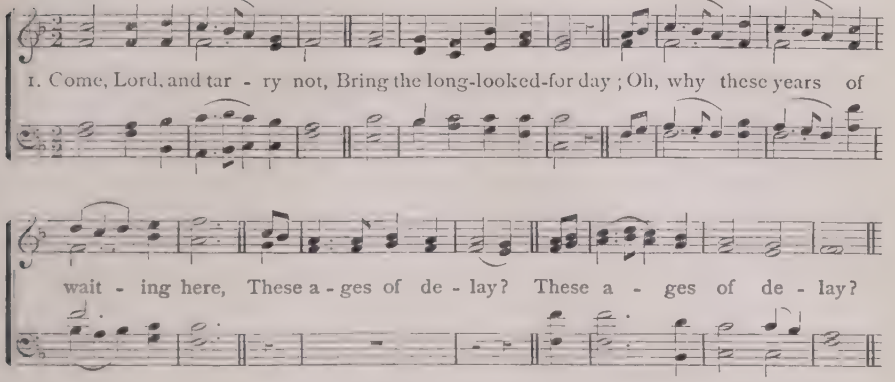
1 OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King;
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue. WATTS.

LUTHER. S. M. T. HASTINGS.



111 (407)

2 Come! for the good are few,
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

3 Come! for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

4 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

5 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth!

6 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

BONAR.

112 (408)

1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone;
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

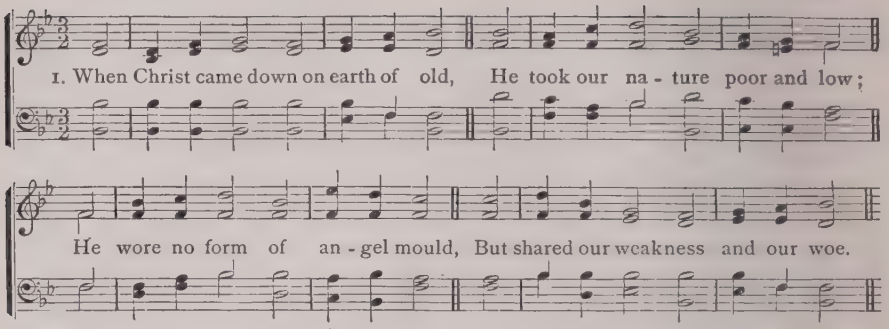
3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

BONAR.

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON.



113 (402)

2 But when he cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of him that sits thereon.

3 O Son of God! in glory crown'd,
The Judge ordain'd of quick and dead;
And son of man! so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed;

4 Be with us in that awful hour,
And by thy crown, and by thy grave,
And all thy love and all thy power,
In that great day of judgment save!

114 (403)

1 O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled,
Nor longer might thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

2 Come, Jesus, come! and, as of yore,
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;

3 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.
HEBER.

115 (404)

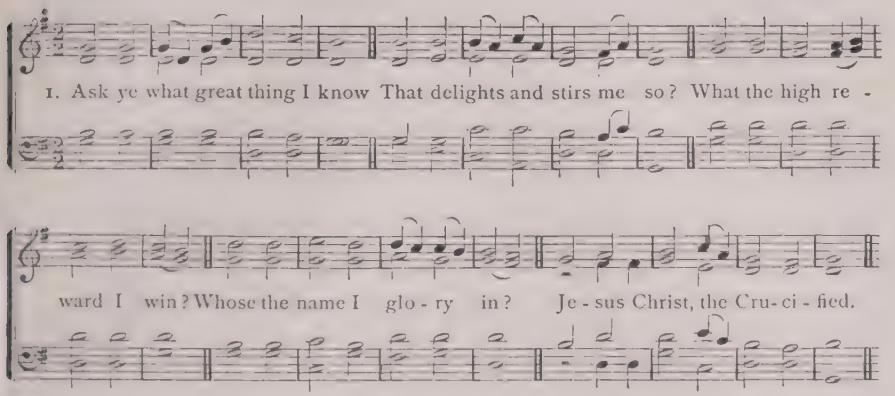
1 THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake;
The hills their fixéd seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

3 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

4 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!
HEBER.

HENDON. 7s. MALAN.



116 (418)

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

MONSELL.

117 (419)

1 EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare.
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty source and spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

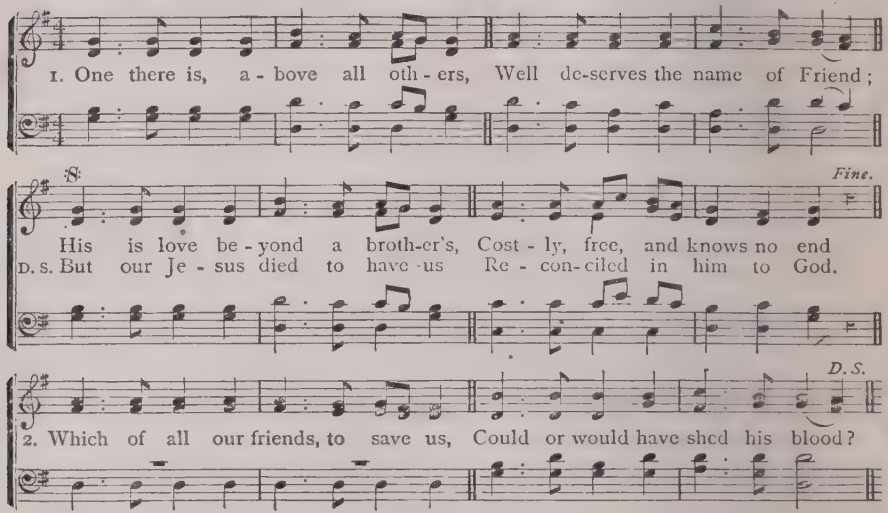
3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,
What must their Creator be?

5 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me!
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

SILESIUS.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. *Arr. by* J. P. HOLBROOK.



118 (422)

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus.

5 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

NEWTON.

119 (423)

1 CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

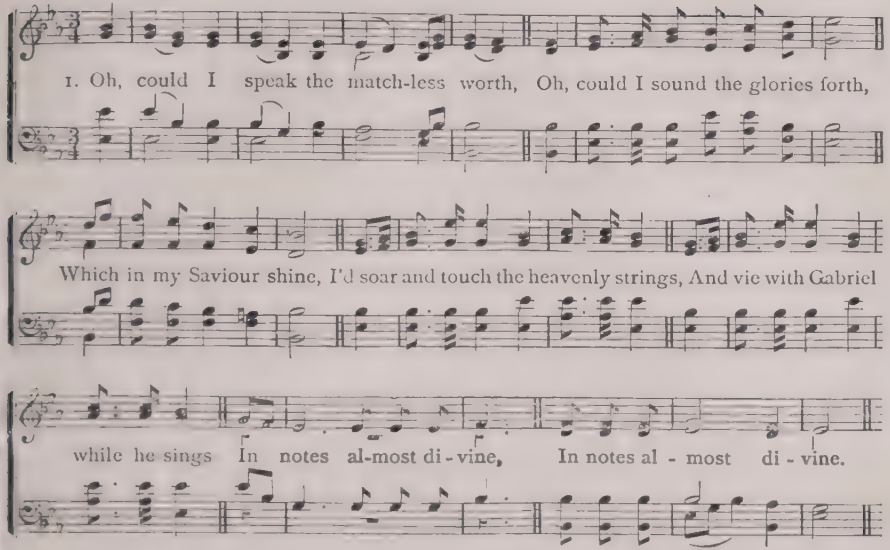
2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain:
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned forevermore as thine.

ARIEL. C. P. M. L. MASON.



120 (425)

1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

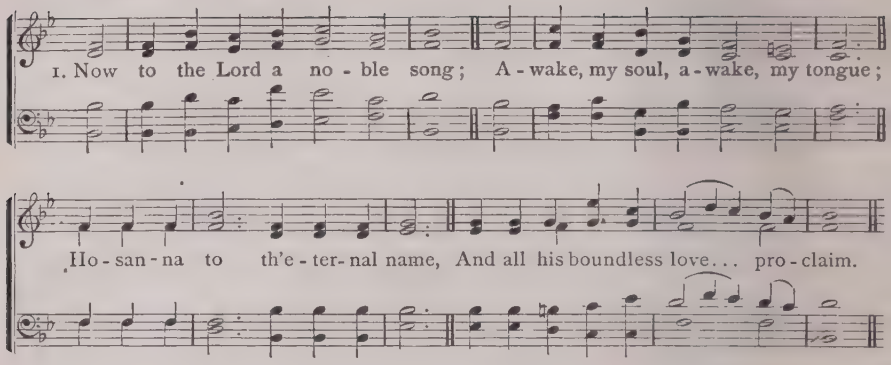
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace. MEDLEY.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

AMES. L. M. NEUKOMM.



121 (434)

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

WATTS.

122 (435)

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

123 (436)

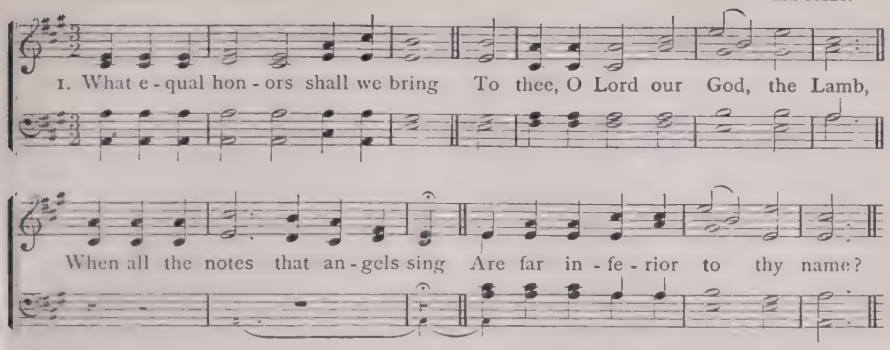
1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!—
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

3 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
Rock of salvation! thou art mine.

WARE. L. M.

KINGSLEY.



124 (431)

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

WATTS.

125 (432)

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

MONTGOMERY.

126 (442)

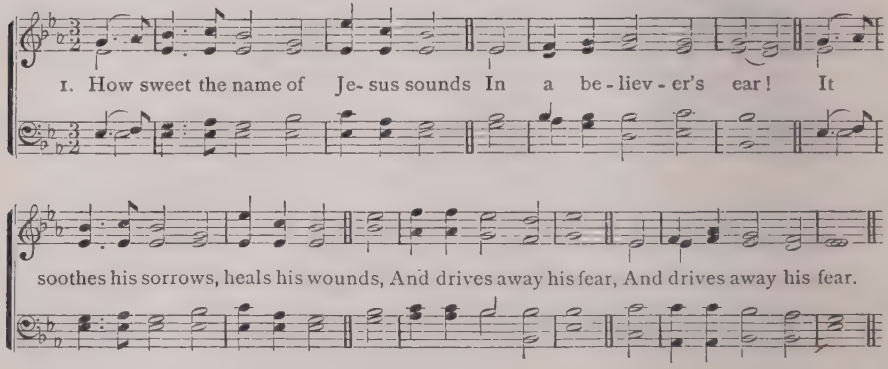
1 WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

KELLY.

COWPER. C. M. L. MASON.



127 (470)

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

128 (468)

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

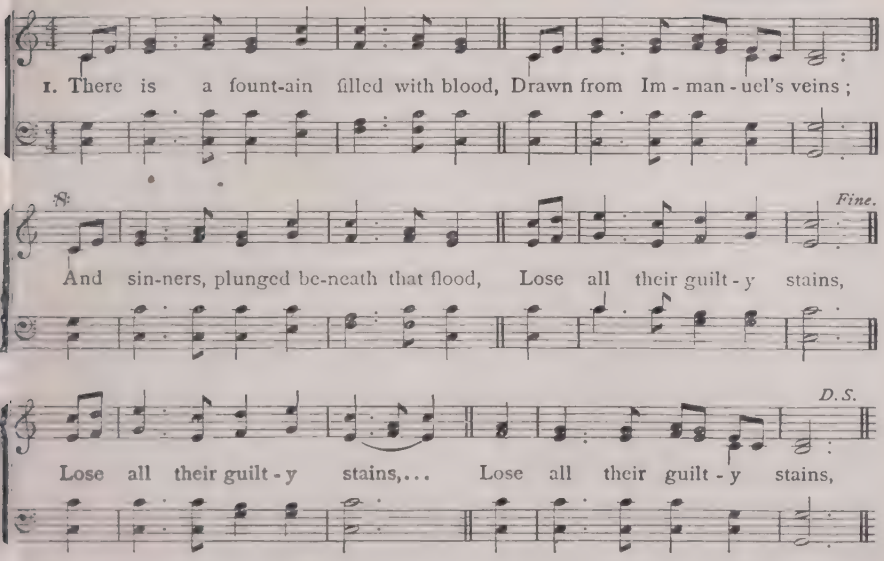
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD.

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.



129* (473)

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save. COWPER.

130 (455)

1 OH, sing to him who loved and bled,
Ye heaven-born sinners, sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered in your stead;
Own him your God and King.

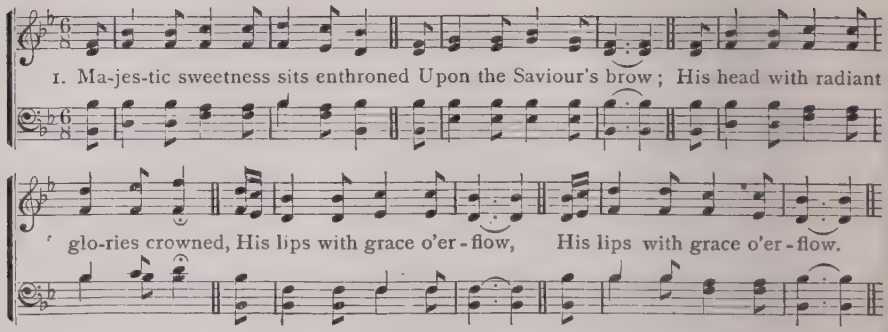
2 He washed us, in his precious blood,
From every guilty stain;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.

3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
Sing to him here, then sing above,
Of all that he bestows.

4 To him that loved us when depraved,
When guilty, blind, and poor;
To him that loved, and died, and saved,
Be glory evermore.

* *May also be sung to tune on opposite page.*

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



131 (474)

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

STENNETT.

132 (475)

1 I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,—
My Comfort and my Love;
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

133 (467)

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

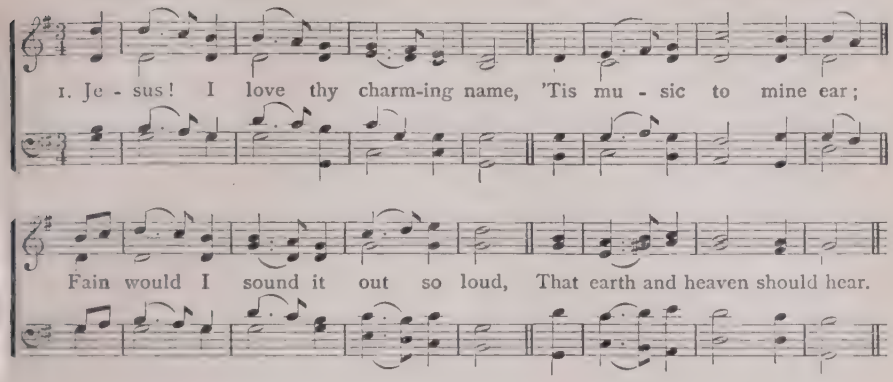
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

WATTS.

JAZER. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



134 (465)

1 JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The conqueror of death.

DODDRIDGE.

135 (481)

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

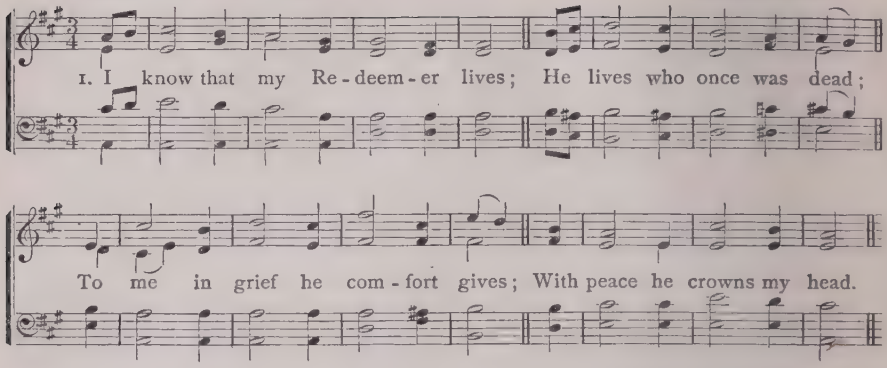
3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs. WATTS.

DOXOLOGY.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

MANOAH. C. M. "GREATOREX COLL."



136 (461)

2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

3 He lives that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives that I may honor give
To his most holy name.

4 Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, my precious sacrifice,
And ever-living King.

137 (462)

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth:
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 Jesus! the name I love so well
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

3 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along life's thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

4 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love for me.

138 (463)

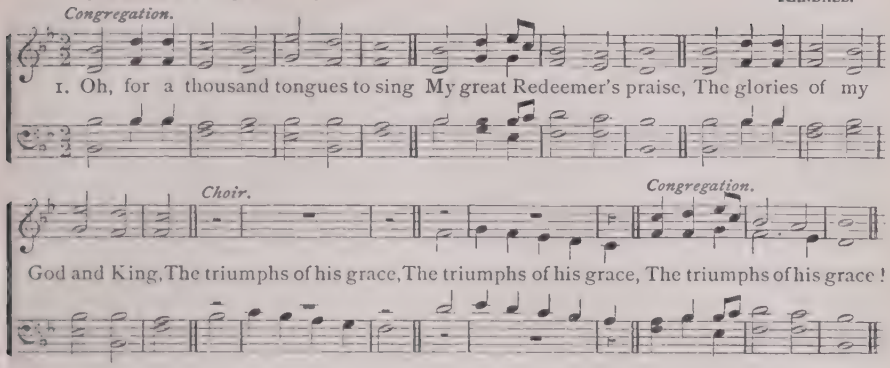
1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 Oh may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

MADAN'S COLL.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. RANDALL.



139 (452)

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

C. WESLEY.

140 (453)

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

WATTS.

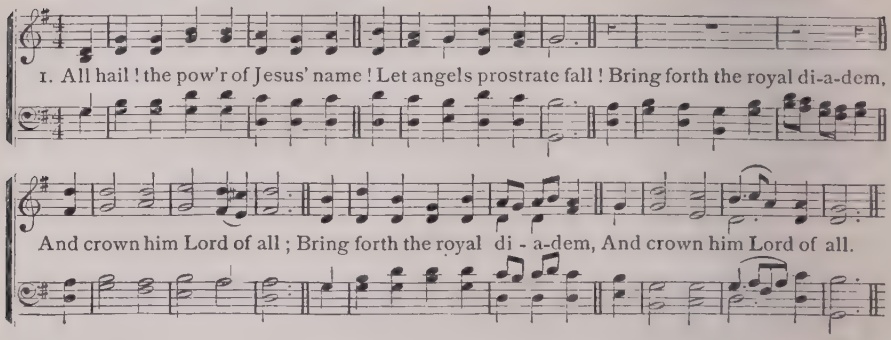
141 (460)

1 COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith
Our lips his praise proclaim.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



142 (446)

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

PERRENET.

143 (447)

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head! WATTS.

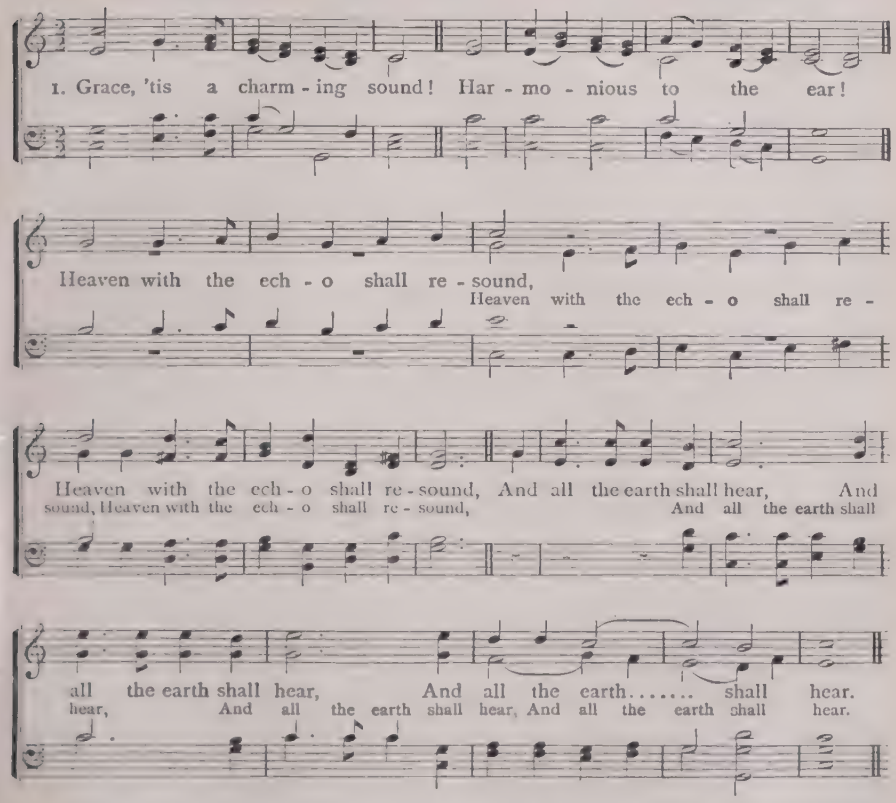
144 (448)

1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

3 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!" MONTGOMERY.

CRANBROOK. S. M. THOMAS CLARK.



145 (477)

1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

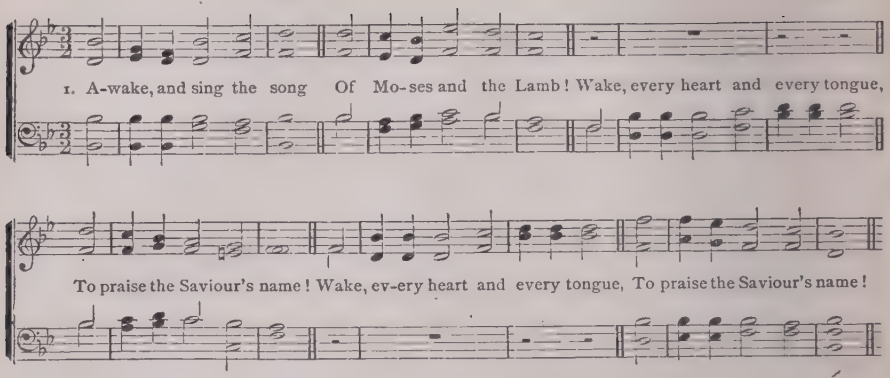
2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

LISBON. S. M. READ.



146 (483)

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power:
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' exalted King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

HAMMOND.

147 (480)

1 To praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love, and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite.

2 Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, tho' thron'd in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if his meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.
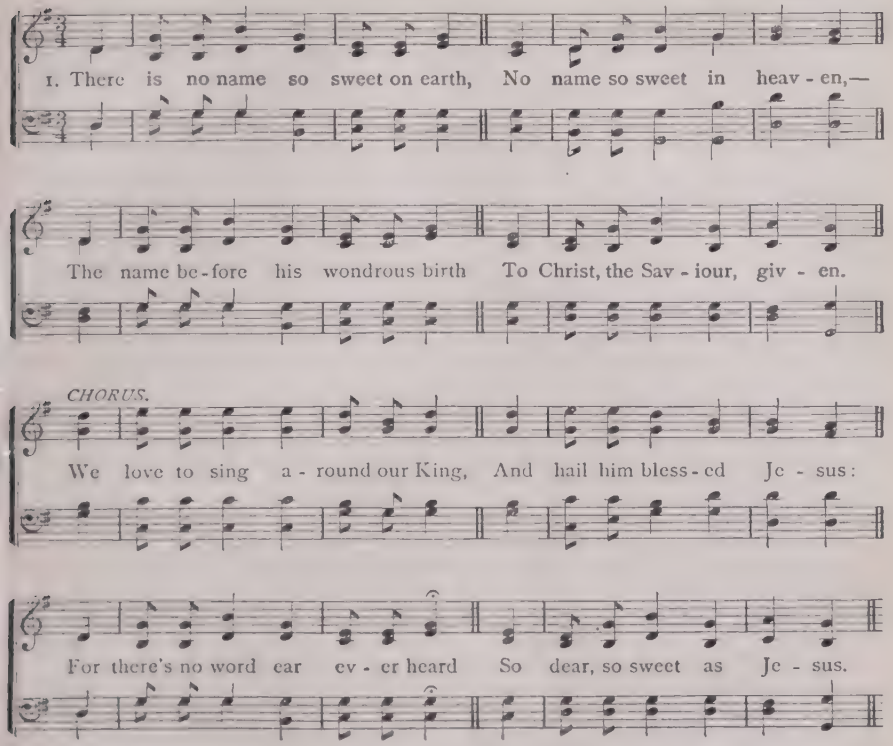
4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep,
A weakly flock are we;
And snares and foes are nigh; but keep
The lambs who look to thee. HAVERGAL.

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son
And bless the Spirit, too.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



148 (489)

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,—
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ, the Saviour, given.
We love to sing, etc.

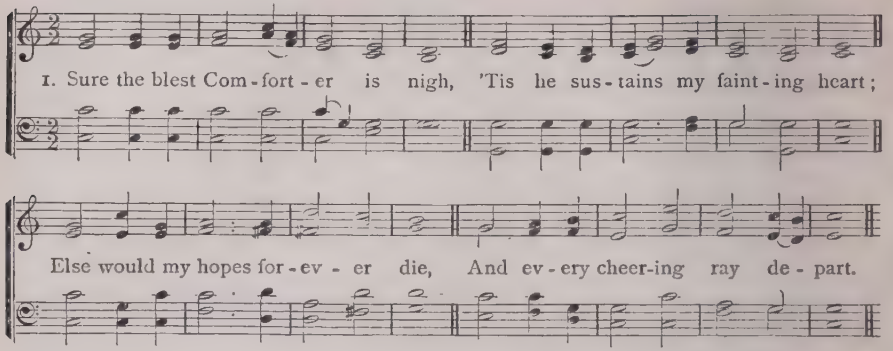
2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him.
We love to sing, etc.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
We love to sing, etc.

4 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.
Then let us sing, around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus, etc.

G. W. BETHUNE.

ZEPHYR. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.



149 (500)

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Steele.

150 (501)

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there!

Browne.

151 (502)

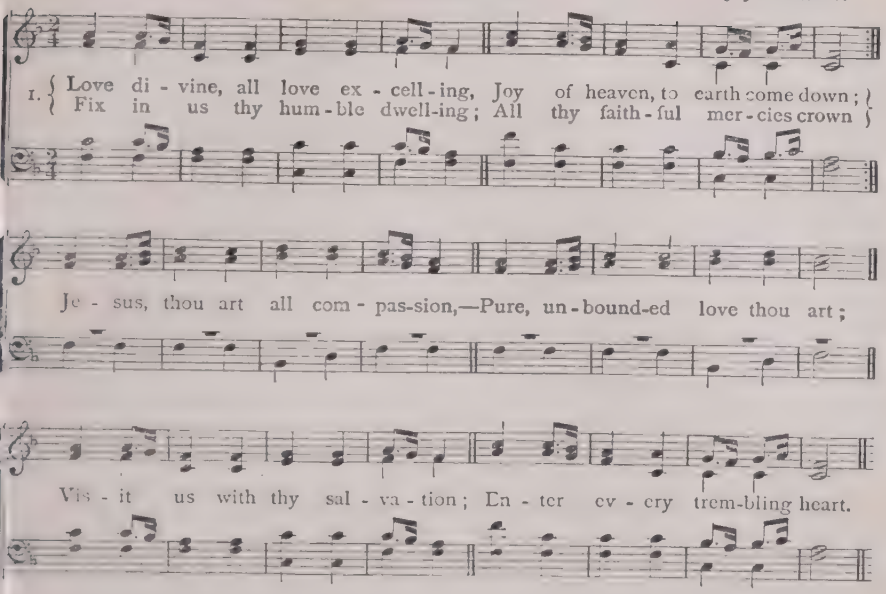
1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire!

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee!

Burder Coll.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double. J. J. Rousseau.



152 (513)
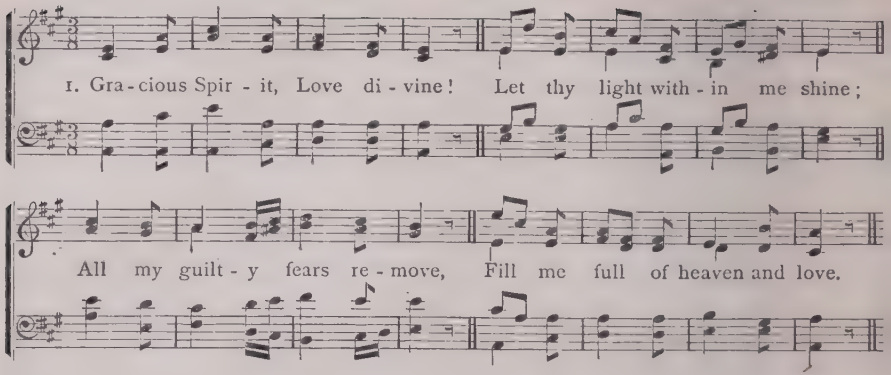
2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away our bent to sinning:
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above.
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

HORTON. 7s. GERMAN.



153 (544)

2 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! forever thine.

STOCKER.

154 (545)

1 HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Come, thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

2 Light immortal! light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.

3 Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.

4 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with thee on high;
In thy gracious gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

155 (546)

1 HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

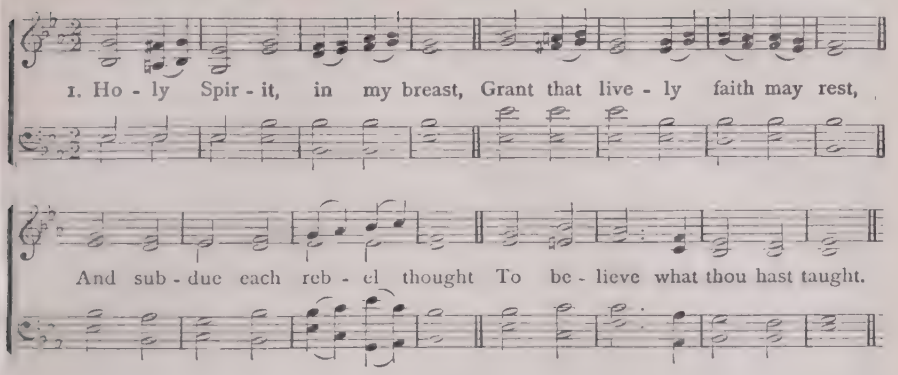
2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

REED.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEORGE HEWS.



156 (547)

1 HOLY Spirit, in my breast,
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what thou hast taught.

2 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with hope my bosom fill.

3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought and wish and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with love.

4 Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Comforter, descend from thee;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
These thy gifts to us impart.

RICHARD MANT.

157 (548)

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief;
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

BATHURST.

158 (549)

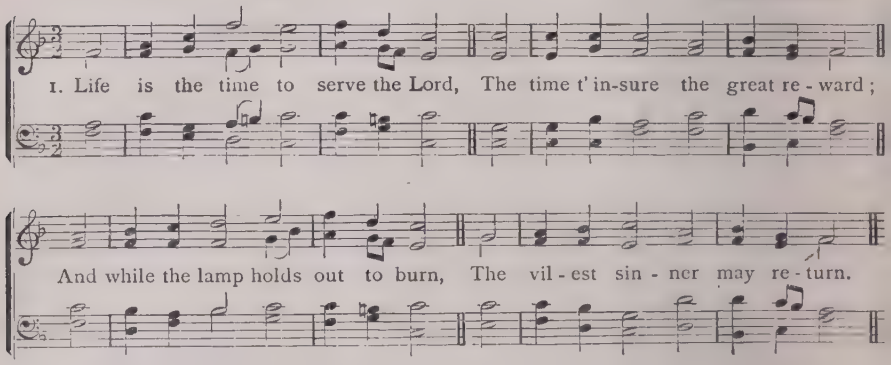
1 HOLY Spirit, source of light,
We invoke thy kindling ray:
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

2 Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

3 Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

WELLS. L. M. ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



159 (554)

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

160 (550)

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

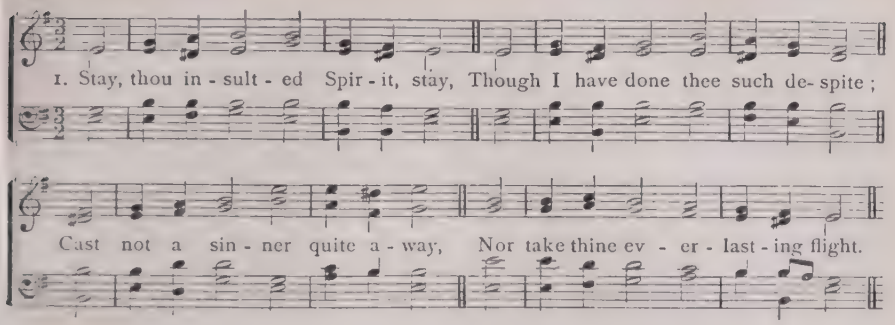
2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

DODDRIDGE.

WINDHAM. L. M. READ.



161 (508)

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,

3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Now Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy powerful hand;
Oh, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land!

C. WESLEY.

162 (556)

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that 's tired and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

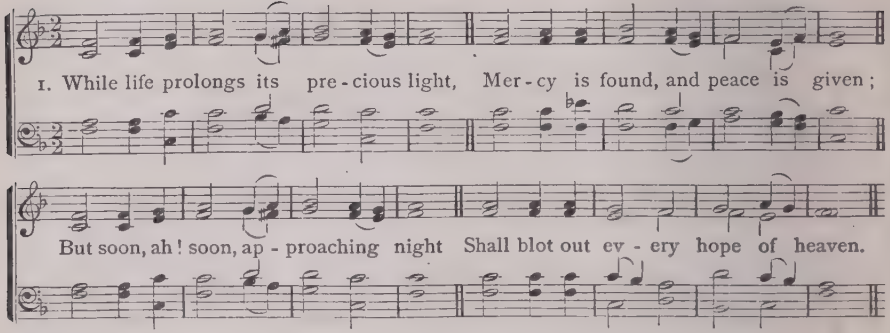
163 (565)

1 OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN CHANT.



164 (561)

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

DWIGHT.

165 (553)

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load—
Oh, come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all that painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

STEELE.

166 (563)

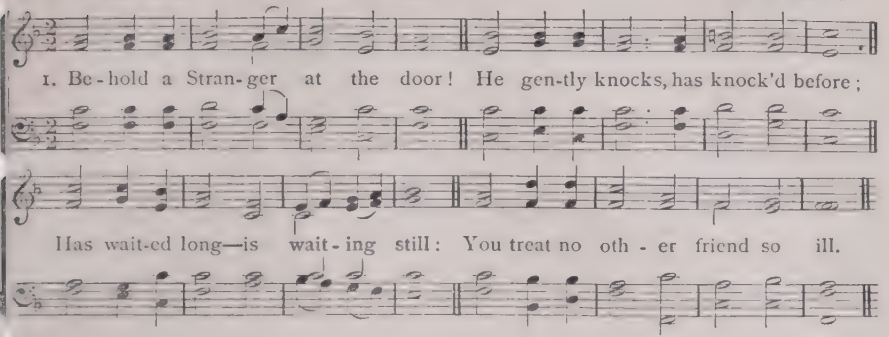
1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

COLLYER.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. Oliver.



167 (571)

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

Gregg.

168 (568)

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call:
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayest not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

169 (572)
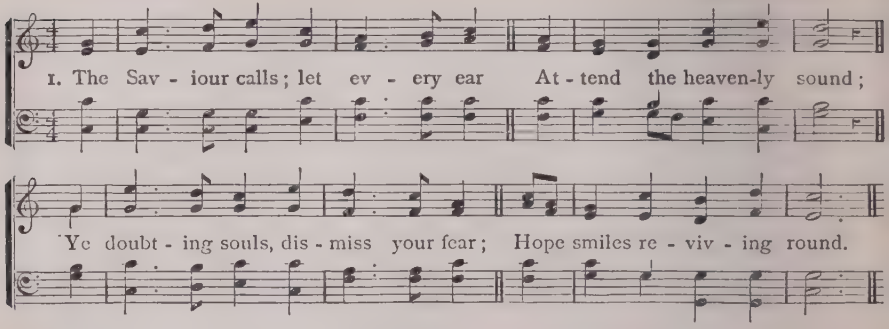
1 Come hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest who learn of me,—
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

Watts.

BROWN. C. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.



170 (577)

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Steele.

171 (578)

1 Amazing sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

172 (590)

1 Come to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away:
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark: the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

173 (574)

1 Oh! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound!

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink, with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

Medley.

174 (575)

1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world,
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, taste the dainties of the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

Doddridge.

175 (576)

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. Watts.

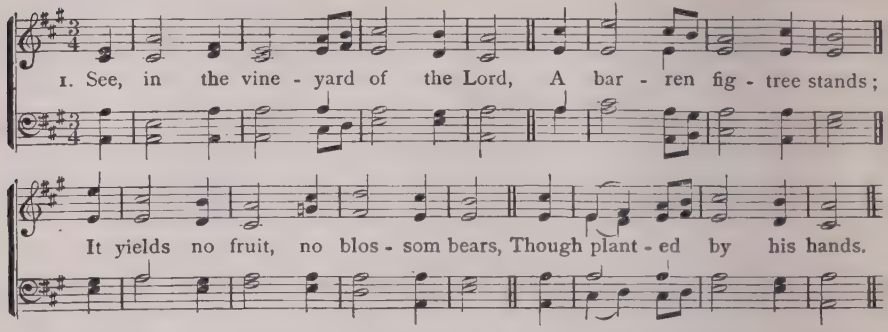
176 (586)

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

AVON. C. M. SCOTTISH.



177 (581)

2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads:
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear."

178 (582)

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay!
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

HUNTINGDON.

179 (587)

1 IN the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round
Encompass all thy ways.

4 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
Oh then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

180 (592)

1 SINNER, the voice of God regard,
His mercy pleads to day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

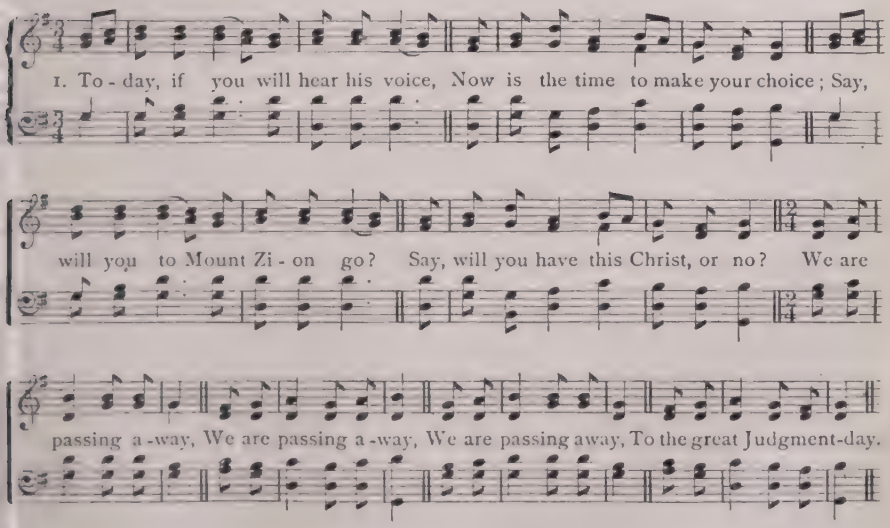
2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your soul of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

FAWCETT.

PASSING AWAY. L. M.



181 (595)

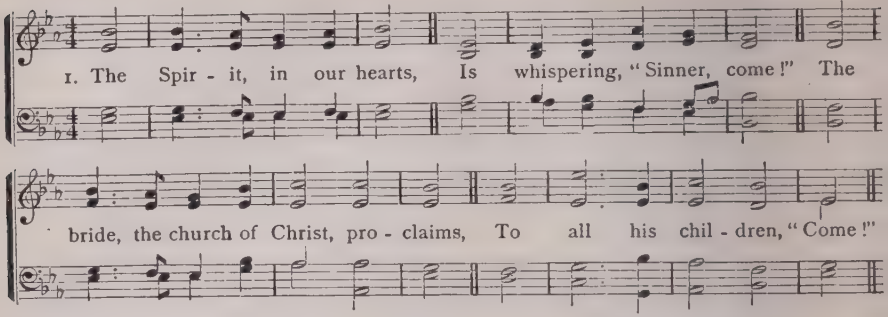
2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the Gospel's joyful sound:
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

MILLER.

OLNEY. S. M. L. MASON.



182 (596)

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. ONDERDONK.

183 (603)

1 AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

DODDRIDGE.

184 (605)

1 OH, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

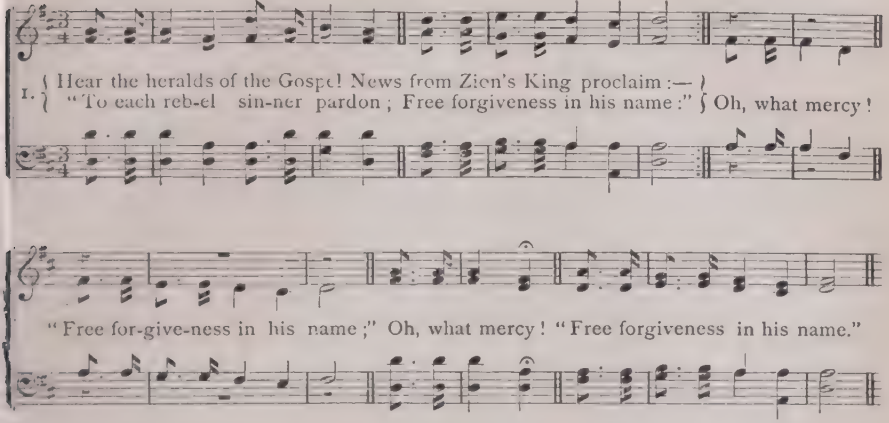
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

MONTGOMERY.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. T. HASTINGS.



185 (620)

1 HEAR the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
"To each rebel sinner pardon;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
Oh, what mercy!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

2 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love
Listen to it!
Every line is full of love.

3 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN.

186 (619)

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

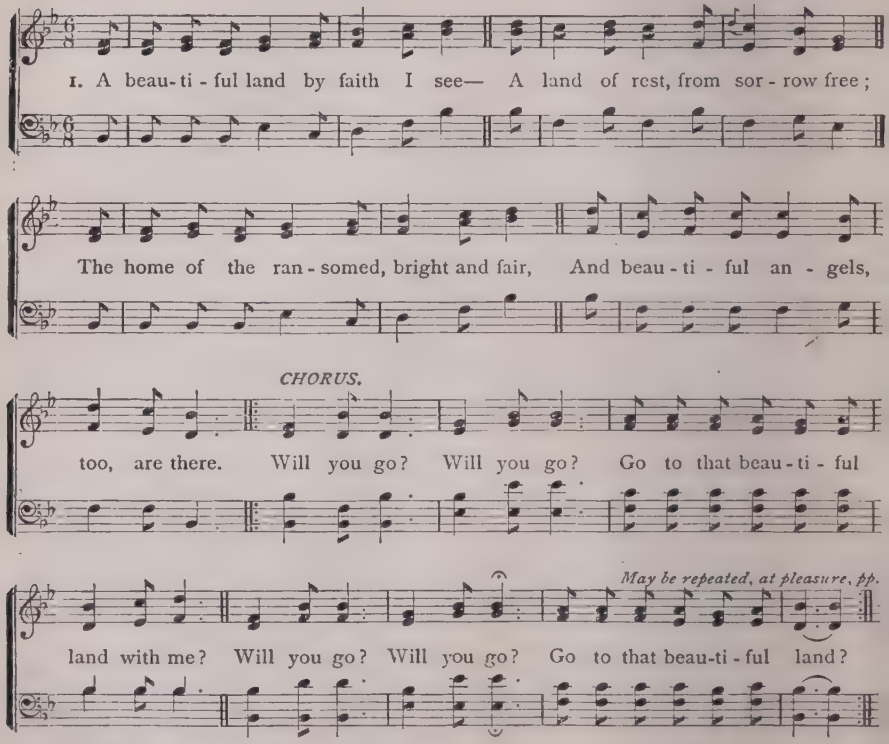
2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;—
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

REED.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



187 (632)

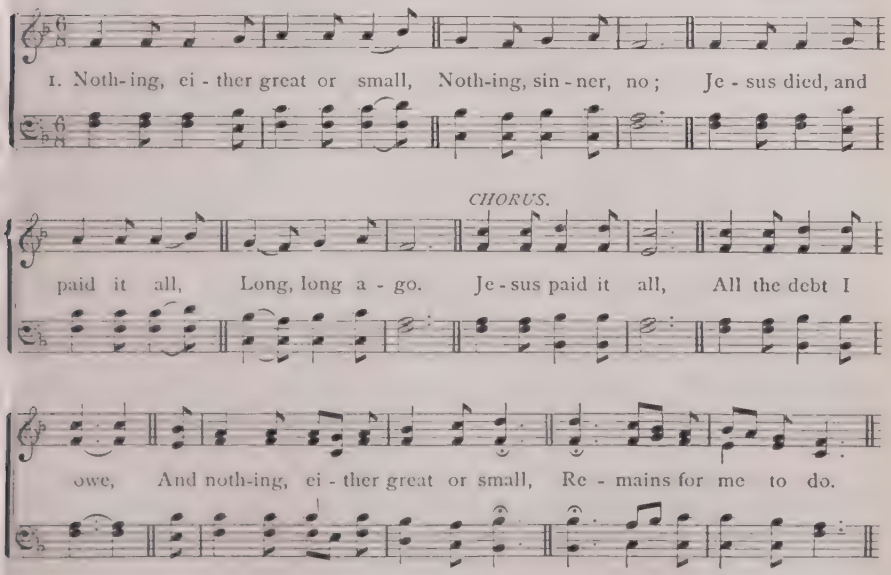
2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.
Will you go? etc.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold;
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
Will you go? etc.

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.
Will you go? etc.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

SCOTCH AIR.



188 (635)

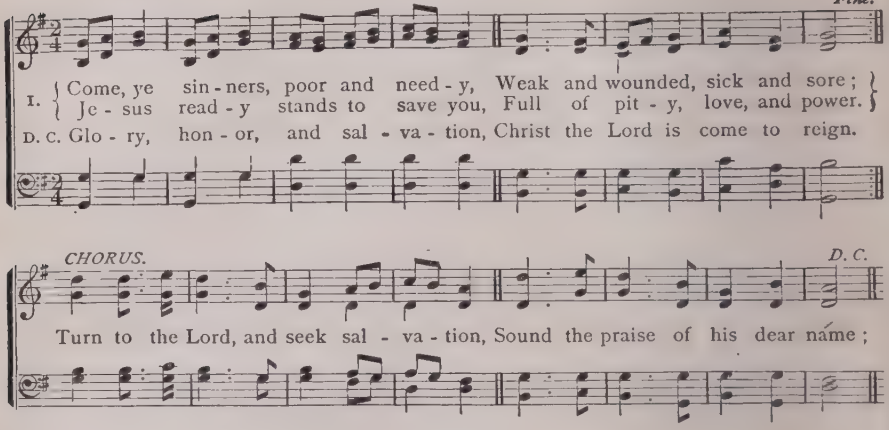
2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done—
"'Tis finished," was his cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
Glorious and complete.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.



189 (626)

2 Let not conscience make you linger.
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him—
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Lo! th' Incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.

HART.

190* (627)

1 COME, ye sinners, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

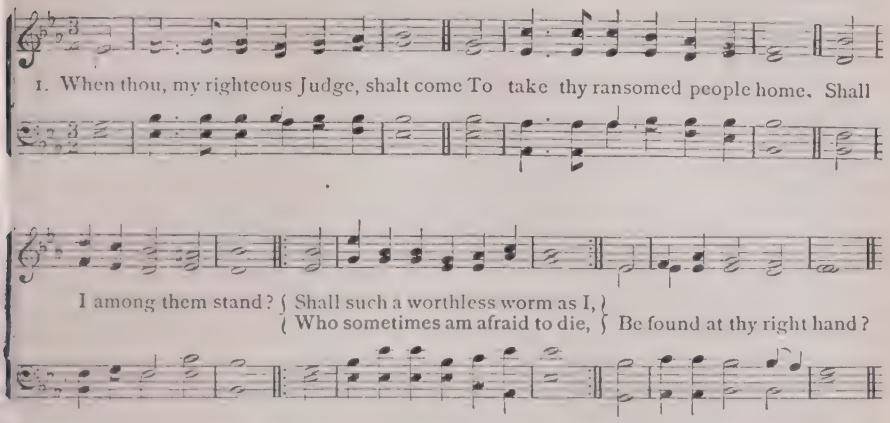
2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Lo! th' Incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

HART.

** Adapt to the tune by omitting the repeat and the chorus.*

MERIBAH. C. P. M. L. MASON.



191 (621)

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

192 (622)

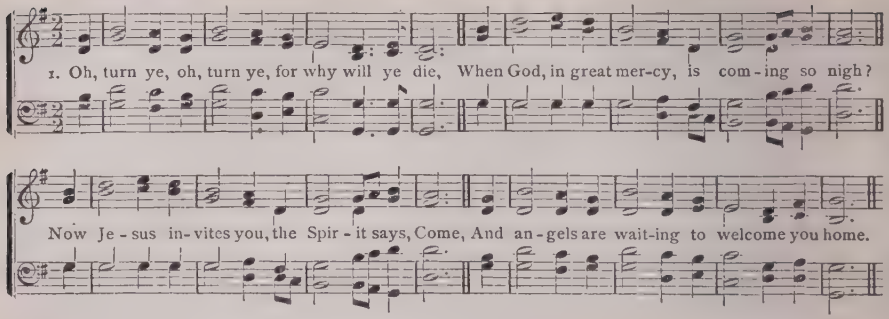
1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Be this my great one business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

C. WESLEY.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

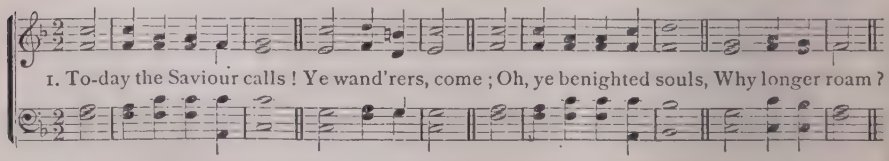


193 (628)

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better; your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart;
In him once united, we never shall part;
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



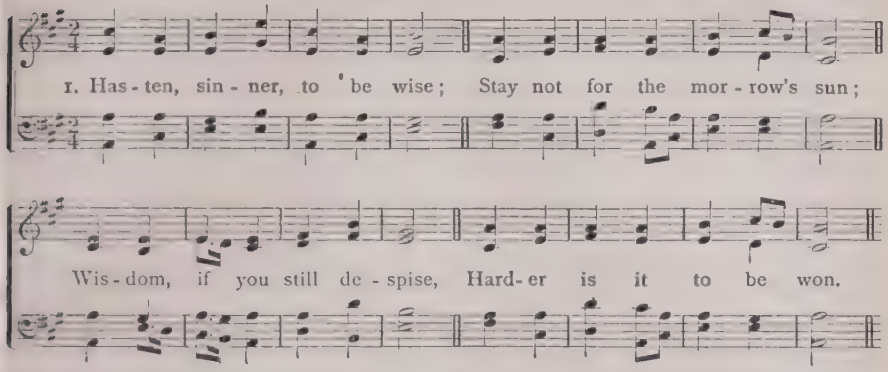
194 (631)

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

NUREMBURG. 7s. BACH. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



195 (610)

2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun. T. SCOTT.

196 (611)

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die!

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

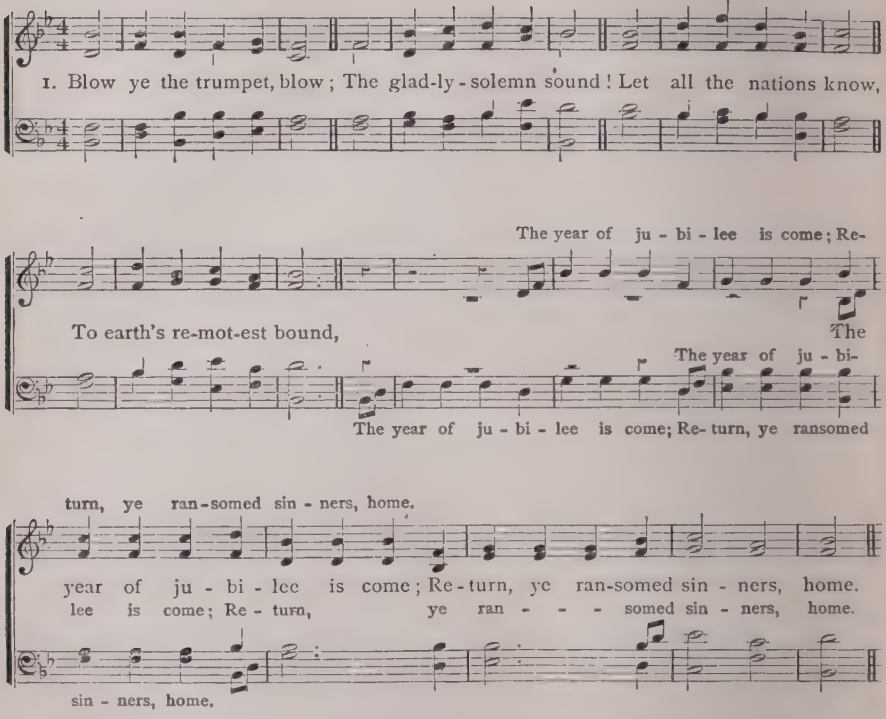
5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die? C. WESLEY.

197 (612)

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
EPIS. COLL.

LENOX. H. M. EDSON.



198 (625)

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

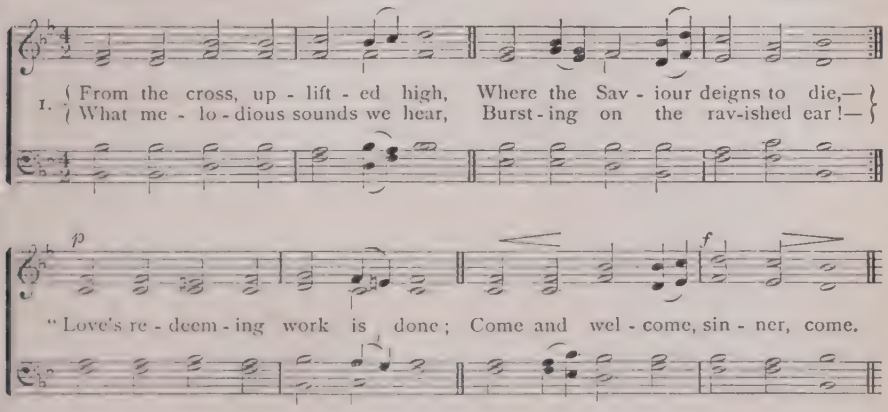
4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

WESLEY.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. DR. MALAN.



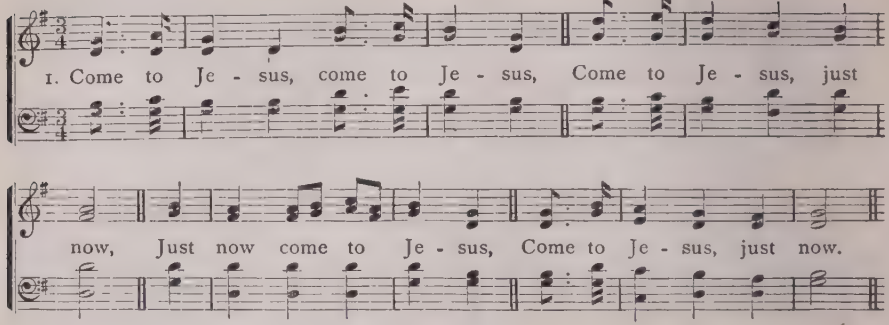
199 (613)

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come." HAWEIS.

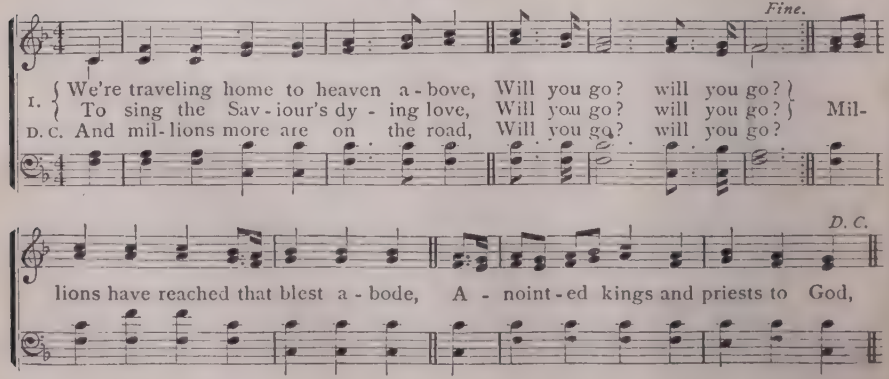
COME TO JESUS.



200 (638)

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 He will cleanse you.
13 He will clothe you.
14 Jesus loves you.
15 Don't reject him.
16 Only trust him.
17 Hallelujah, Amen.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 8s.

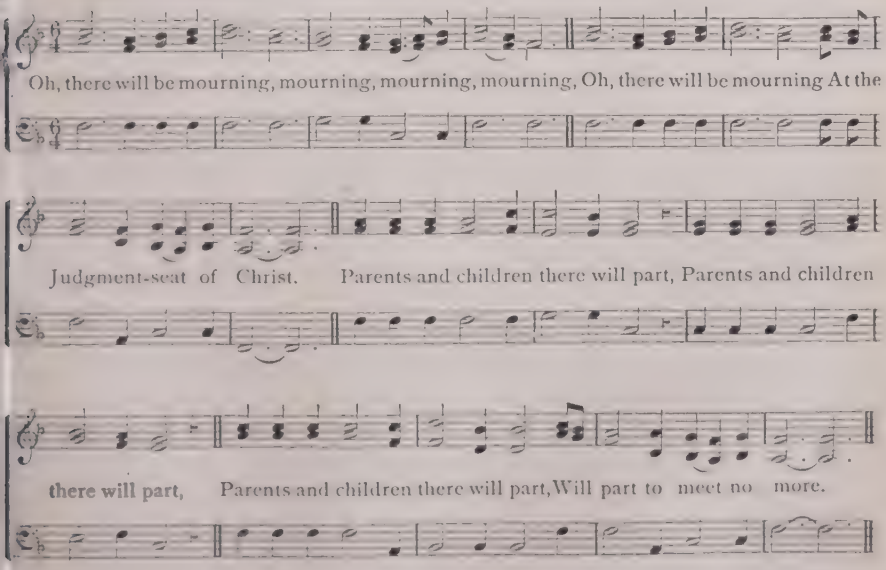


201 (639)

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

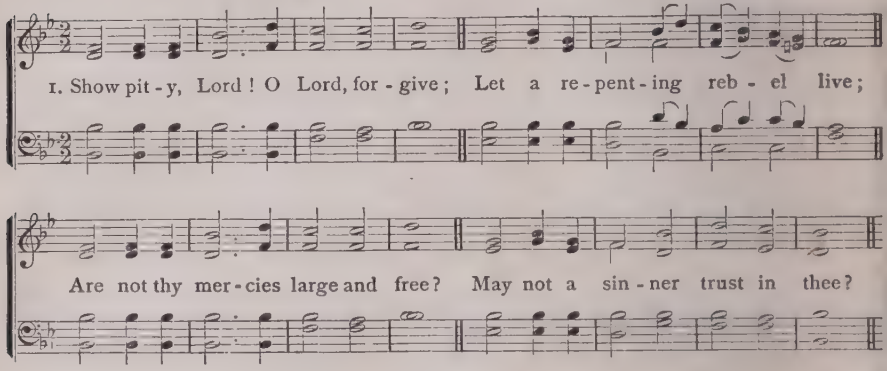
OH, THERE WILL BE MOURNING.



Brothers and sisters there will part, etc.
Teachers and scholars there will part, etc.
Pastors and people there will part, etc.

PENITENCE AND CONSECRATION.

WELTON. L. M. *Theme by* MALAN.



202 (644)

2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word, [there.
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

203 (652)

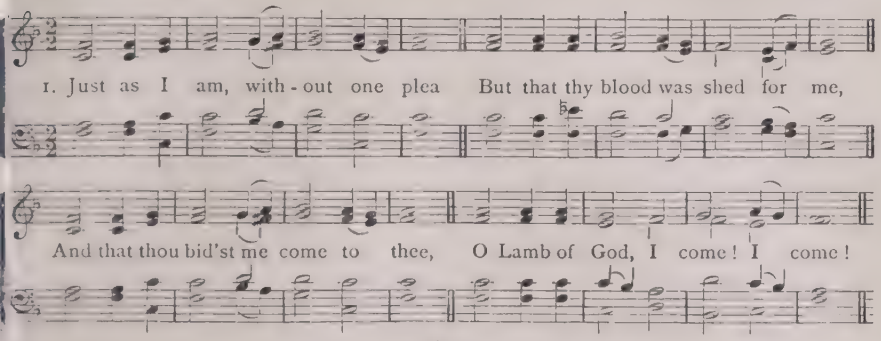
1 OH! where is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

3 Behold, again we turn to thee;
Oh! cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

KELLY.

HAMBURG. L. M. *Gregorian Chant.*



204 (656)

1 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

205 (654)

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

ZINZENDORF, *tr. by* J. WESLEY.

206 (655)

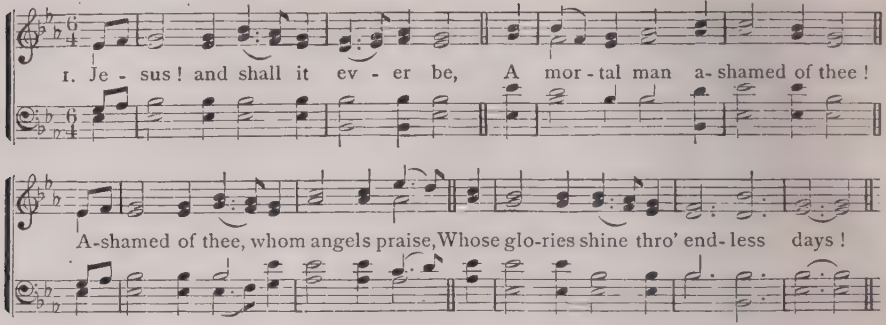
1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul to God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

DAVIES.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



207 (712)

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fear to quell—no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

GREGG.

208 (655)

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For him, not without hope, I mourn.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in.

C. WESLEY.

209 (658)

1 OH, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

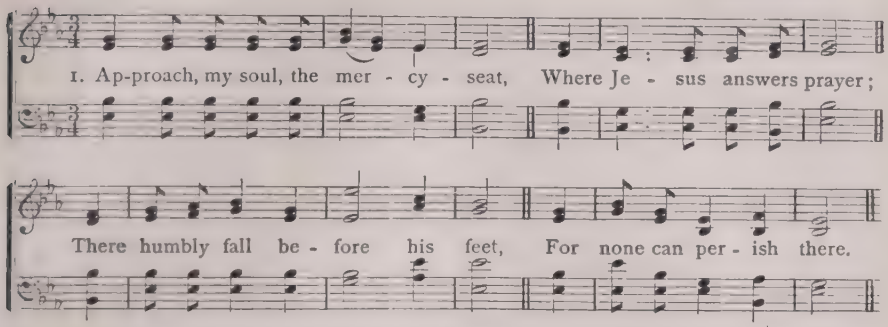
3 But Power Divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

HART.

210

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



211 (663)

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

NEWTON.

212 (664)

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me.

BURNHAM.

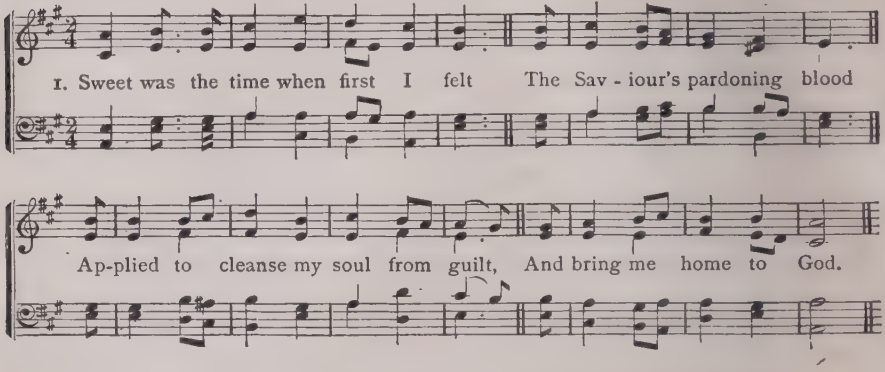
213 (662)

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.

3 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye! STEELE.

DEDHAM. C. M. ENGLISH.



214 (666)

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
Oh, make my soul thy care!
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share. NEWTON.

215 (667)

1 OH, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I d plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.
WATTS.

216 (668)

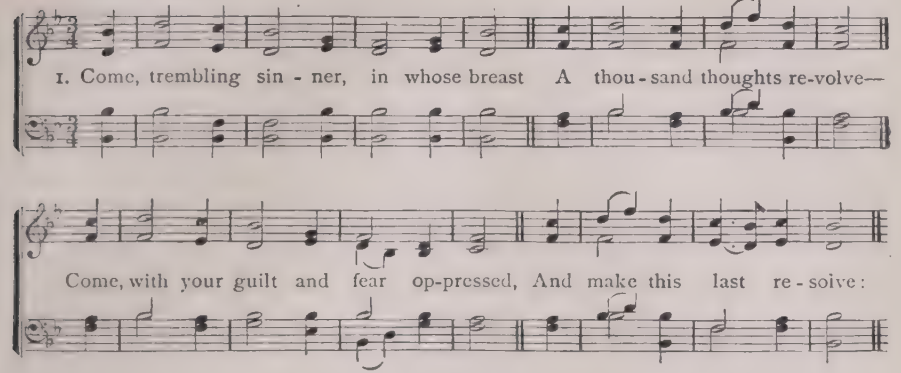
1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe, [eyes
Tears should from both my weeping
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
STENNETT.

BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



217 (670)

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

6 "But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died." JONES.

218 (672)

1 I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
And mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "Crucify!" appall,
With blasphemies between.

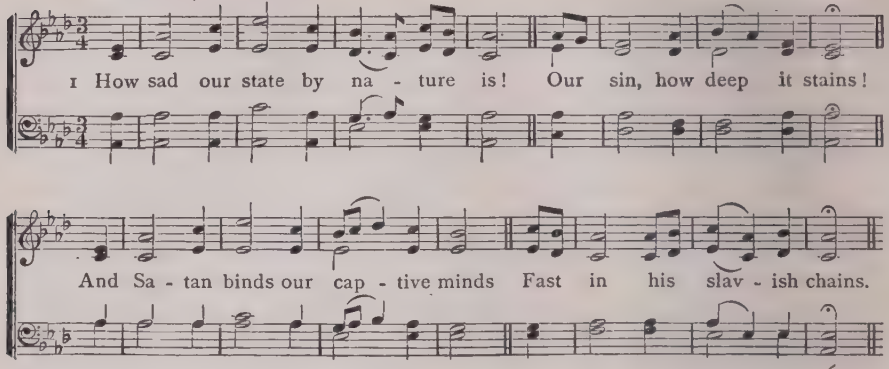
2 I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown;
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

3 Around yon Cross a throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

4 'Twas I that shed the Saviour's blood,
I nailed him to the tree,
I crucified the Son of God,
I joined the mockery.

5 Yet not the less that blood avails
To wash away my sin;
And not the less that Cross prevails
To give me peace within. BONAR.

CADDO. C M. Wm. B. Bradbury.



219 (673)

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all. Watts.

220 (674)

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

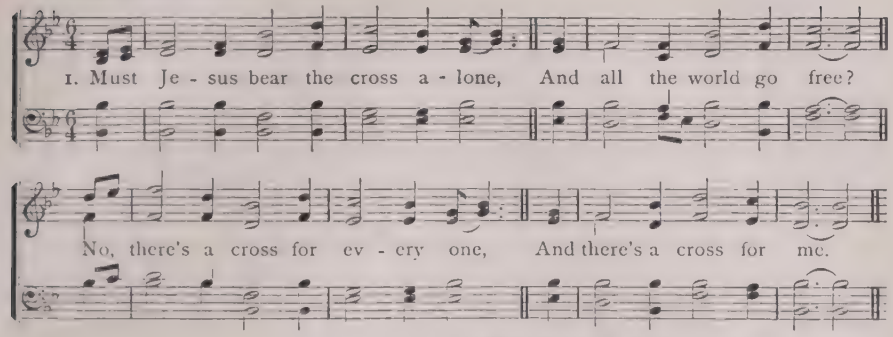
5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

Newton.

MAITLAND. C. M.



221 (717)

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord who lives, the ransomed sing,
Who lives, no more to die.

6 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away. ALLEN.

222 (661)

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat! STEELE.

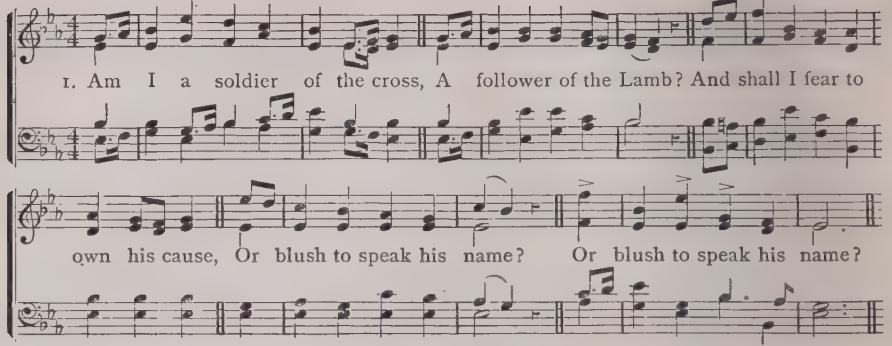
223 (719)

1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!
LYRA CATH.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *From* HANDEL.



224 (720)

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the blood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word. WATTS.

225 (747)

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
'Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome, death,
I'll gladly go with thee.
J. RYLAND.

226 (722)

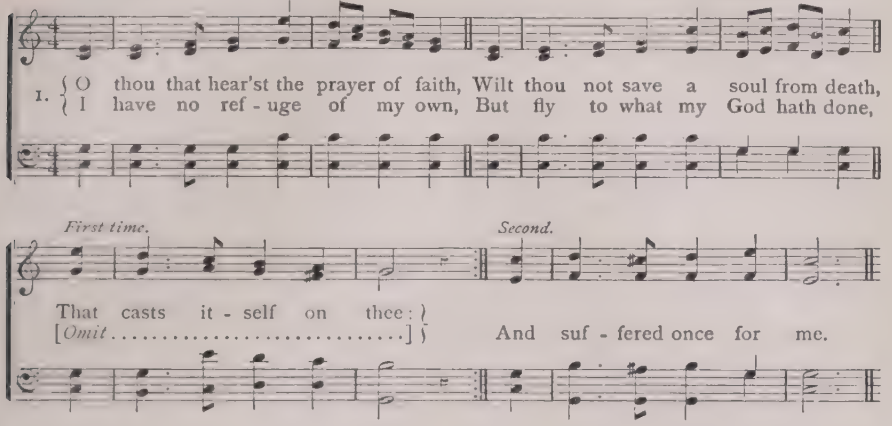
1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. WATTS.

ARNON. C. P. M. "Root & Sweetzer's Coll."



227 (676)

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day. Toplady.

228 (677)

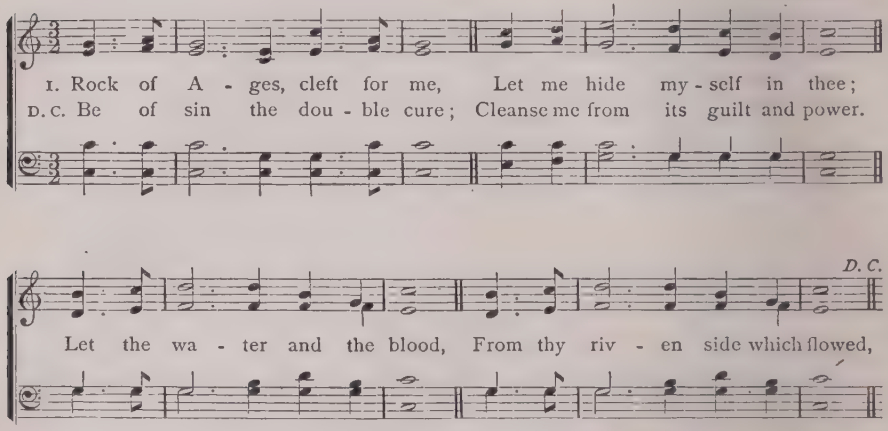
1 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

2 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels spend?

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

C. Wesley.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines. T. HASTINGS.



229 (692)

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. TOPLADY.

230 (693)

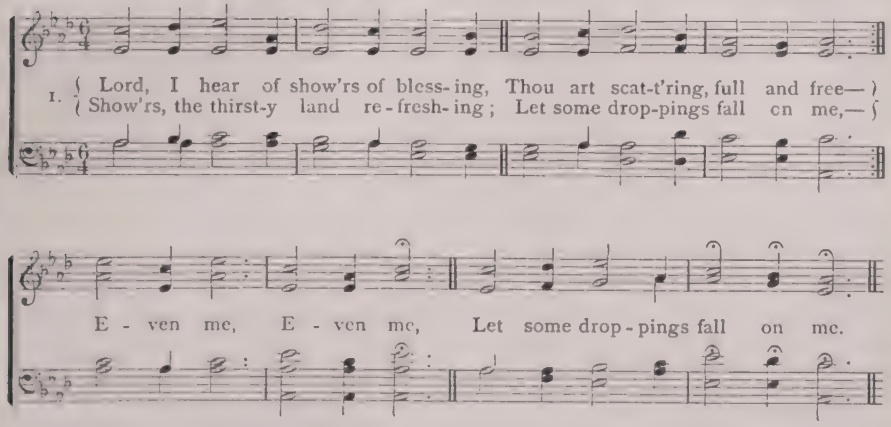
1 WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 Lord, thy arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, oh shine my sins away. TOPLADY.

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 8s. WM. B. BRADBURY.



231 (686)

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me!—
Even me.

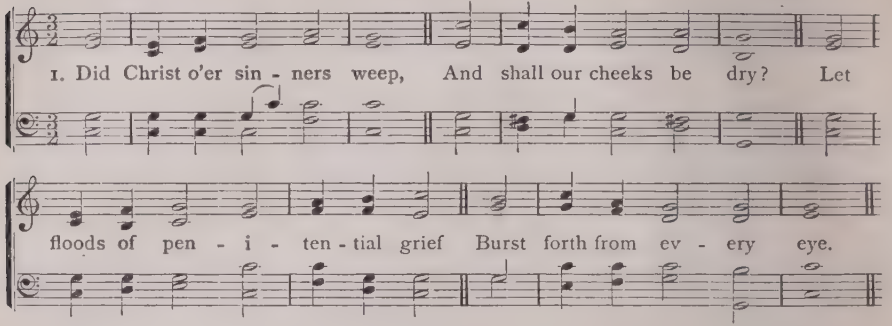
3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou 'rt calling, oh! call me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus merit!
Speak some words of power to me—
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive, and rescue me!—
Even me.

6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!—
Even me.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



232 (681)

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

233 (682)

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

C. WESLEY.

234 (479)

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

WATTS.

235 (679)

1 Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow.

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise. WATTS.
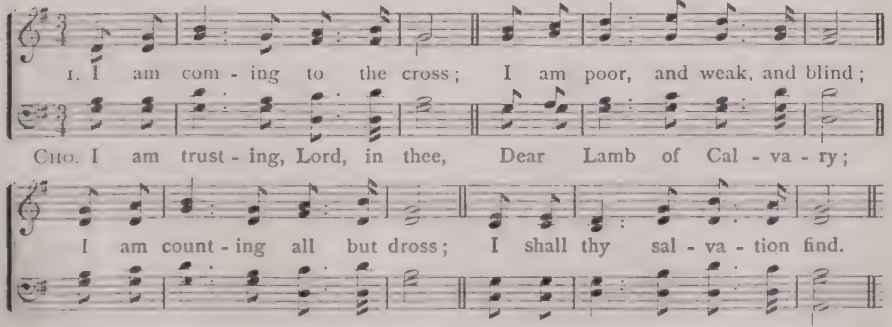
236 (684)

1 DID Jesus weep for me?
And sigh o'er sinners here?
My soul that weeping Saviour see,
And shed thyself a tear.

2 Did Jesus pray for me?
For such a wand'rer care?
My heart subdued and broken be,
And drawn to him in prayer.

3 Did Jesus die for me?
Oh, depth of love divine!
I die to sin—I'll live to thee;
O Saviour, make me thine!
S. D. PHELPS.

TRUSTING. 7s. WM. G. FISCHER.



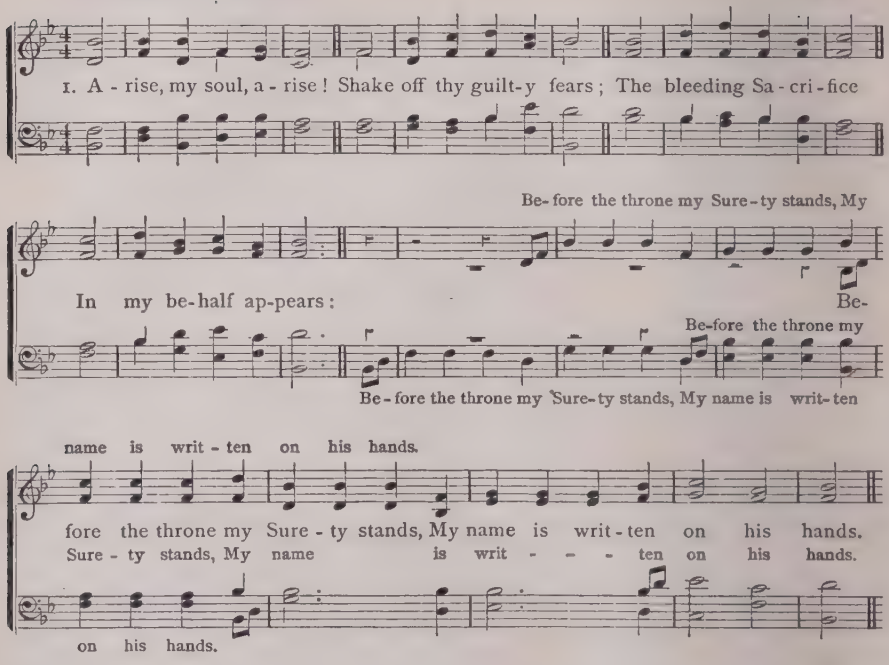
237 (680)

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—for evermore.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*
W. MCDONALD.

LENOX. H. M. EDSON.



238 (427)

2 Five bleedings wounds he bears
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, oh forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

3 The Father hears him pray,—
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

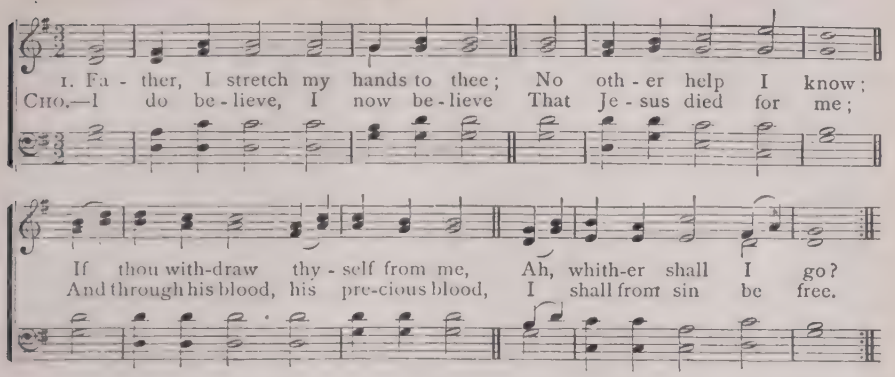
4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

C. WESLEY.

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest:
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so, for evermore.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

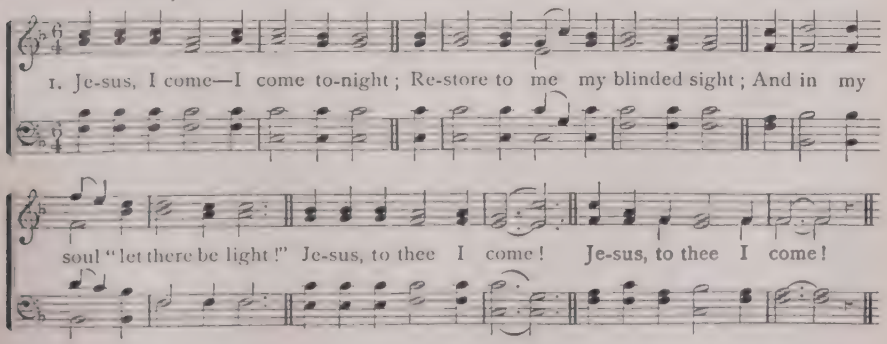


239 (687)

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death?

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, TO THEE I COME. J. E. GOULD.

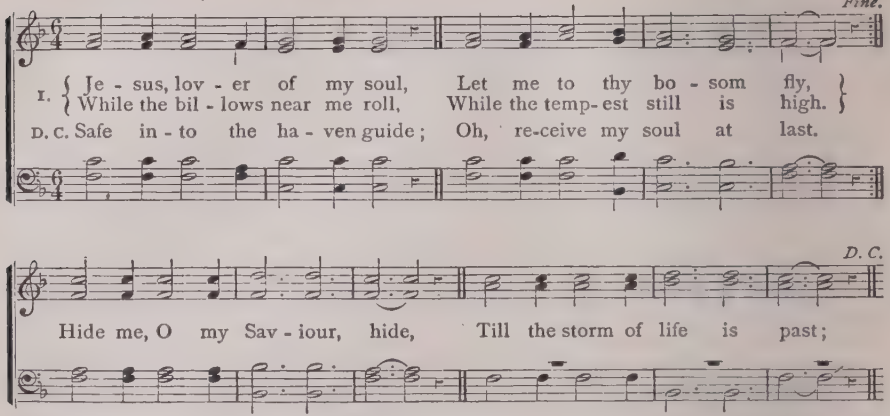


240 (689)

2 Jesus, I come—I cannot stay
From thee another precious day;
I would thy word this night obey—
Jesus, to thee I come!

3 Jesus, I come—"just as I am,"
To thee, the holy, spotless Lamb;
Thou wilt receive me as I am—
Jesus, to thee I come!

MARTYN. 7s. Double. S. B. MARSH.



241 (658)

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity. C. WESLEY.

242* (691)

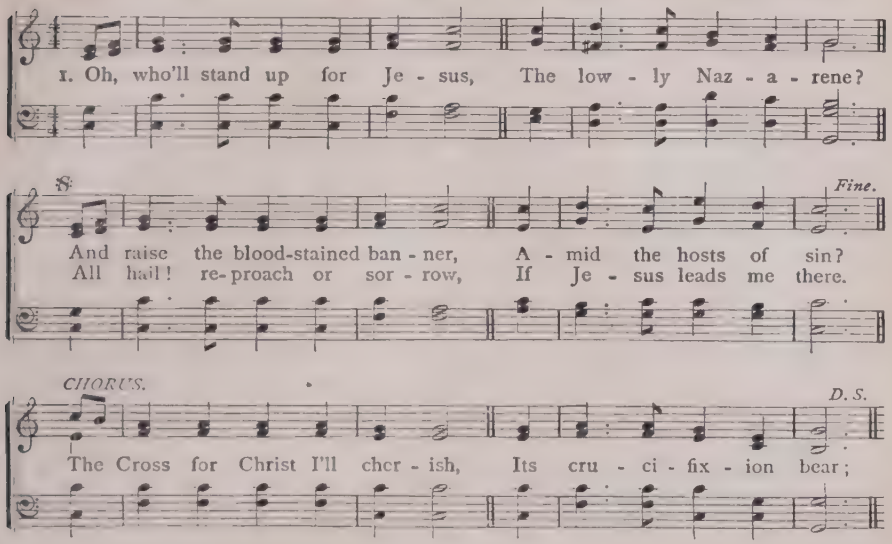
1 HEART of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued!
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Incarnate Son!

2 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, oh break, my bleeding heart!
C. WESLEY.

* *Adapt by repeating the last two lines.*

CONSECRATION. 7s & 6s.

REV. L. HEARTSOUGH. *By permission.*



243 (709)

2 Oh who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink and falter,
Who'll glory in his name?
The Cross for Christ, etc.

3 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.
The Cross for Christ, etc.

4 O Jesus, precious Saviour,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.
The Cross for Christ, etc.

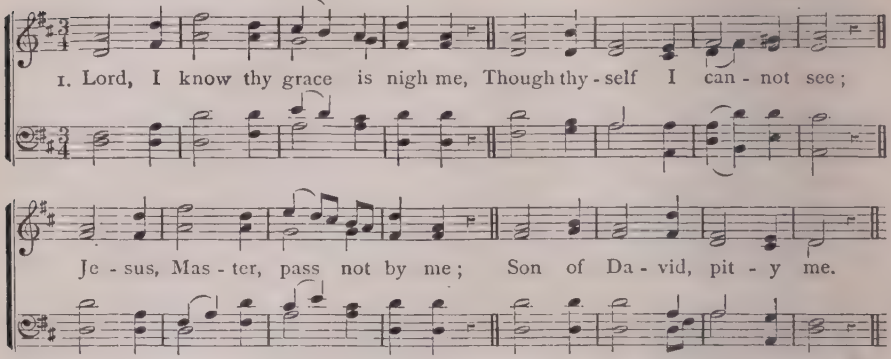
HARTSOUGH.

244 (710)

1 ASHAMED to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know
I'm on the way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, blessèd Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid the cross to cherish,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness,
Of mercy, rich and free.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. J. CONKEY.



245 (699)

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blesséd light,
Many taste thy loving-kindness;
"Lord, I would receive my sight."

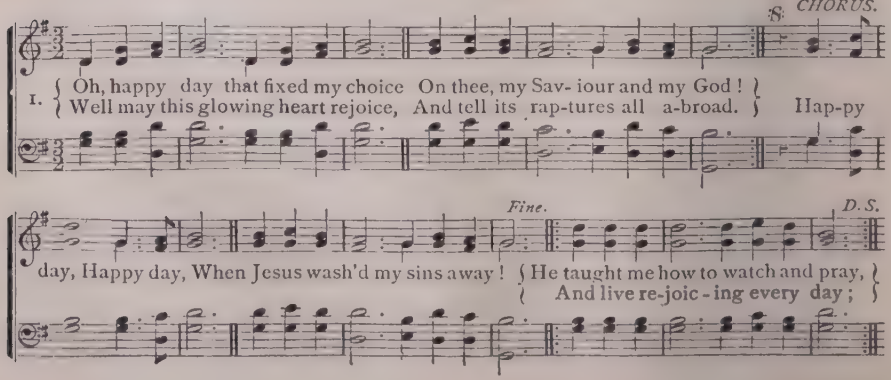
3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints, that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

GANSE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



246 (715)

1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

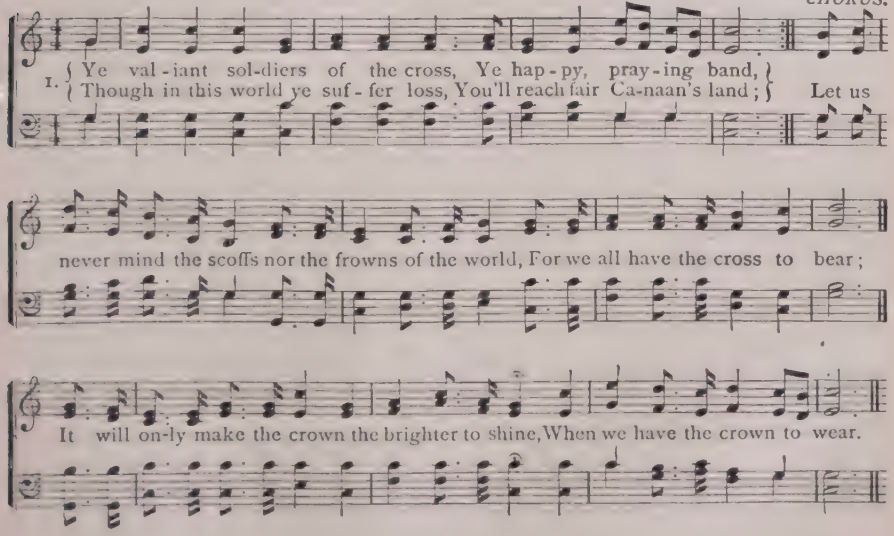
3 'Tis done; the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

DODDRIDGE.

BRIGHT CROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

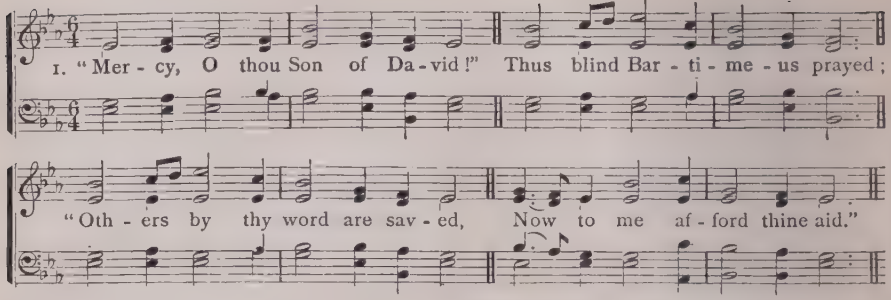


247 (716)

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Let us never mind the scoffs, etc.

3 Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home!
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say "Well done."
Let us never mind the scoffs, etc.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.



248 (725)

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bade him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

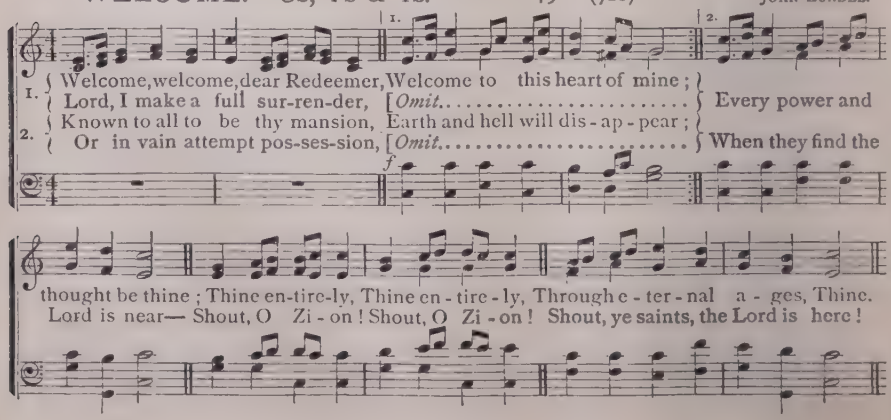
4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

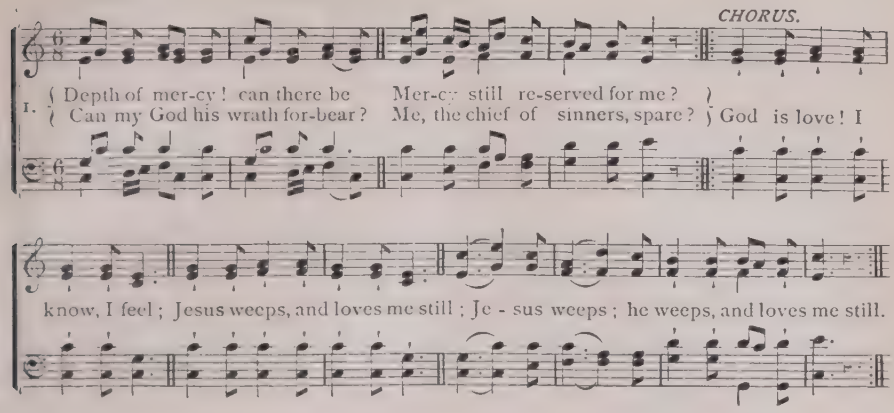
6 "Oh, that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

NEWTON.

WELCOME. 8s, 7s & 4s. HY. 249. (726) JOHN ZUNDEL.



DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.



250 (700)

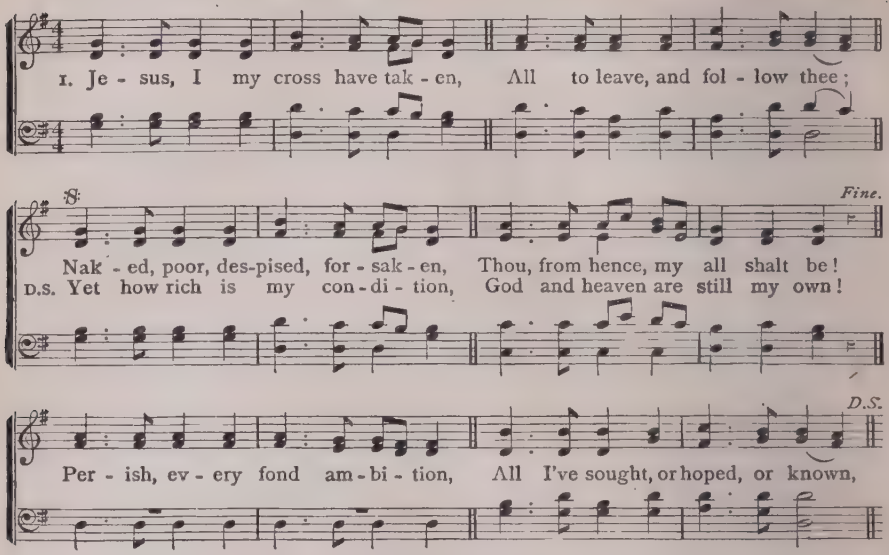
2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
God is love, etc.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
God is love, etc.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
God is love, etc.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
God is love, etc. C. WESLEY.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. *Arr. by* J. P. HOLBROOK.



251 (705)

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

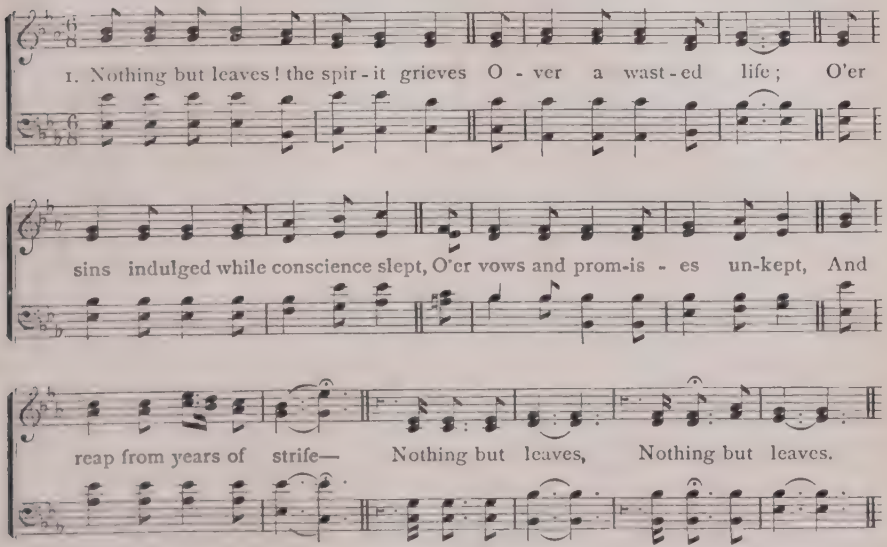
6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

LYTE.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

S. J. VAIL.



252 (701)

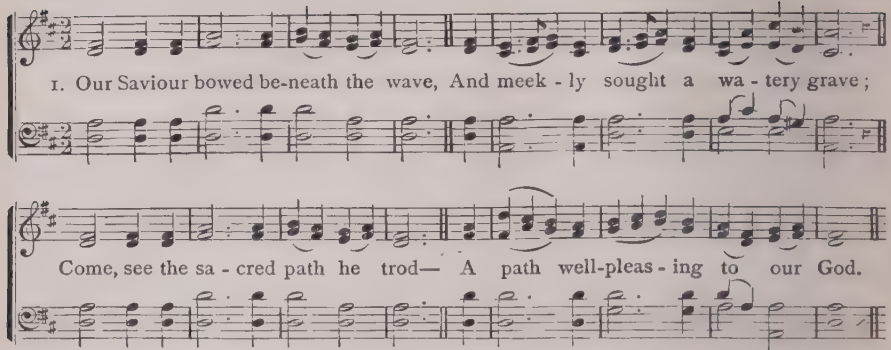
2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

THE CHURCH.

EUCHARIST. L. M.



253 (739)

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with those above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

JUDSON.

254 (737)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

JUDSON.

255 (736)

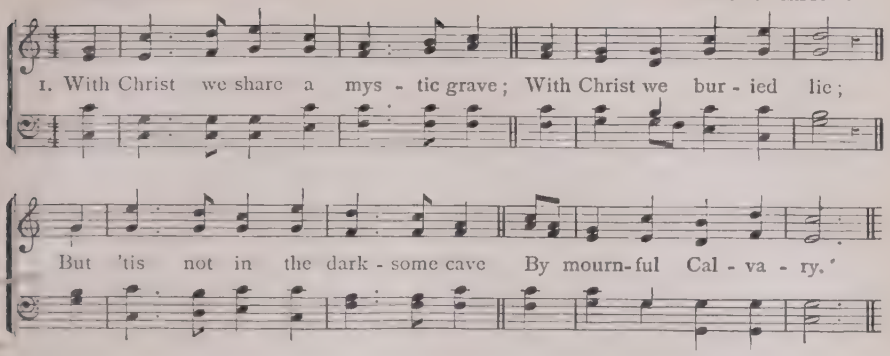
1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began!
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
Joyful they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

THOMAS BALDWIN.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



256 (754)

2 The pure and bright baptismal flood—
The type of cleansing plain;
New creatures, from the yielding wave
With Christ we rise again.

3 Thrice blest, if, thro' this world of sin,
And lust, and selfish care,
Our resurrection-mantle white
And undefiled we wear.

4 Thrice blest, if, thro' the gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O Risen Lord, with thee.

257 (755)

1 WE long to move and breathe in thee,
Inspired with thine own breath,
To live thy life, O Lord, and be
Baptized into thy death.

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in thy woe,
But we shall bloom above.

3 Above we shall thy glory share,
As we thy cross have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.

4 Thy crown of thorns is all our boast,
While now we fall before
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And tremble, love, adore.

258 (756)

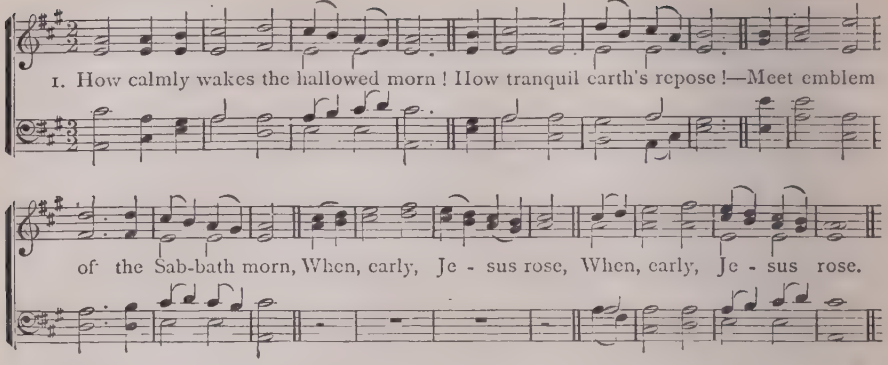
1 LORD, I am thine, and in thy aid
I place my firmest trust:
How large the price thy love has paid
For vile, polluted dust!

2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.

3 I stand before the sacred flood;
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!

4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
Support me all my days;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

DEVIZES. C. M. TUCKER.



259 (750)

2 How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast!—
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Saviour passed.

3 Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed:
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.

4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine;
We come thy rite to seal;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal. S. F. SMITH.

260 (751)

1 MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessèd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues. S. F. SMITH.

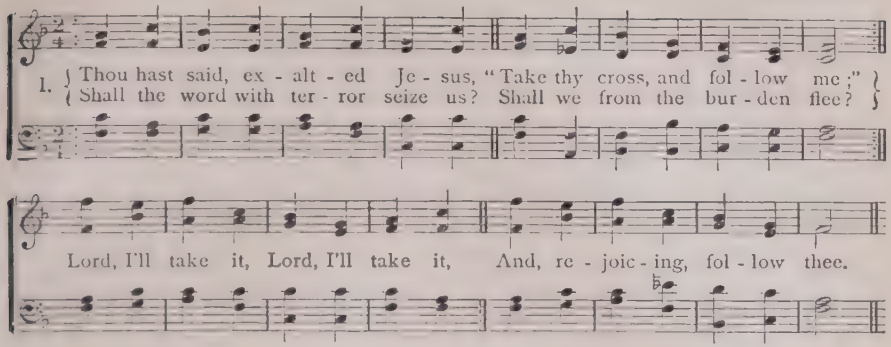
261 (752)

1 ALMIGHTY Saviour, here we stand,
Ranged by the water side;
Hither we come at thy command,
To wait upon thy bride.

2 Thy footsteps marked this humble way
For all that love thy cause;
Lord, thy example we obey,
And glory in the cross.

3 Our dearest Lord, we'll follow thee,
Where'er thou lead'st the way,
Through floods, through flames, through death's dark vale,
To realms of endless day.

VESPER. 8s, 7s & 4s. BORTNIANSKI.



262 (733)

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
Oh what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

JOHN E. GILES.

263 (734)

1 JESUS, Mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

JOHN FELLOWS.

264 (735)

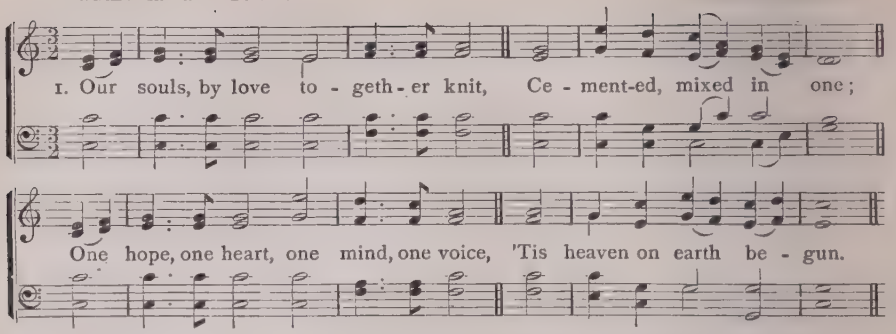
1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee:
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Nought have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit:
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
Oh the bliss! the heavenly beauty!
Christ the Lord was buried so.

ROBERT T. DANIEL.

HEBER. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



265 (768)

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee, God!

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own:

6 May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face! MILLER.

266 (769)

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

C. WESLEY.

267 (773)

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou,
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us,—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day
Be lost and found in him.

MONTGOMERY.

268 (774)

1 LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end; [own,
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend!

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 One blesséd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

RAY PALMER.

269 (775)

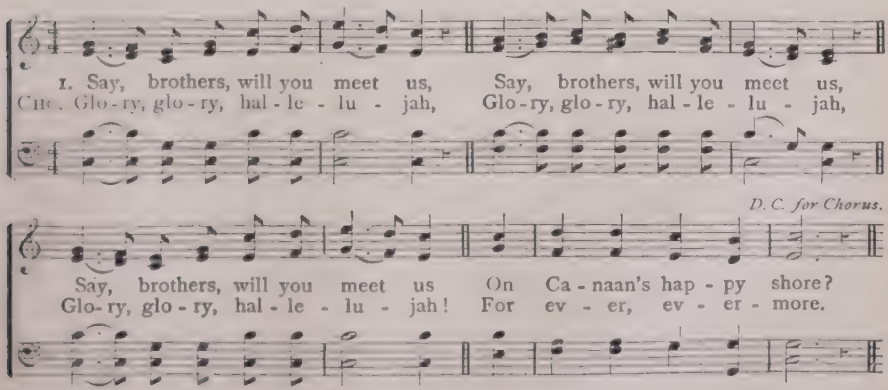
1 BLESS'D be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart—
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

C. WESLEY.

SAY, BROTHERS.

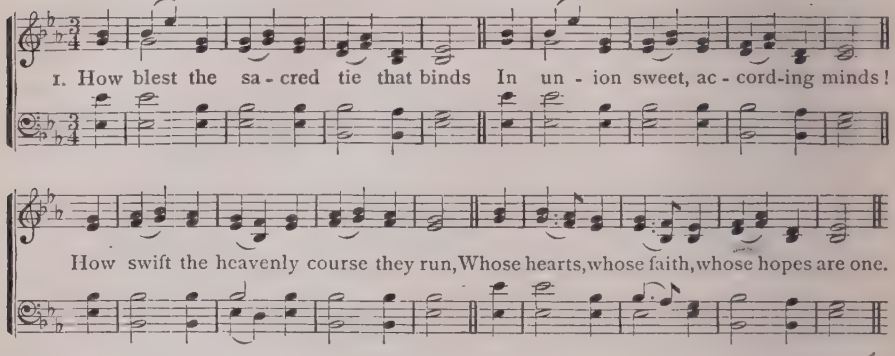


270 (778)

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.—*Cho.*

3 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
On Canaan's happy shore.—*Cho.*

GRATITUDE. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



271 (765)

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping, sick'ning fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

272 (766)

1 COME in, thou blesséd of our God,
In Jesus' name we bid thee come;
No more thy feet shall roam abroad,
Henceforth a brother—welcome home

2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord.
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

KELLY.

273 (767)

1 KINDRED in Christ! for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

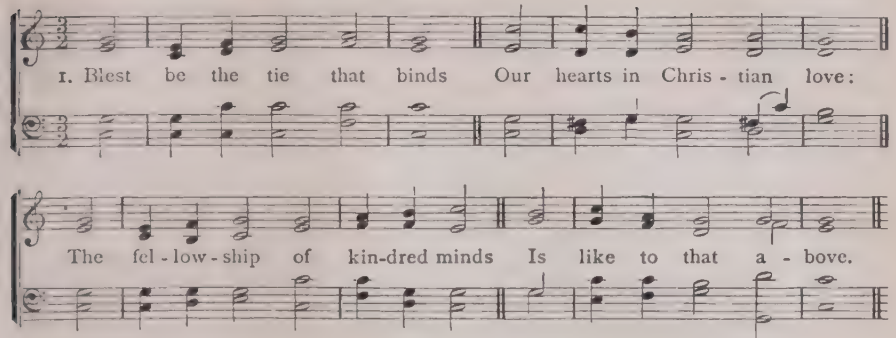
2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 Thus,—as the moments pass away,—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



274 (779)

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. FAWCETT.

275 (780)

1 AND are we yet alive
To see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

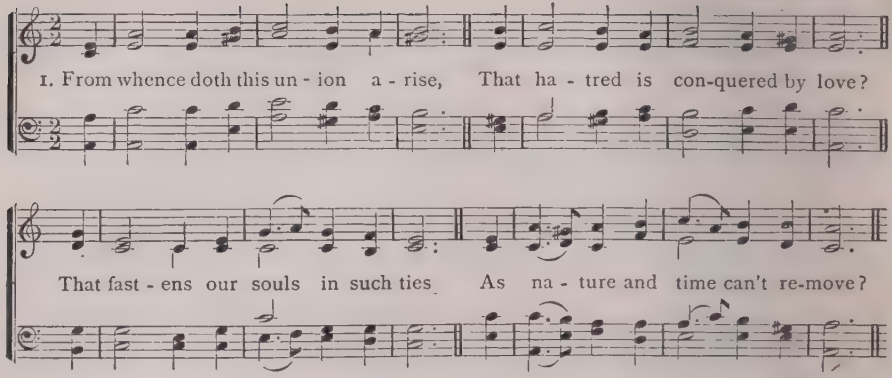
4 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more. C. WESLEY.

276 (781)

1 ONCE more before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part. HART.

UNION. 8s. OLD MELODY.



277 (777)

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

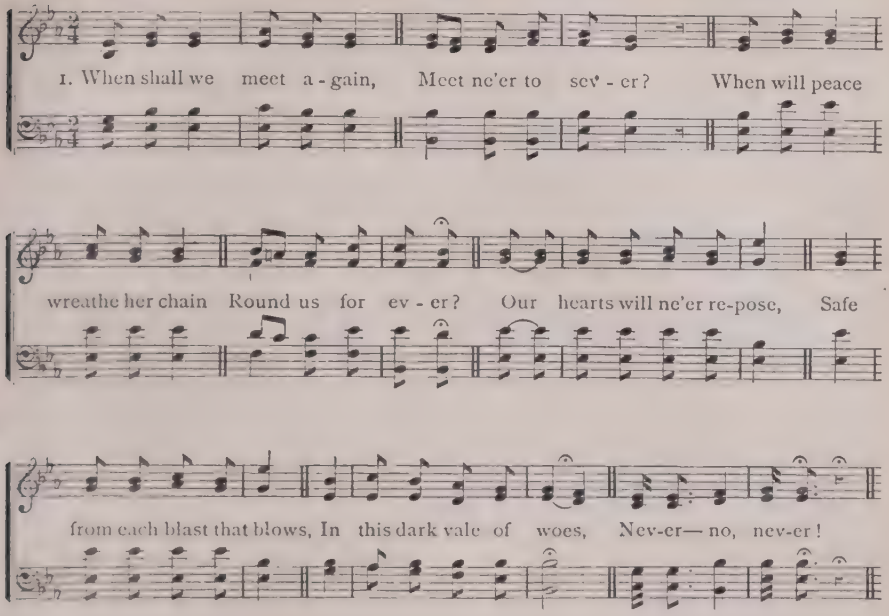
3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Then why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 Oh, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United with Jesus in love!

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be. THOMAS BALDWIN.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. "Spiritual Songs."



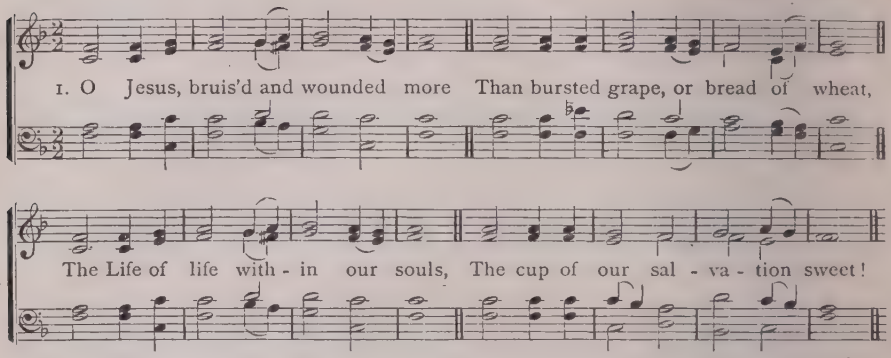
278 (782)

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where the joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill.
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN CHANT.



279 (785).

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh:
And still that blood is warm to save,
And still thy fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 Come, Bread of heav'n, to feed our souls!
O blessed Jesus, enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
Thy precious blood wash out our sin!

280 (786)

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

WATTS.

281 (787)

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

WATTS.

282 (788)

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 Oh, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNA PAL.

283 (790)

1 AMIDST us our Belovéd stands,
And bids us view his piercéd hands;
Points to the wounded feet and side,
Blest emblems of the crucified.

2 What food luxurious loads the board,
When at his table sits the Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet.

3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not him,
Oh may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see him face to face.

SPURGEON.

284 (789)

1 DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

A. R. W.

285 (793)

1 STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love;

2 Yet must we part, and parting weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
Our farewell words, how sad and sore!

3 Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy:

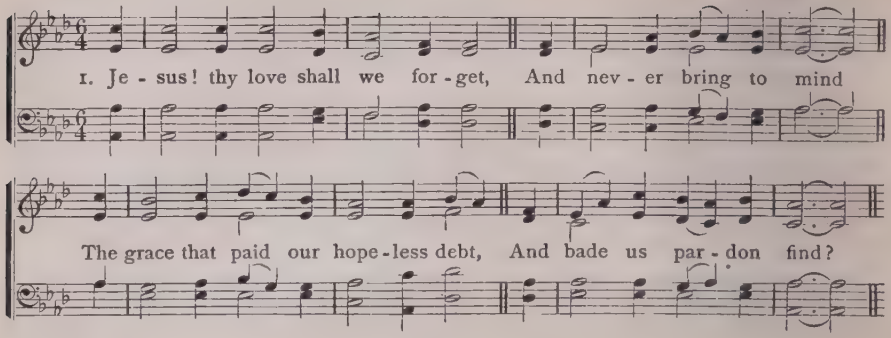
4 Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

5 There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we kept at all.

BONAR.

HELENA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



286 (799)

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane, can we forget—
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

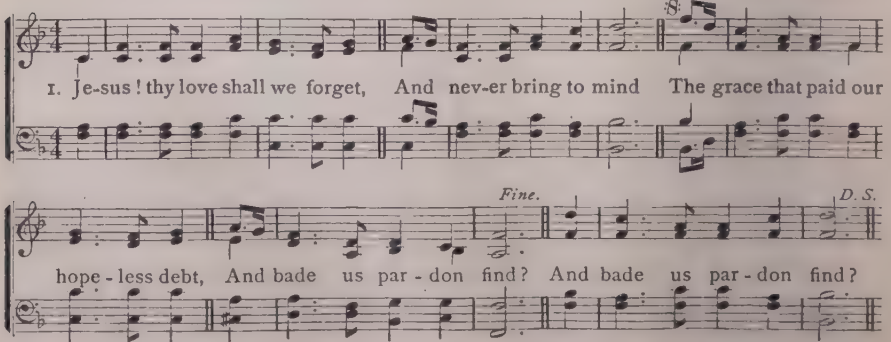
4 Can we the crown of thorns forget,
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?

5 The nails, the spear, can we forget;
The agonizing cry—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

REMEMBRANCE. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



287 (800)

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name,
But his recorded there!

NOEL.

288 (801)

1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursèd tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

STENNETT.

289 (803)

1 Lord, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place;—

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

290 (804)

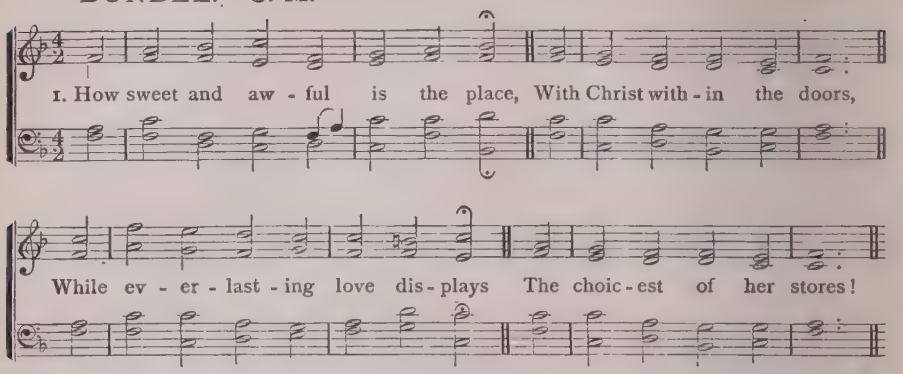
1 Let vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast,
And life and light impart.

2 He knows how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way!

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us, with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.

DUNDEE. C. M.



291 (796)

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

WATTS.

292 (798)

1 LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 And if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer;—

3 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste.

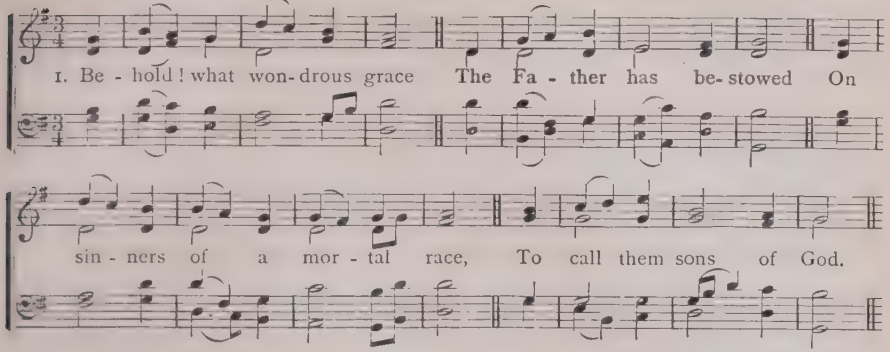
4 Forget not,—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

SIGOURNEY.

DOXOLOGY.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

THATCHER, S. M. HANDEL.



293 (808)

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And thou the kindred own. WATTS.

294 (809)

1 A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord.
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetful love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

295 (805)

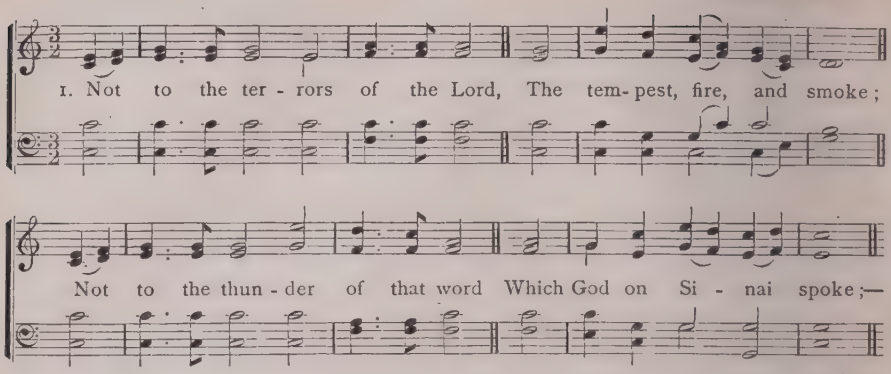
1 BLEST feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee!

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blesséd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, my Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!

4 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

HEBER. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



296 (826)

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

5 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest. WATTS.

297 (824)

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
LOGAN.

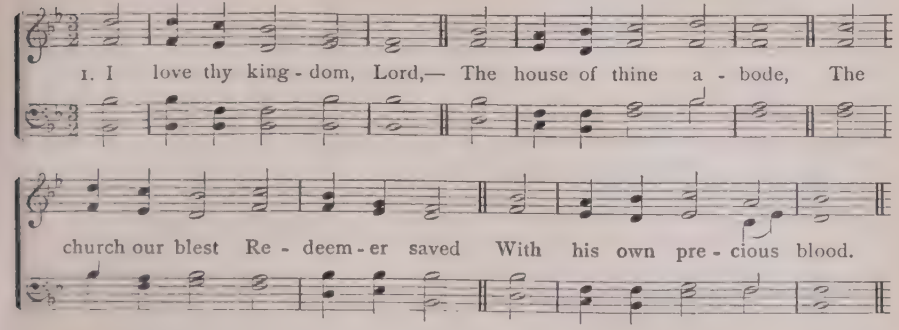
298 (825)

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

2 He frees the soul condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

3 This shall be known when we are dead,
And let on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.
WATTS.

STATE STREET. S. M. WOODMAN.



299 (832)

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DWIGHT.

300 (833)

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
The saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

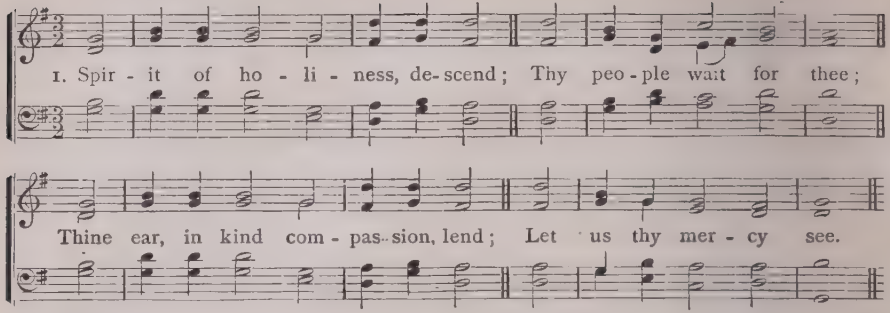
3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky. WATTS.

MARLOW. C. M. L. MASON.



301 (524)

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
Oh, bid thy light arise!

3 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

4 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share. S. F. SMITH.

302 (827)

1 A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.
STEELE.

303 (819)

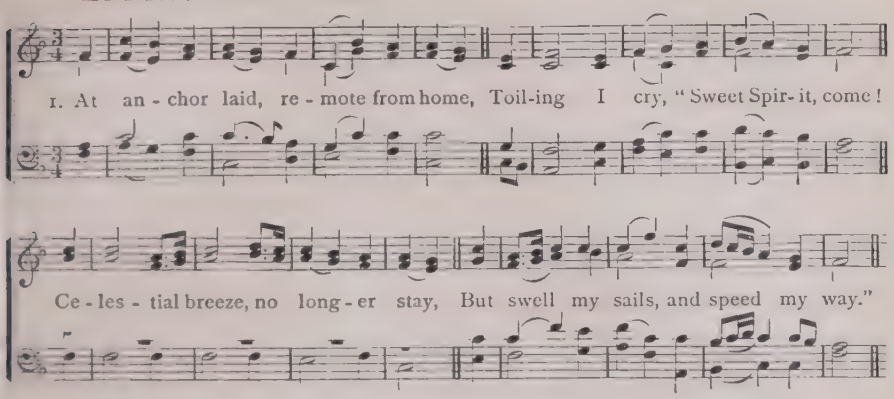
1 COME, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
O send a gracious shower!

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening power,
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs to songs of praise.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.



304 (504)

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale."

305 (497)

1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

LYRA CATH.

306 (507)

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.
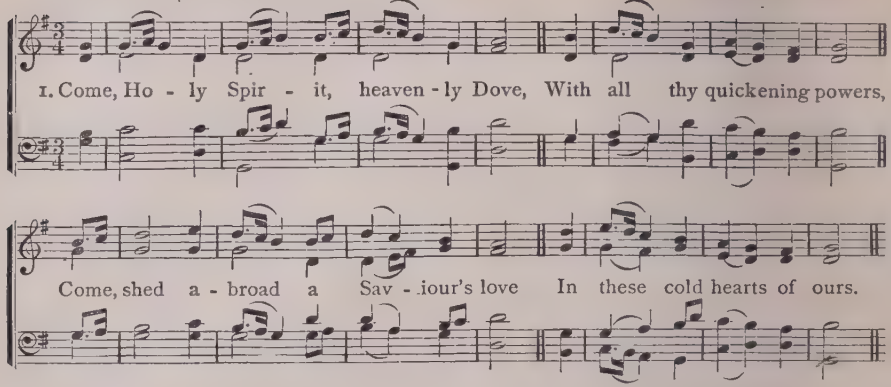
2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh! let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDRIDGE.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WM. TANSUR, 1735.



307 (521)

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. WATTS.

308 (522)

1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Diffuse, O God, refreshing showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

DODDRIDGE.

309 (523)

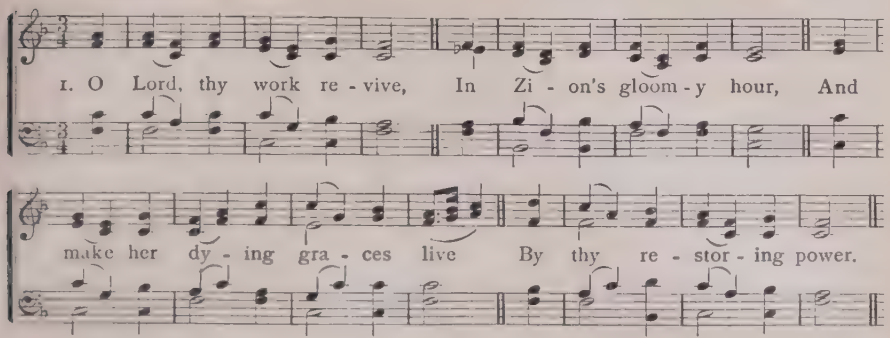
1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh, bring thy comforts near!

2 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

3 Complete the work thou has begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

BATHURST.

DENNIS. S. M. NAGELI.



310 (835)

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessèd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry!
Oh, come and bring salvation here!
Our hopes on thee rely. HASTINGS.

311 (836)

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there. WATTS.

312 (837)

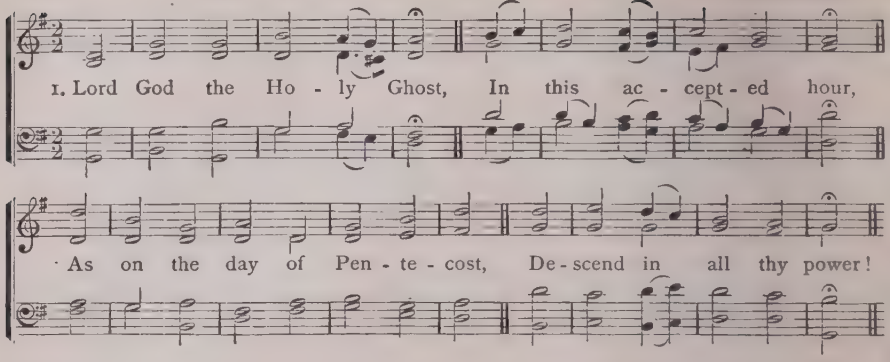
1 OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above. BETHUNE.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. A. WILLIAMS.



313 (534)

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death our Guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. MONTGOMERY.

314 (543)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.
BEDDOME.

315 (539)

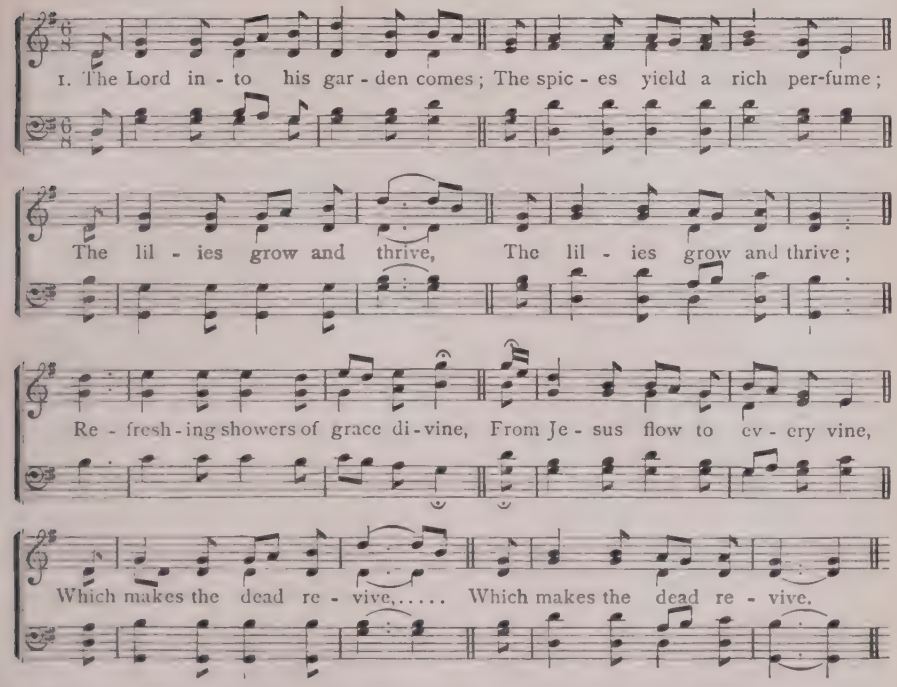
1 BLEST Comforter Divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw us with still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh, fill thou every heart,
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

GARDEN. C. P. M.



316 (848)

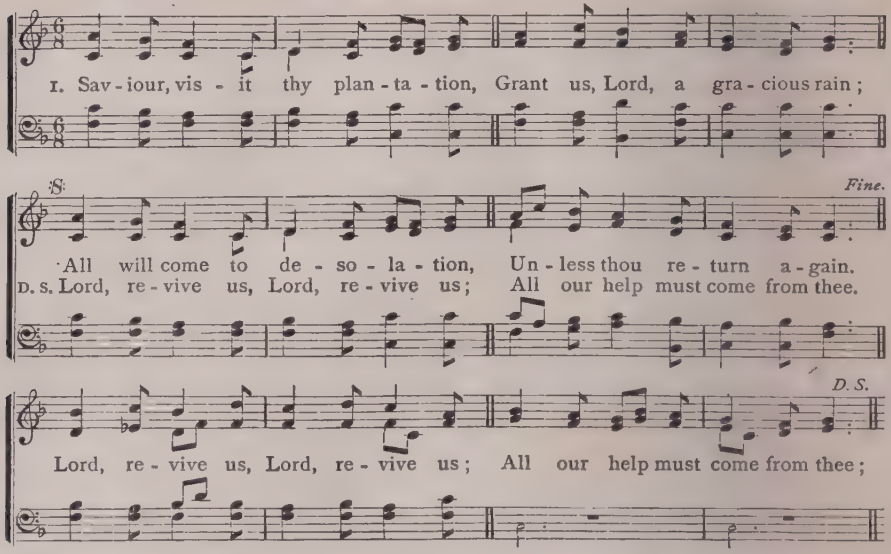
1 The Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume;
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 Oh that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become!
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is!
"Oh, taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me!
Oh, come to Christ and live!"

4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there!
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

GAYLORD. 8s & 7s. Double. *Arr. by* J. P. Holbrook.



317 (838)

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die,
Lord, revive us, etc.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us, etc.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us, etc.

Newton.

318 (839)

1 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

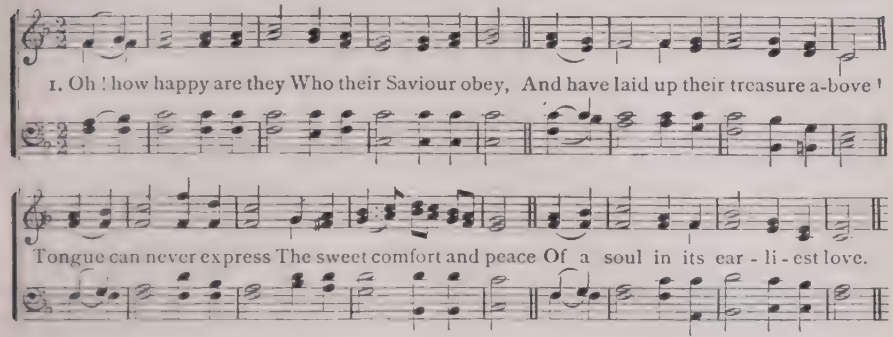
2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

Newton.

HAPPINESS. 11s & 9s. WESTERN MELODY.



319 (851)

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
"Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!"

C. WESLEY.

320 (852)

1 O THOU, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

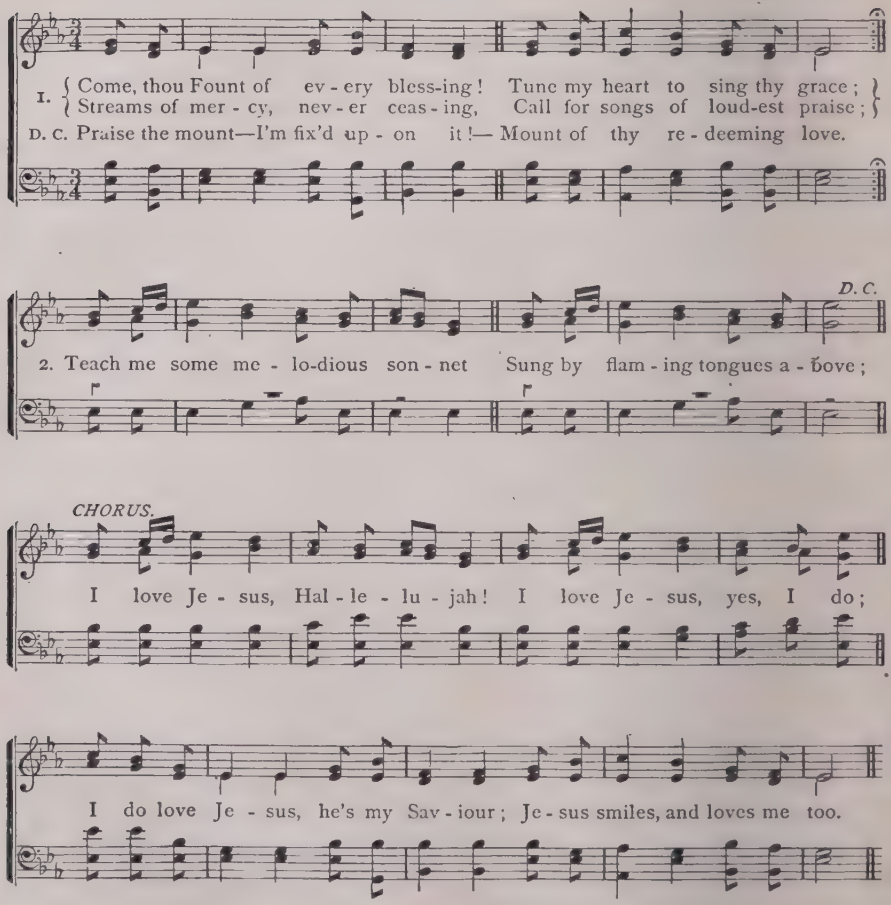
2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd,
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love;
Say, why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove.

3 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents
My Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

4 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and
Will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me,
For thou art my all:
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

SWAIN.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. DR. NETTLETON.



321 (849)

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

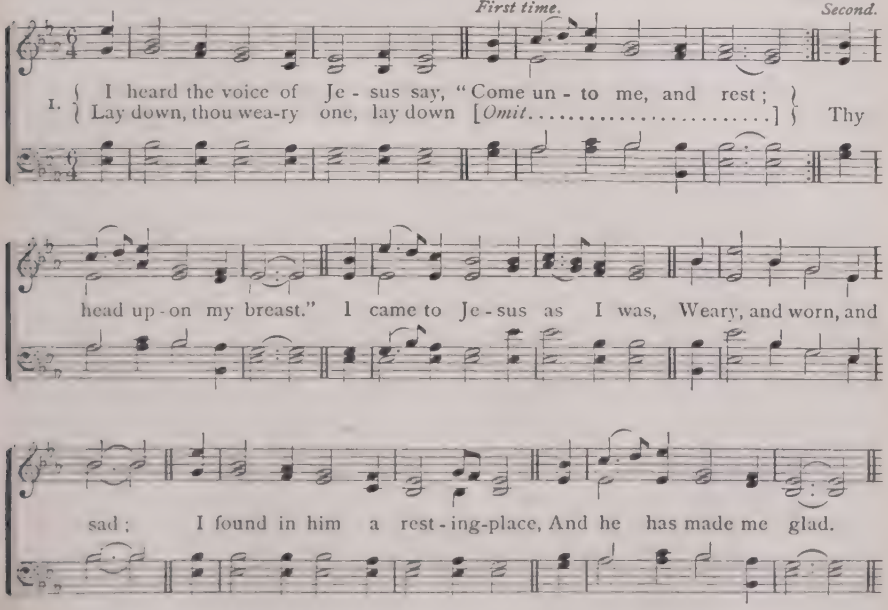
5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it!
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

ATHENS. C. M.

GIARDINI.



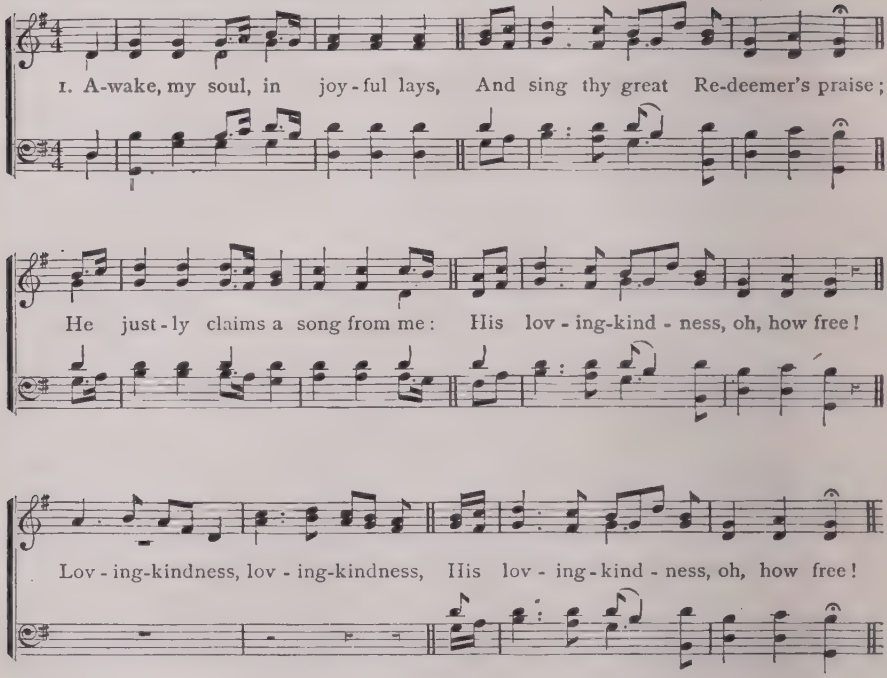
322 (870)

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

BONAR.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



323 (850)

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
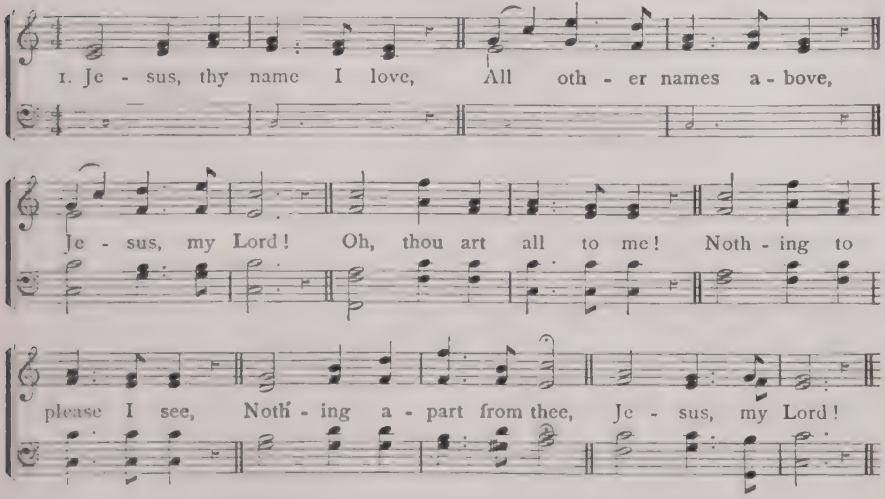
5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

MEDLEY.

LYTE. 6s & 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.



324 (890)

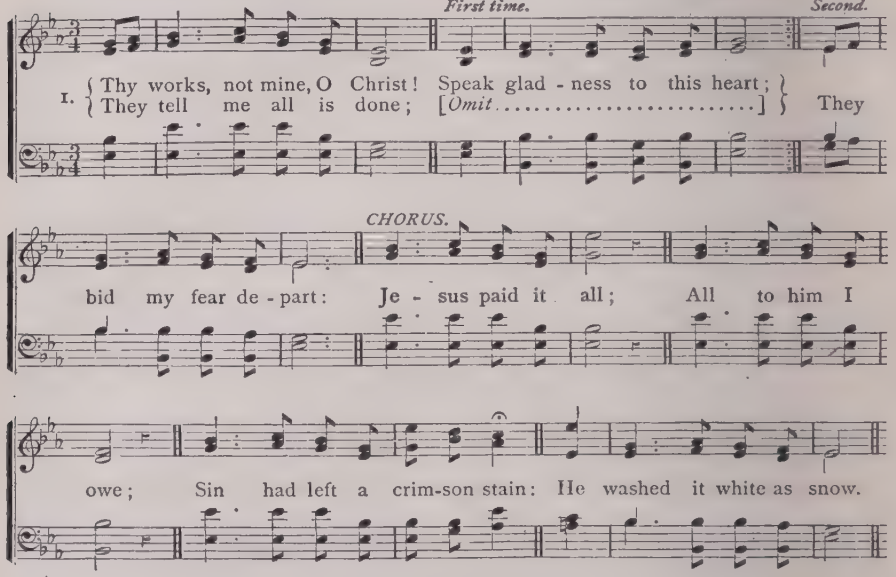
2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

MADELEINE. 6s.

J. T. GRAPE. *From* "PILGRIMS' HARP."
TUNE—"*All to Christ I owe.*"



325 (853)

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blesséd day.

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruiséd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

6 Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul,
In this I'll live and die.

BONAR. *Arr.*

326 (854)

1 I BRING my sins to thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once-opened fount.

2 My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.

3 To thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.

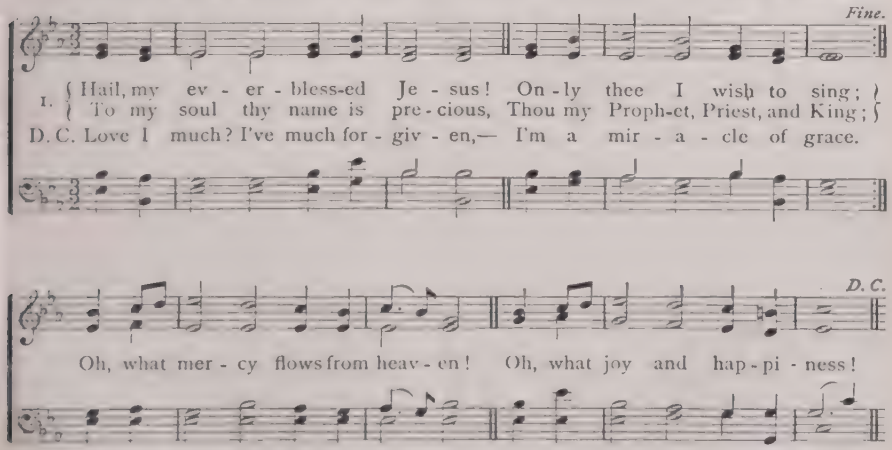
4 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I cannot tell:
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.

5 My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.

6 My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour! let me be
Thine ever, thine alone!

SUNDAY MAG. *Altered.*

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double. DR. NETTLETON.



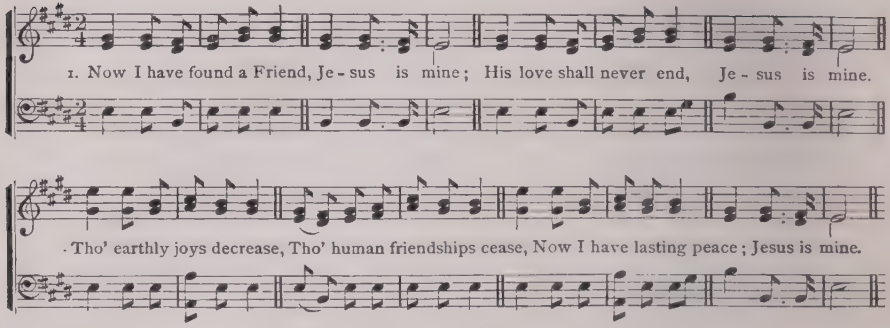
327 (869)

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way;
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love:
That blest moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace!

WINGROVE.

JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.



328 (861)

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,
Jesus as mine. RYLE.

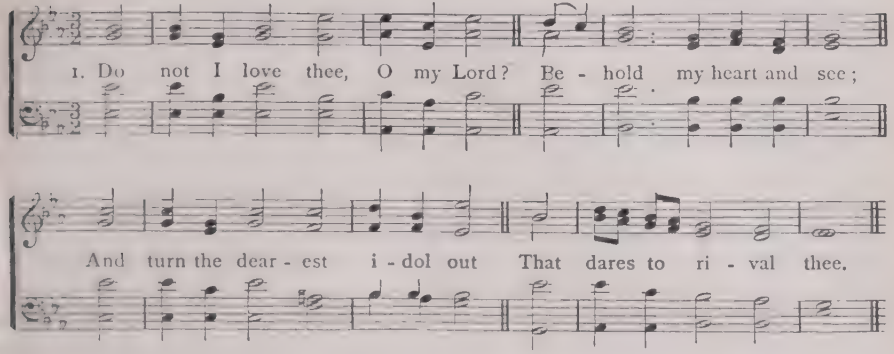
329 (862)

1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine:
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine. BONAR.

VALENTIA. C. M. *Arranged by* KINGSLEY.



330 (875)

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

331 (873)

1 ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own,—
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine, and only thine.

3 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live!

4 All that I am, e'en here on earth;
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

BONAR.

332 (874)

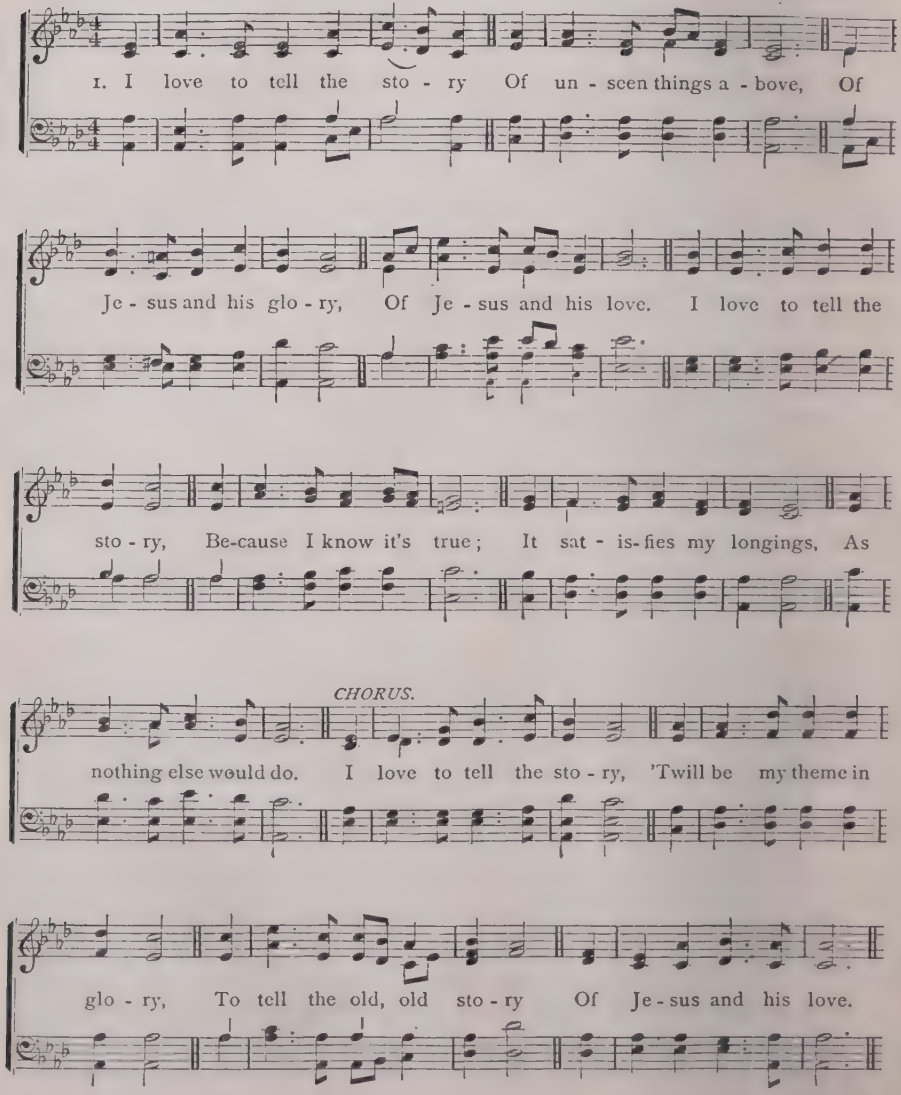
1 O DEAREST Lamb, take thou my heart!
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

2 If there's a fervor in my soul,
And fervor sure there is,
Now it shall be at thy control,
And but to serve thee rise.

3 Now the gay world with treacherous art
Shall tempt my heart in vain;
I have conveyed away that heart,
Ne'er to return again.

MORAVIAN.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. Wm. G. Fischer.



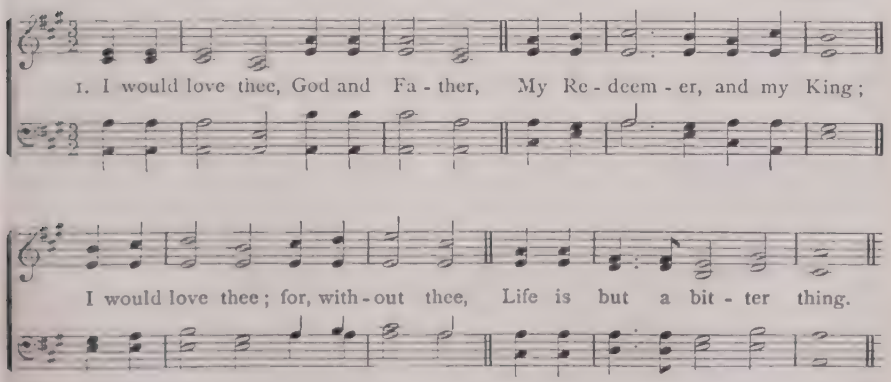
333 (863)

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Cho.*

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

OVIO. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



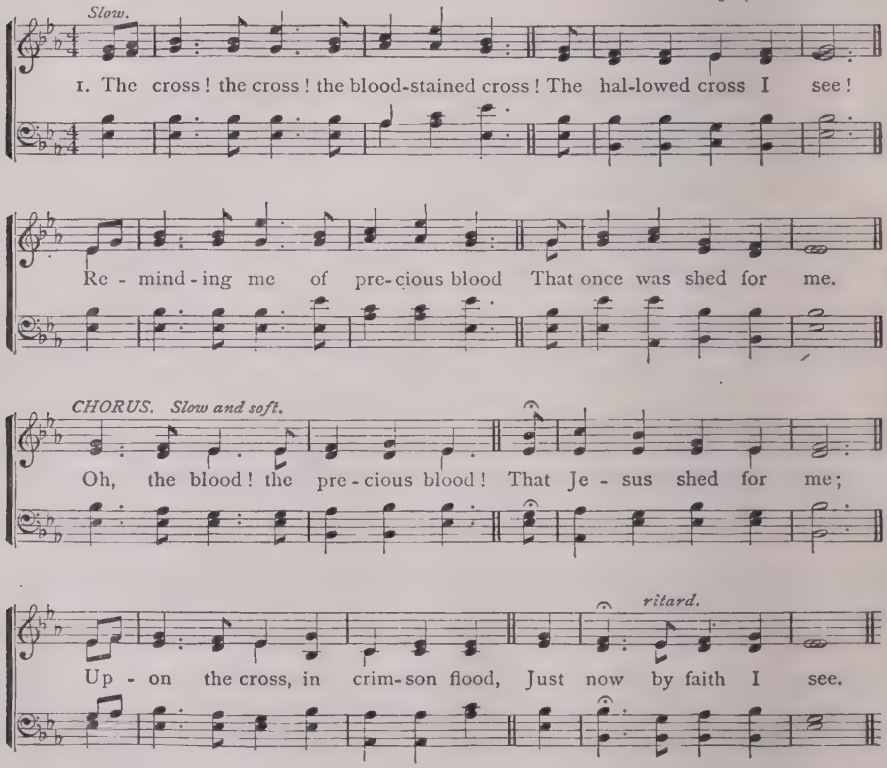
334 (868)

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee; he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; I have vowed it,
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

THE CROSS. 8s & 6s. J. H. Stockton.



335 (889)

2 The cross! the cross! that heavy cross,
My Saviour bore for me;
It bowed him to the earth with grief
On sad Mount Calvary.—*Chorus.*

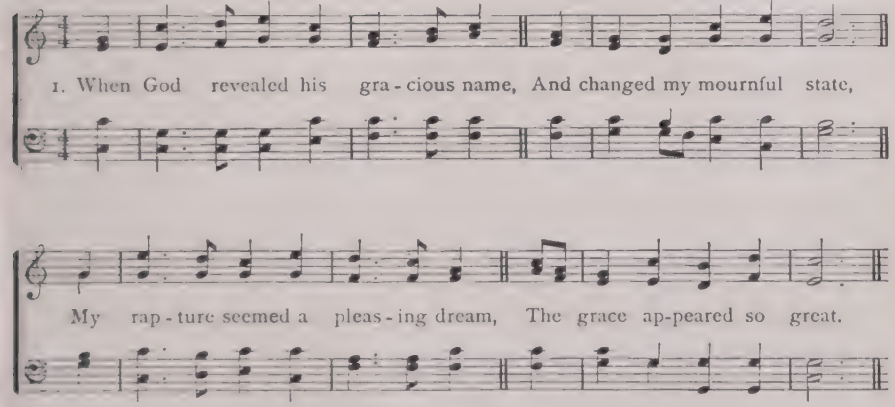
3 The wounds! the wounds! those painful wounds;
Oh! they were made for me!
His hands and feet, his holy head,
All pierced and torn I see.—*Chorus.*

4 The death! the death! the awful death
That Jesus died for me!
I heard his groans, his prayer, "Forgive,"
His bleeding side I see.—*Cho.*

5 The love! the love! the matchless love
That bled upon the tree!
It melts my heart, it wins my love,
It brings me, Lord, to thee.—*Cho.*

After ad verse, S. D. PHELPS.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



336 (892)

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

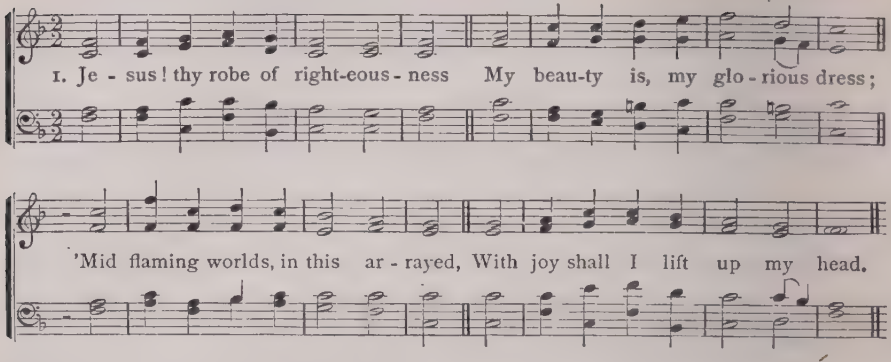
3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

WATTS.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. MASON.



337 (881)

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its lovely hue;
Its glory is forever new.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

338 (879)

1 COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied;
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

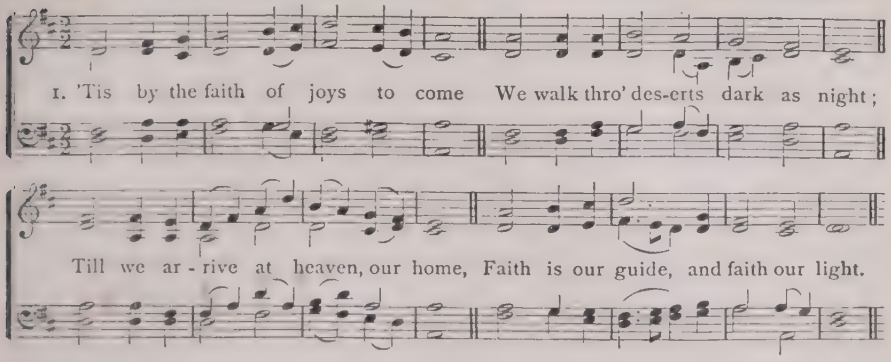
339 (884)

1 MY precious Lord, for thy dear name
I bear the cross, despise the shame;
Nor do I faint while thou art near;
I lean on thee; how can I fear?

2 No other name but thine is given
To cheer my soul, in earth or heaven;
No other wealth will I require;
No other friend can I desire.

3 Yea, into nothing would I fall
For thee alone, my All in All;
To feel thy love, my only joy,
To tell thy love, my sole employ.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.



340 (900)

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
WATTS.

341 (901)

1 Go, labor thou, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
But falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!
BONAR.

342 (903)

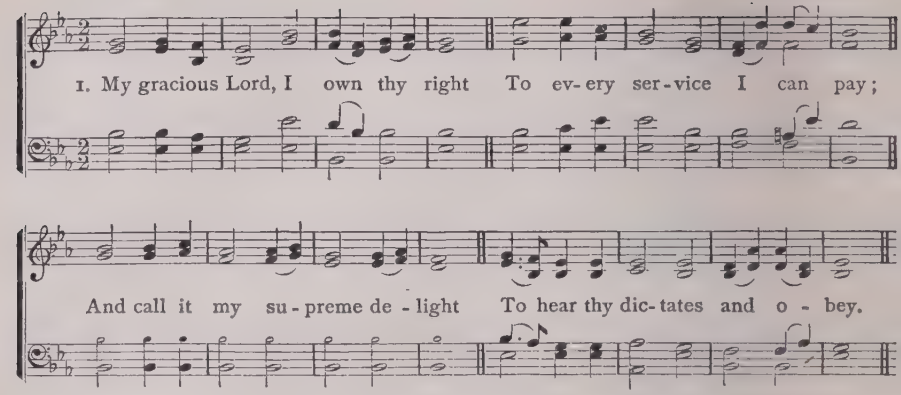
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
WATTS.

BERA. L. M. J. E. GOULD.



343 (904)

1 My gracious Lord I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey,

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,—
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend!

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

DODDRIDGE.

344 (905)

1 When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

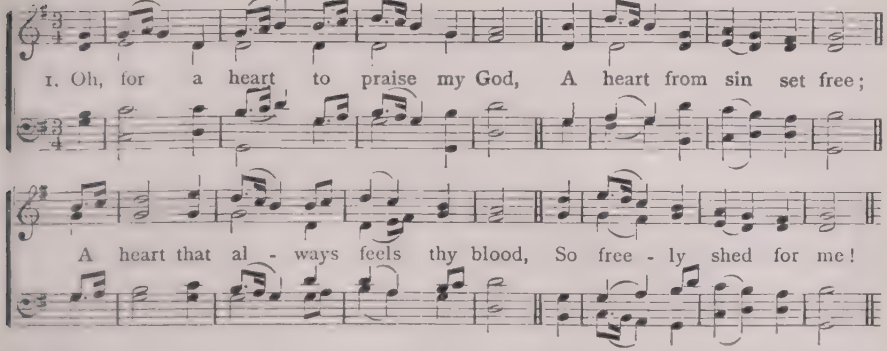
2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

GIBBONS.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WM. TANSUR, 1735.



345 (911)

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine. C. WESLEY.

346 (909)

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No acts falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

347 (913)

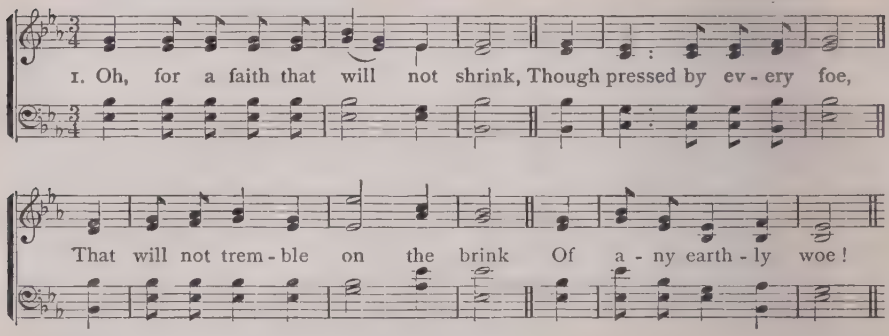
1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe. BARBAULD.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



348 (917)

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile:
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. BATH COLL.

349 (919)

1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

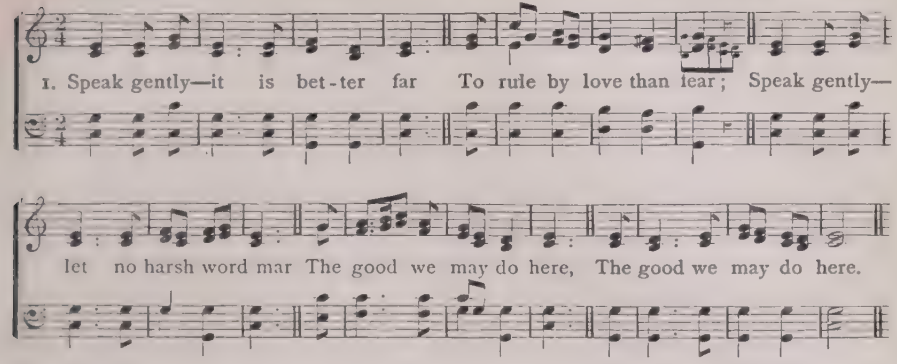
2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;—

4 Calm in the suffering of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest. BONAR.

EDMESTON. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



350 (920)

2 Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. BATES.

351 (921)

1 WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Oh enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

PEABODY.
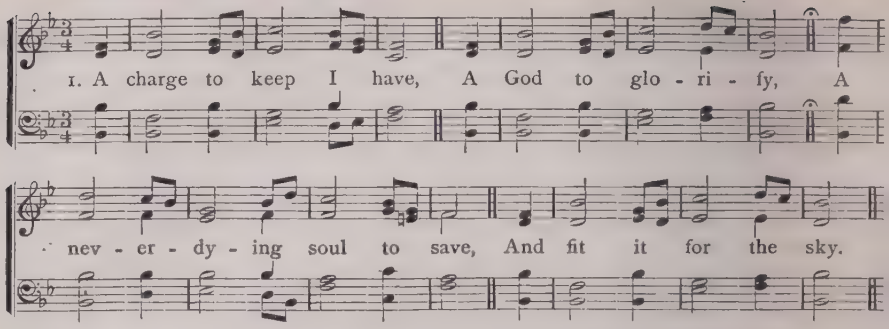
352 (922)

1 MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love. TRENCH.

KENTUCKY. S. M.



353 (926)

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die. C. WESLEY.

354 (927)

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.
DODDRIDGE.

355 (929)
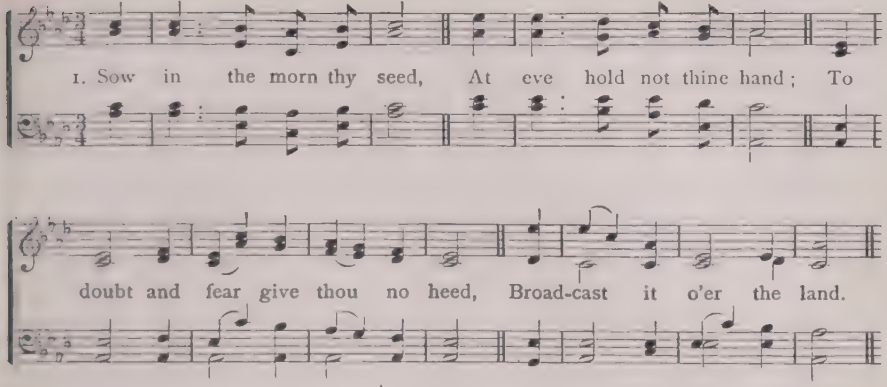
1 WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is now our work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

AHIRA. S. M. GREATOREX.



356 (923)

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow
Scatter it on the rock.

3 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

MONTGOMERY.

357 (924)

1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

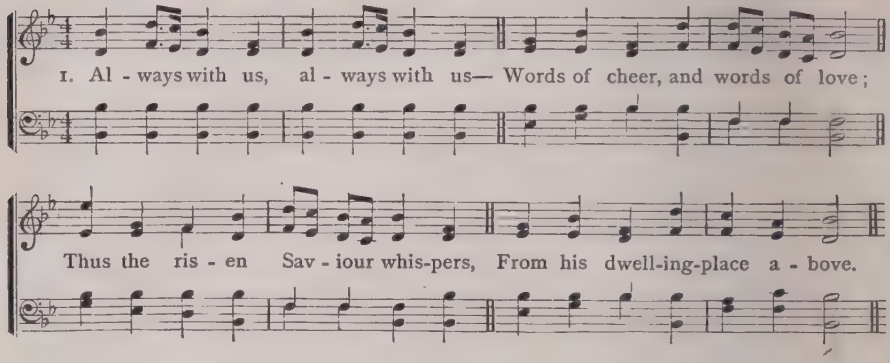
3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er dèspoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



358 (930)

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none:
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

NEVIN.

359 (931)

1 BLESSED angels, high in heaven
O'er the penitent rejoice:
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice?

2 Think how words in season spoken,
In the sinful heart sink deep,
And the first link may have broken
Of the chains that round him creep.

3 Think of that day when each brother
To his brother shall be known:
If thy prayers have saved another,
God will then thy service own.

4 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine forever,
In th' eternal brother-hood!

360 (932)
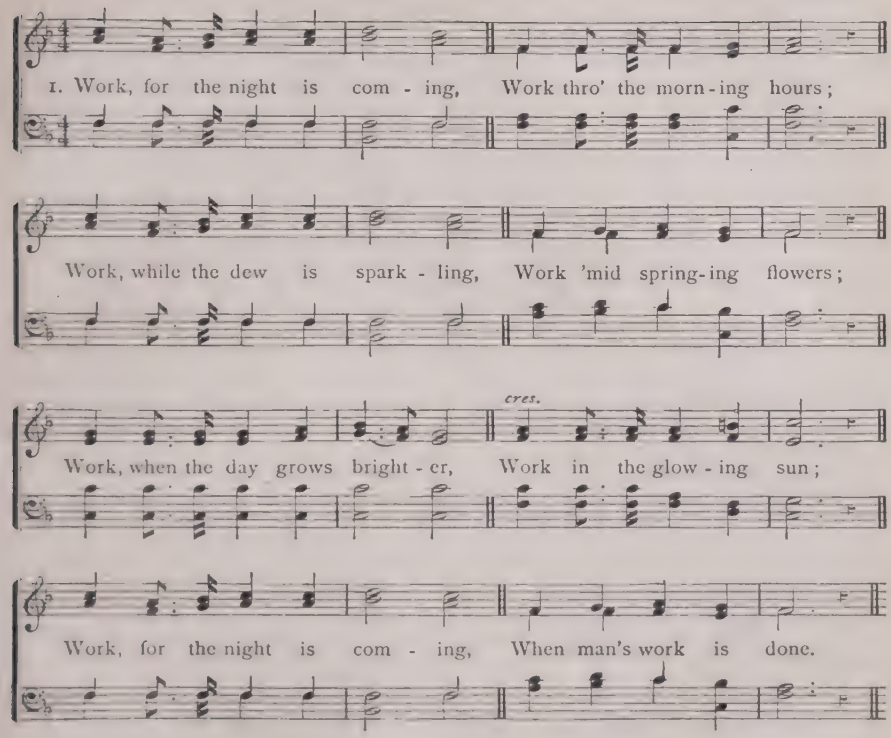
1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

HASTINGS.

WORK SONG. 7s & 6s. L. MASON.



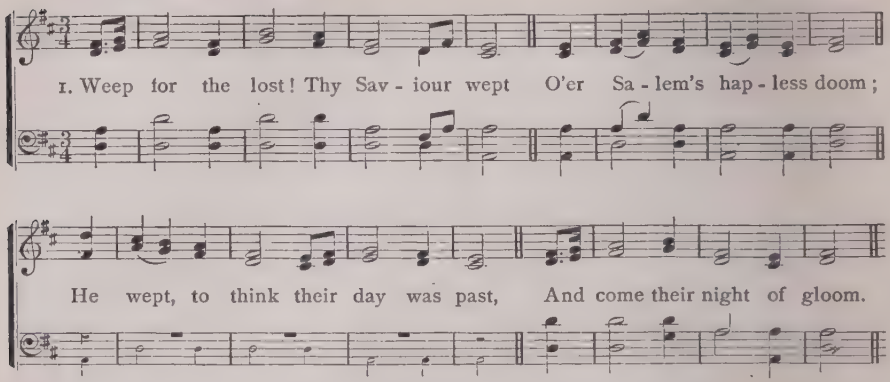
361

(933)

2 Work for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. Woodbury.



362 (1253)

1 Weep for the lost! Thy Saviour wept
O'er Salem's hapless doom;
He wept, to think their day was past,
And come their night of gloom.

2 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

3 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

4 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil, with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair. Colver.

363 (916)

1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 Workman of God! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Faber.

364 (914)

1 I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear thee, blessed will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

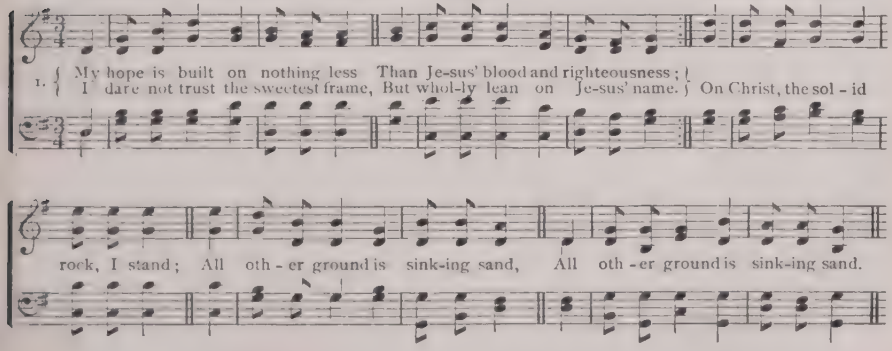
3 I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will !

6 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee. FABER.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines. WM. B. BRADBURY.
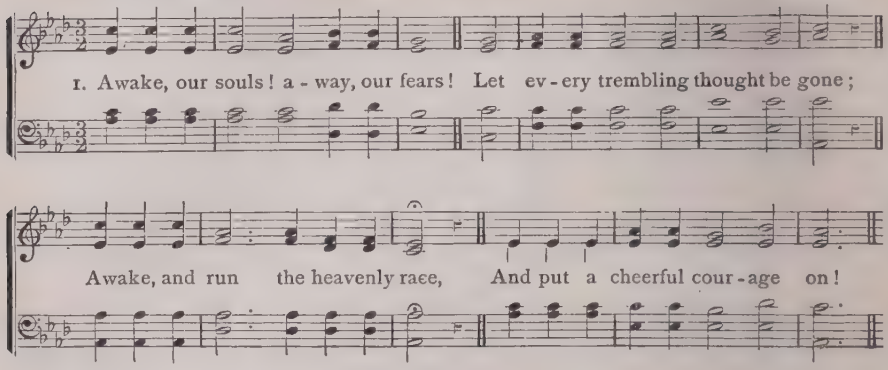


365 (*P.* 572.)

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. ZEUNER.



366 (952)

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply:
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

367 (953)

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

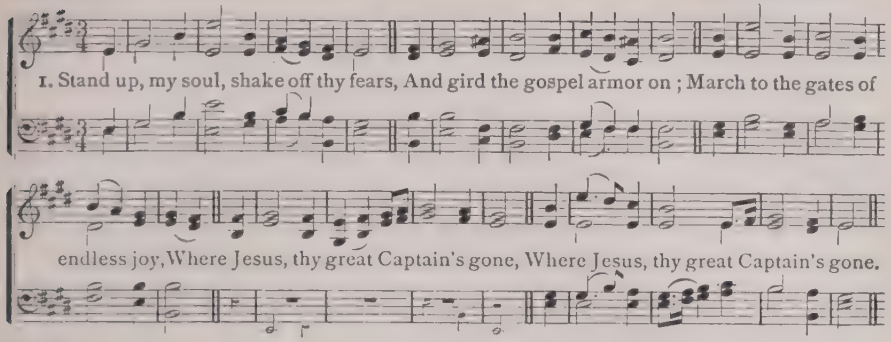
3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calv'ry triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

BARBAULD.

ROTHWELL. L. M. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



368 (948)

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
WATTS.

369 (949)

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong ;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
WATTS.

370 (950)

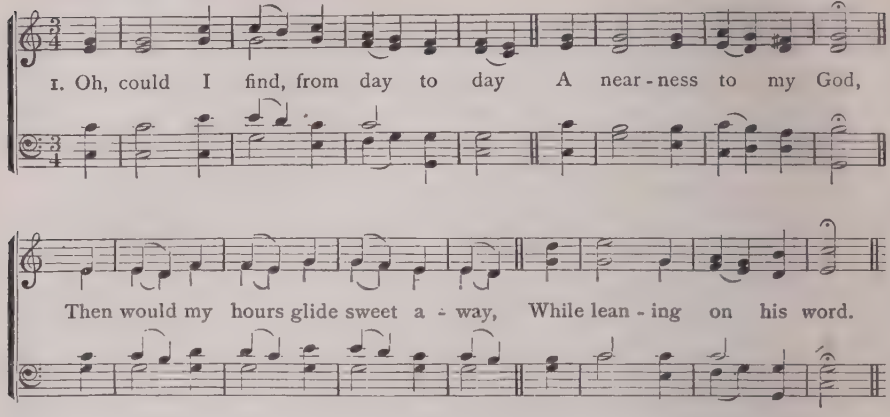
1 JESUS, while this rough desert soil
I tread, be thou my guide and stay :
Nerve me for conflict and for toil ;
Uphold me on my stranger-way !

2 Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray,
For earth's last night is drawing near ;
Oh, cheer me on my stranger-way !

3 Jesus, in solitude and grief,
When sun and stars withhold their ray,
Make haste, make haste to my relief !
Oh, light me on my stranger-way !

4 Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey,
Oh, give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-way !
BONAR.

COVENTRY. C. M. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



371 (939)

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

B. CLEAVLAND.

372 (940)

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear,
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

WATTS.

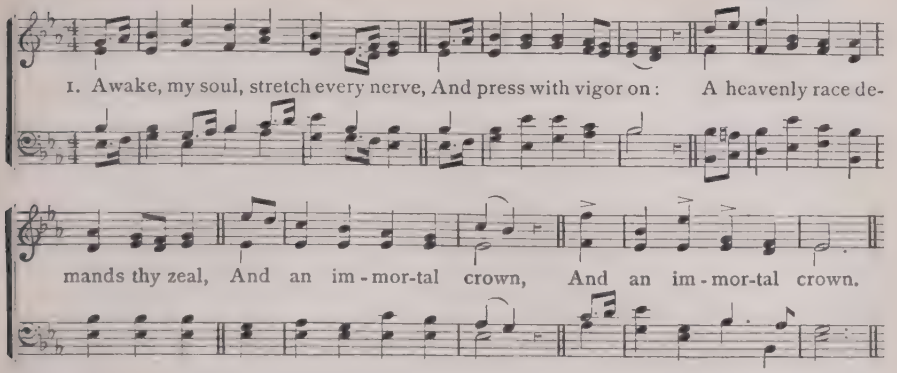
373 (941)

1 THE bird let loose in eastern skies
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.

3 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings. MOORE.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *From* HANDEL.



374 (955)

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

DODDRIDGE.

375 (935)

1 LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show?
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss
In everlasting woe?

2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy;
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious souls too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

376 (957)

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

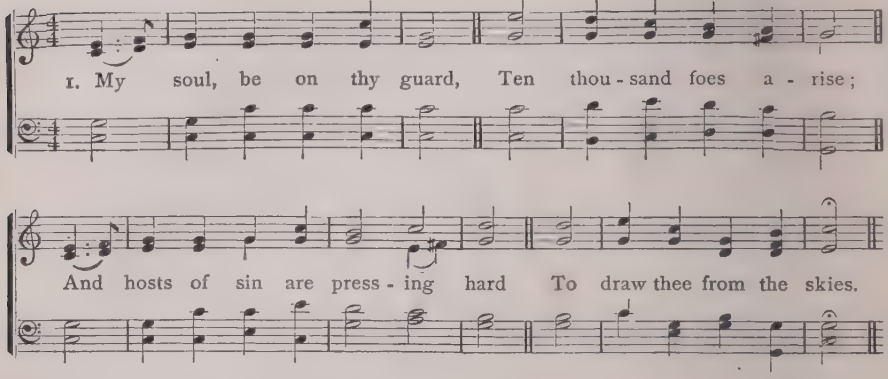
2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

WATTS.

LABAN. S. M. L. MASON.



377 (958)

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode. HEATH.

378 (959)

1 My soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace;
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun;
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

379 (960)

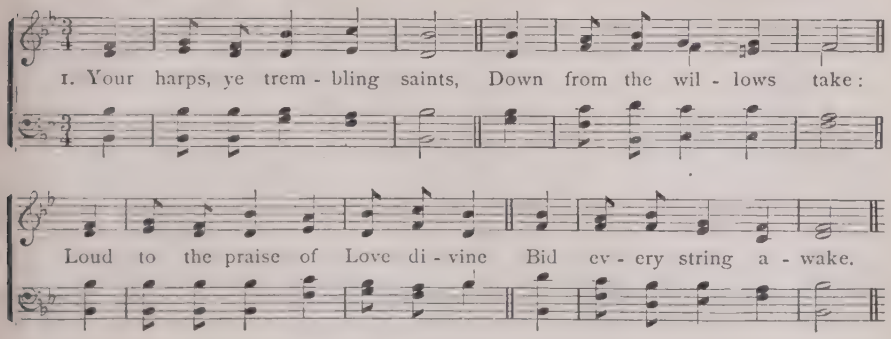
1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

4 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

OLMUTZ. S. M. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



380 (1014)

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

4 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see. TOPLADY.

381 (810)

1 DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.
DODDRIDGE.

382 (1016)

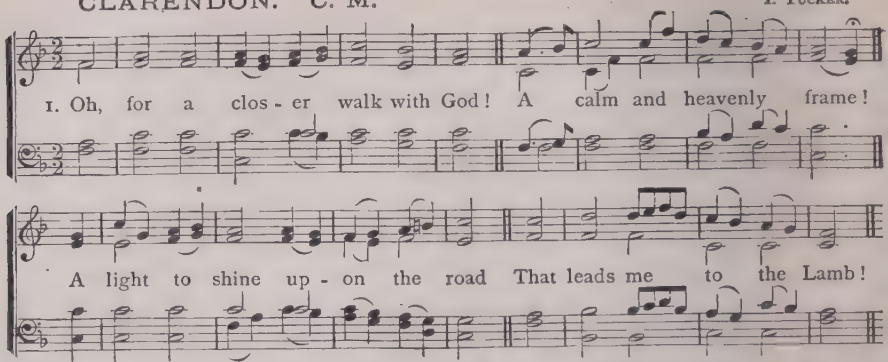
1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give;
And while my throne unshaken stands
Shall all my chosen live."

CLARENDON. C. M. I. TUCKER.



383 (942)

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

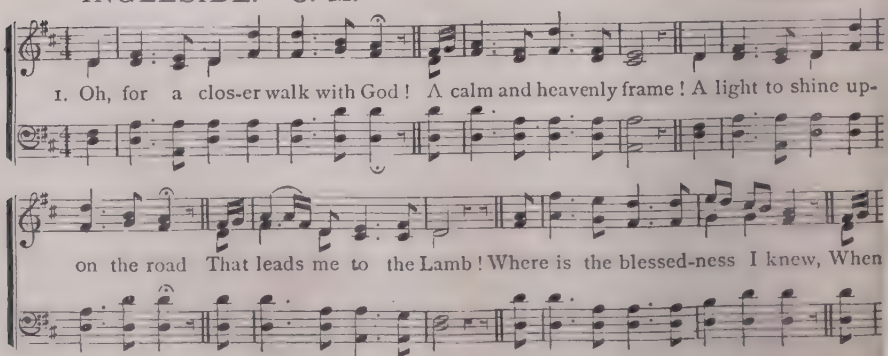
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

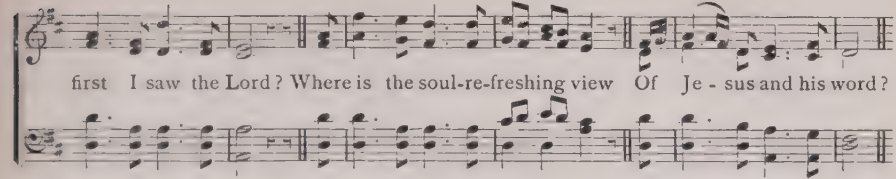
4 Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

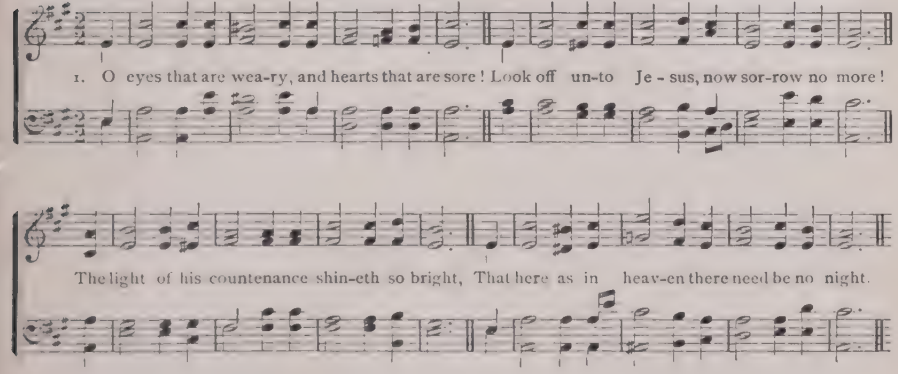
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

INGLESIDE. C. M. WIESENTHAL.





PAULINA. 11s. *Arr. by* L. W. BACON.



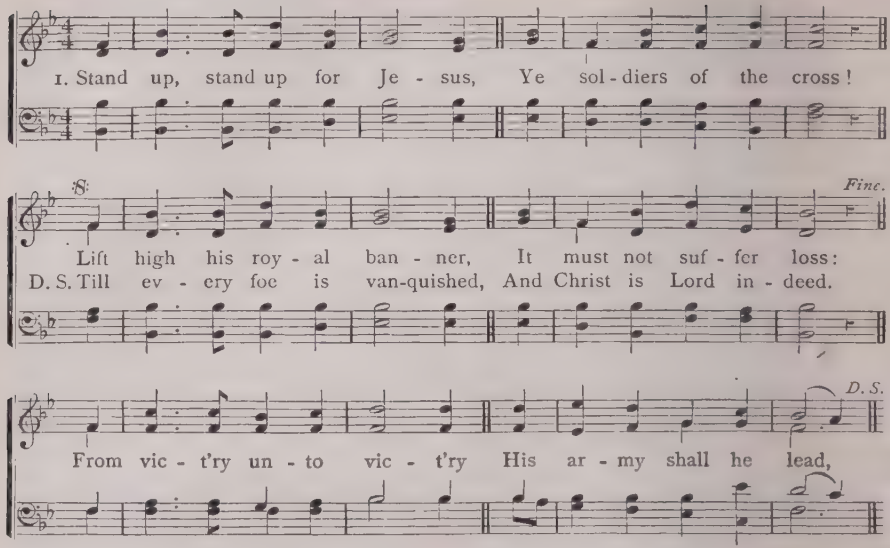
384 (*P.* 594.)

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. WEBB.



385 (965)

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory,
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

DUFFIELD.

386 (966)

1 I NEED thee, Precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

2 I need thee, Precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the Heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

3 I need thee, Precious Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

F. WHITFIELD.

387 (855)

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

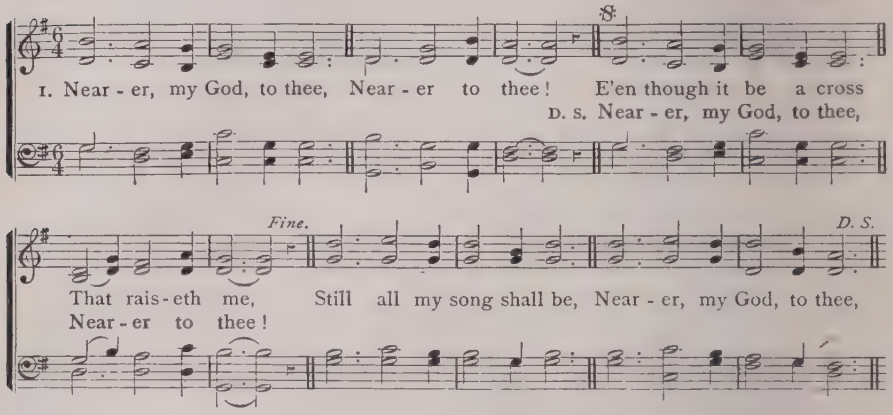
4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song

BONAR.

DOXOLOGY.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
All glory be thee!

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



388 (946)

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;—
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee. SARAH F. ADAMS.

389 (947)

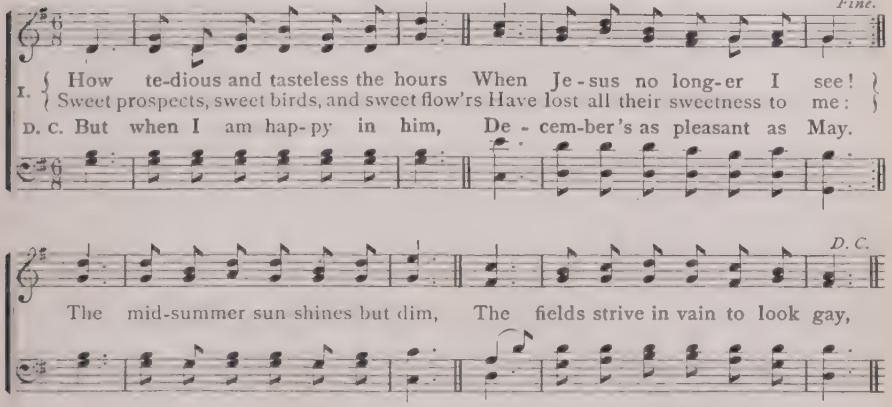
1 SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fulness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains! HASTINGS.

DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.

DE FLEURY.



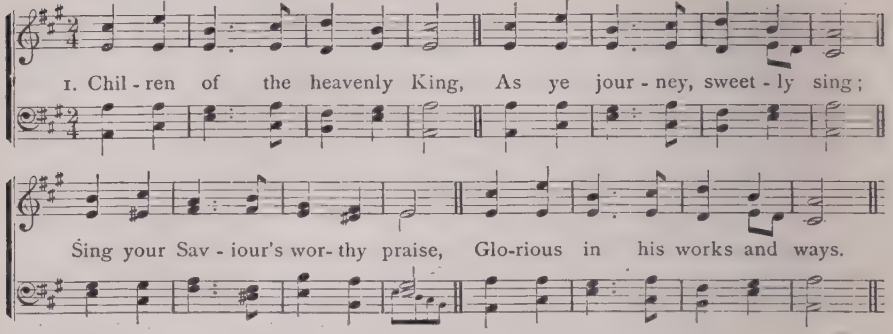
390 (938)

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more. NEWTON.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



391 (967)

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

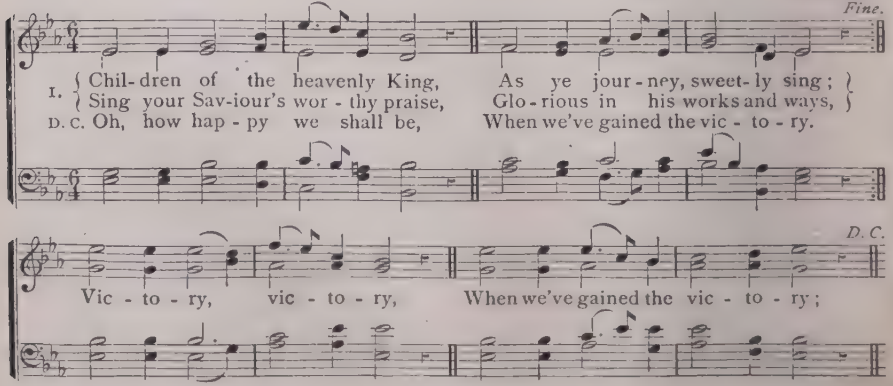
3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

CENNICK.

VICTORY. 7s. *Arr. by* WM. B. BRADBURY.



392 (975)

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

WINDHAM.

393 (971)

1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose:
This is but thy battle-ground.

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of heaven:
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord:
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill;
Tread the might of passion down,—
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conq'ring Saviour's crown!

4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

394 (969)

1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 But, when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

H. K. WHITE.

395 (970)

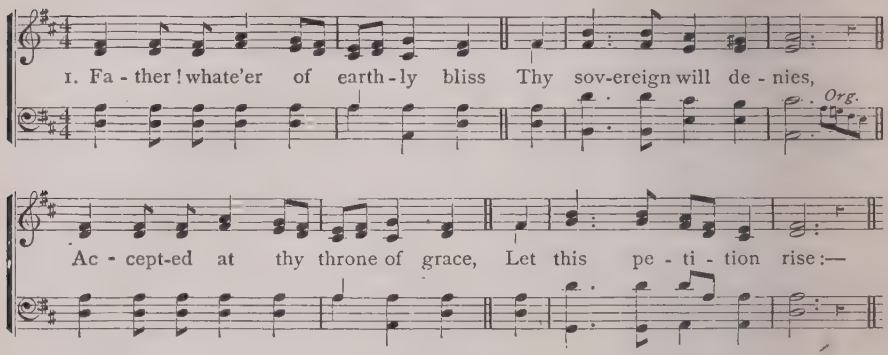
1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ thy Guide will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world,
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



396 (997)

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free!
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

STEELE.

397 (998)

1 "REMEMBER me," my Saviour God,
Whilst here on earth I stay;
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
And faith to watch and pray.

2 "Remember me," when fortune smiles,
And scenes are bright and fair,
Lest I should fall, through Satan's wiles,
Beneath his baneful snare.

3 "Remember me;" thy voice I'll greet
In all thy dealings here;
Oh, let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.

4 "Remember me;" stand near my side,
Where'er my lot may be;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
O Lord, "remember me."

398 (999)

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

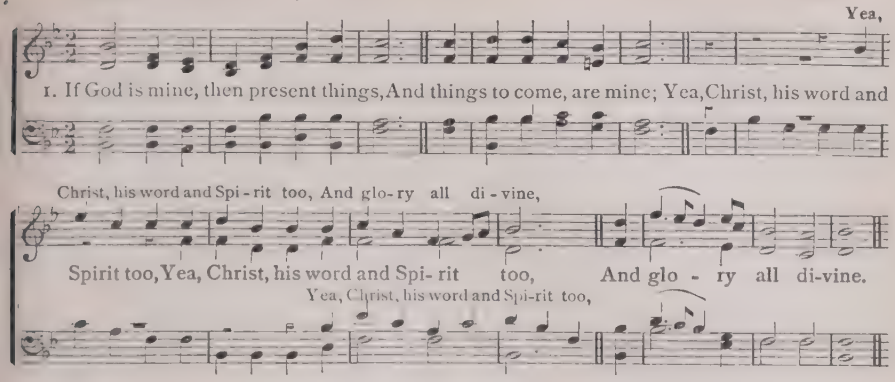
2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

B. W. NOEL.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. INGALLS.



399 (1007)

2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine!
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

BEDDOME. *Altered.*

400 (1008)

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone:
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

4 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring. BEDDOME.

401 (1009)

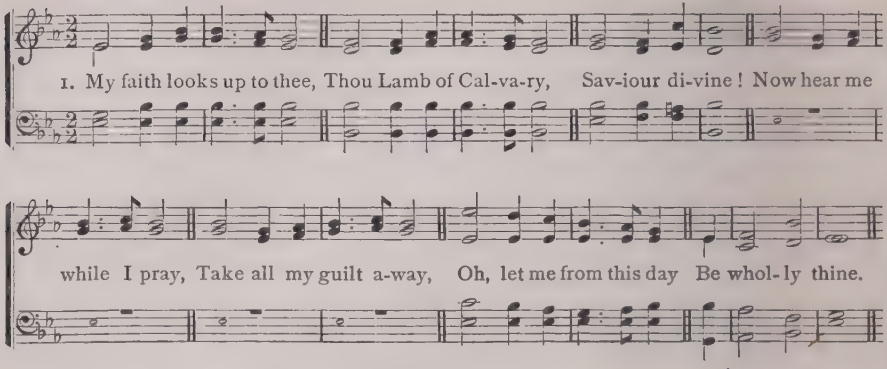
1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

DODDRIDGE.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



402 (1017)

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! RAY PALMER.

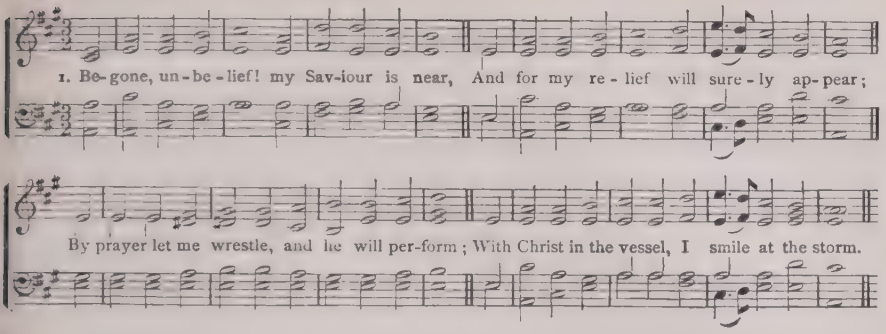
403 (1018)

1 SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower:
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fulness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer. HASTINGS.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. HAYDN.



404 (1031)

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song! NEWTON.

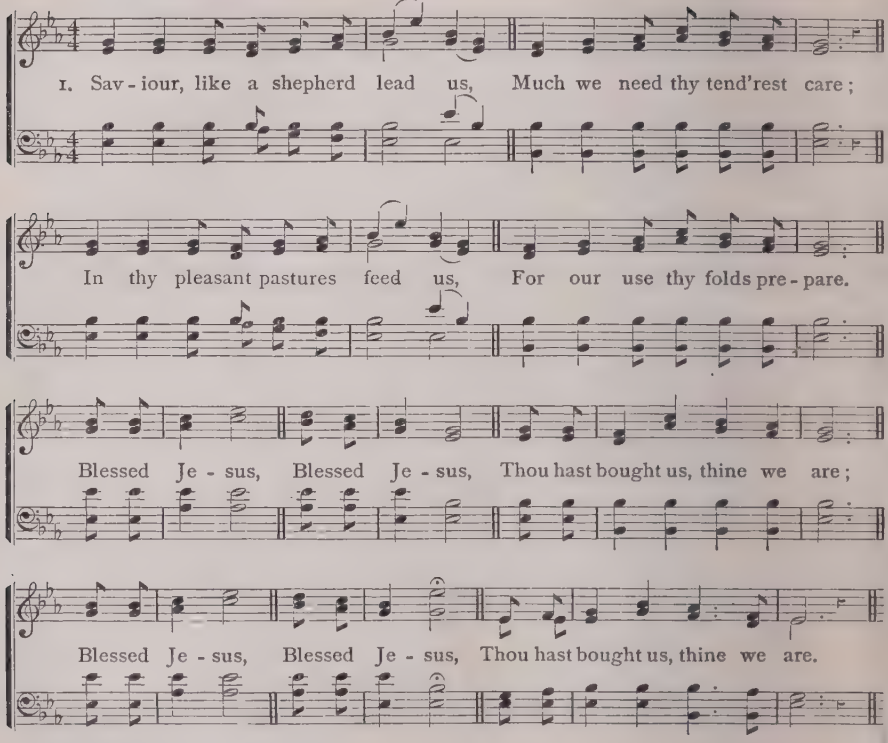
405 (1036)

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

2 No strength of our own, no goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Redeemer's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



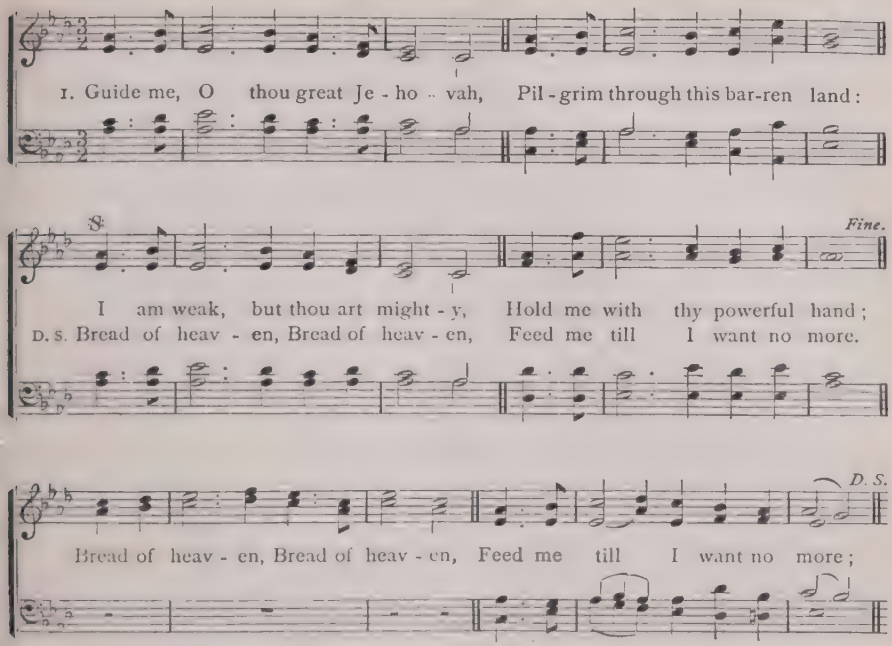
406 (1028)

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double. SPANISH AIR.

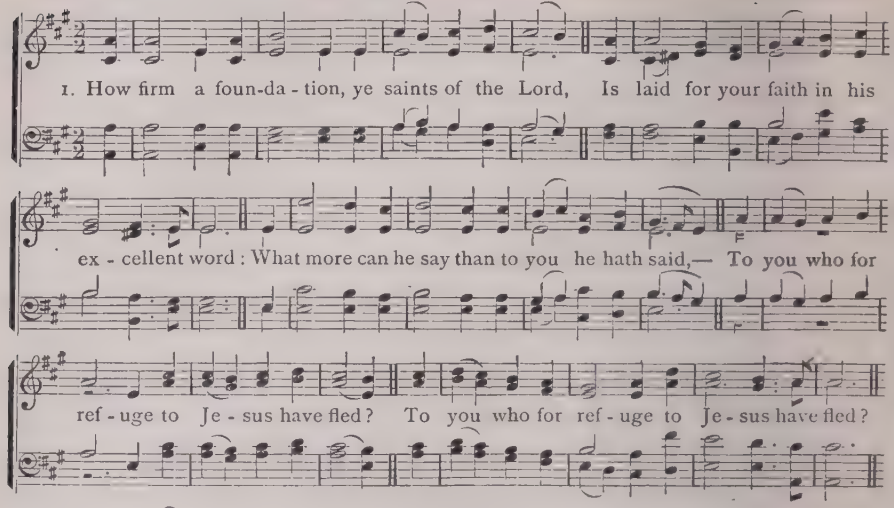


407 (1029)

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. WM. WILLIAMS.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. J. READING.



408 (1033)

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

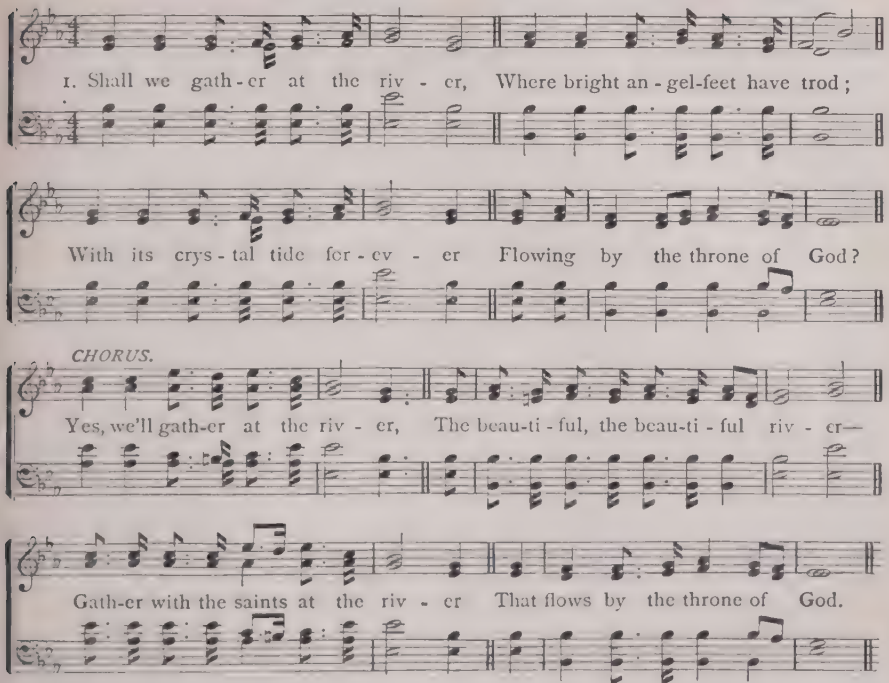
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

KIRKHAM.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. Rev. R. Lowry.



409 (1045)

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.

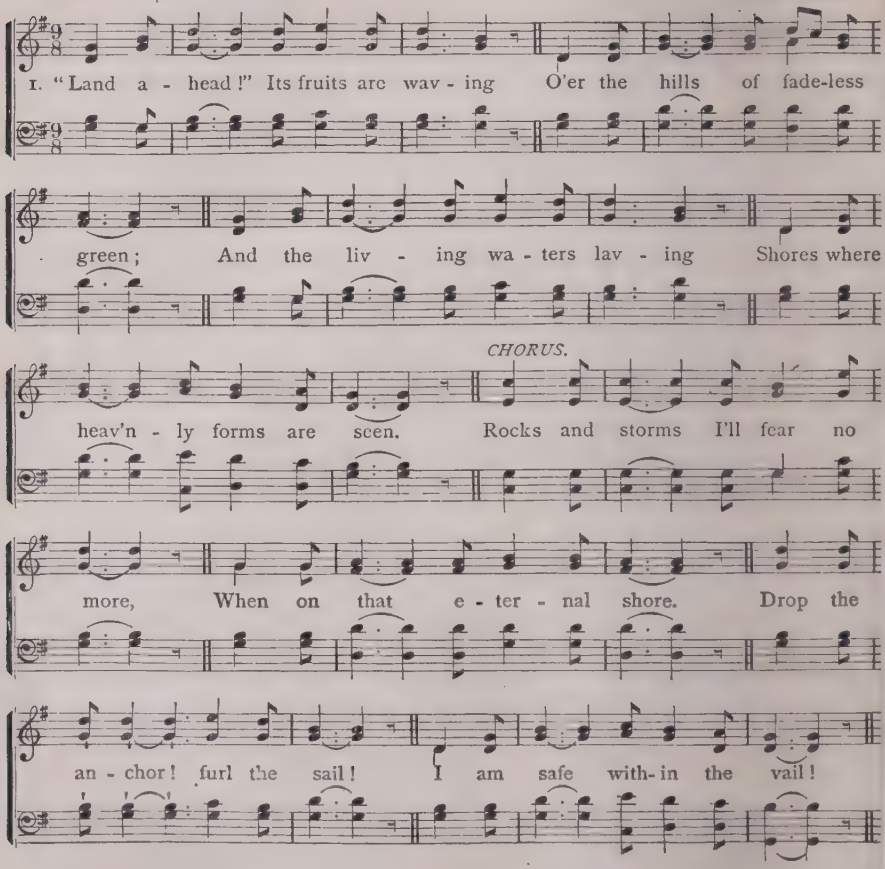
4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of Peace.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. Evans.



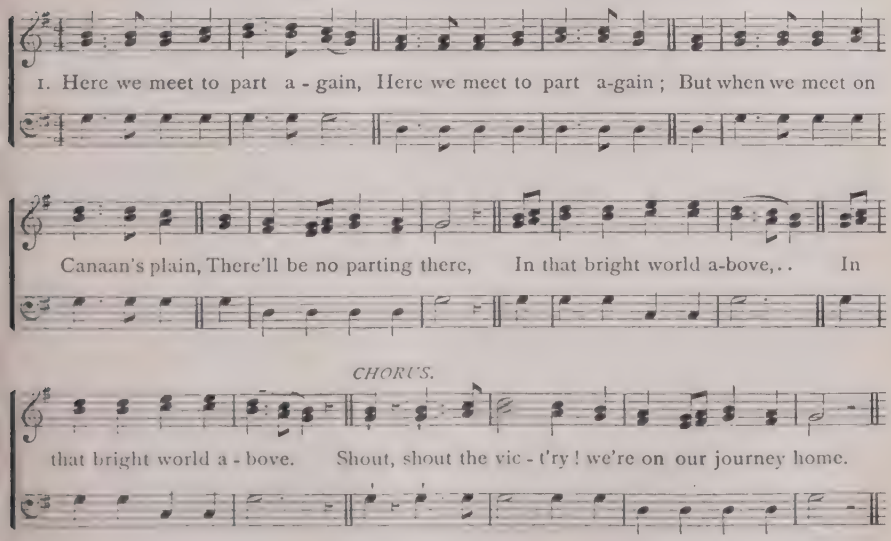
410 (1056)

2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding,
See, the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.—*Chorus.*

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Chorus.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our Salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Chorus.*

CANAAN. Peculiar. H. E. MATHEWS. *Arr.*

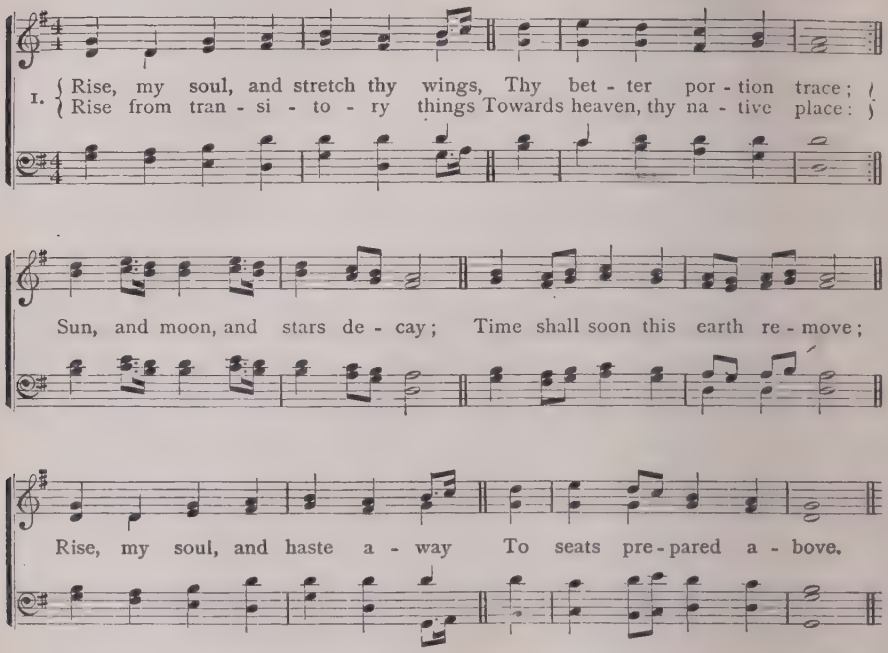


411 (1058)

2 Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There 'll be, etc.

3 Here we meet to part no again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There 'll be, etc.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. NARES.



412 (1037)

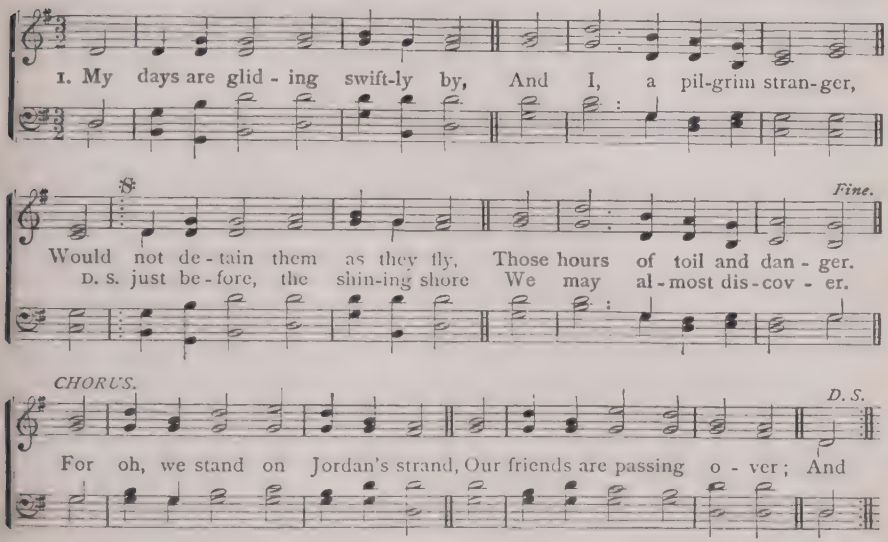
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

SEAGRAVE.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Double. G. F. Root.



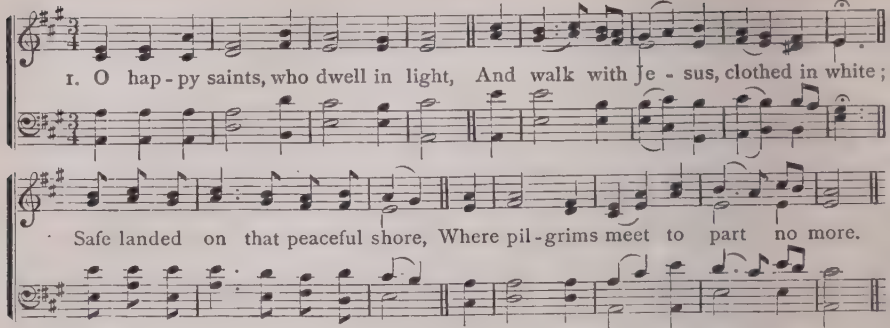
413 (1043)

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
Cho.—For oh, we stand, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
Cho.—For oh, we stand, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!
Cho.—For oh, we stand, etc. D. Nelson.

MIGDOL. L. M. L. MASON.



414 (1063)

2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains, [strains;
And sing their hymns in melting
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 Ah! Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

415 (1062)

1 OH, for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand;
And thrones and powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

3 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount, to dwell above;
And stand, and bow, among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

WATTS.

416 (1065)

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land, upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

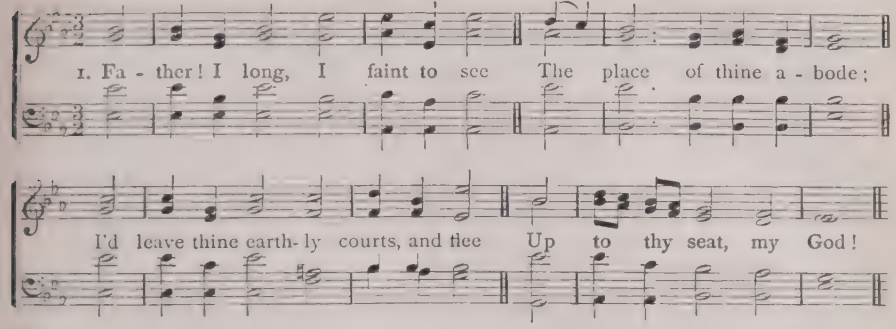
3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

G. ROBINS.

VALENTIA. C. M.

Arranged by KINGSLEY.



417 (1071)

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high. WATTS.

418 (1072)

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

BEDDOME.

419 (1073)

1 JESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We seek thy bleeding side,
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

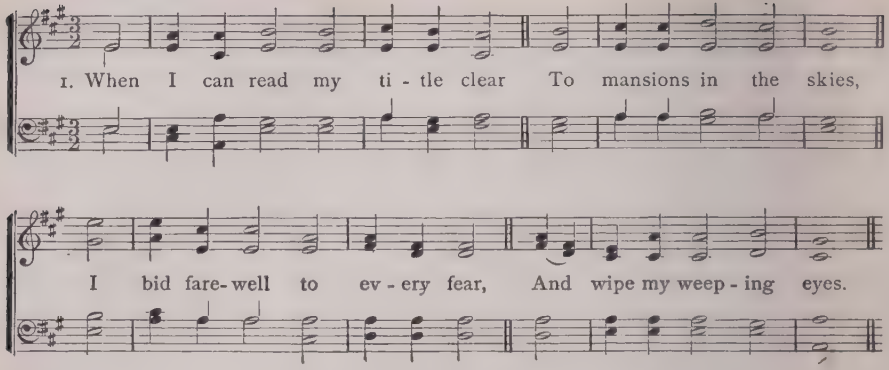
2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;

3 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks—the Almighty Word;
His fiat is obeyed! 'tis done;
And Paradise restored!

4 So be it! let this system end,
This ruined earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise!

C. WESLEY.

AZMON. C. M. GLASER.



420 (1069)

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. WATTS.

421 (1070)

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode!
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.
WATTS.

422 (1079)

1 Our country is Immanuel's ground—
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

Barbauld.

423 (1081)

1 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

3 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

4 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fail not of thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

C. F. Alexander.

424 (1090)

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace, in thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's blooms,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

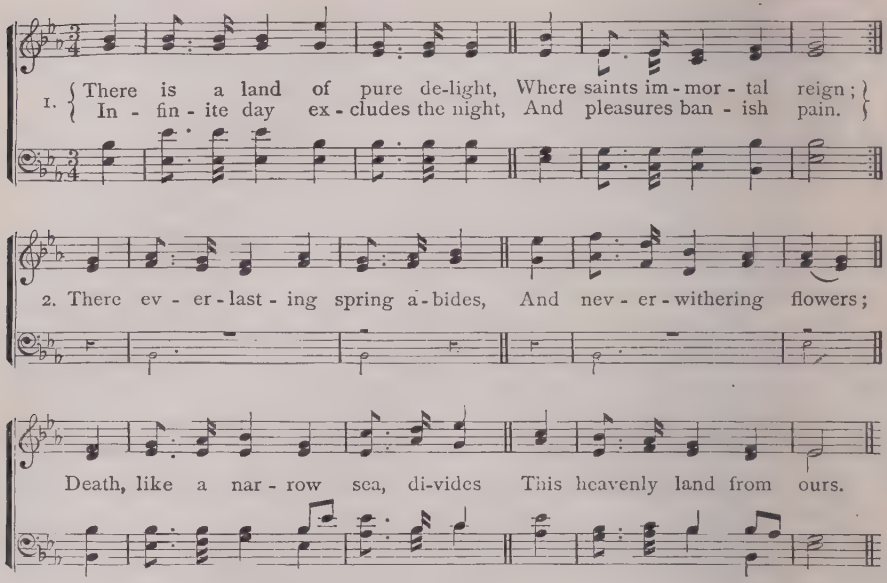
6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin Hymn of Eighth Century.

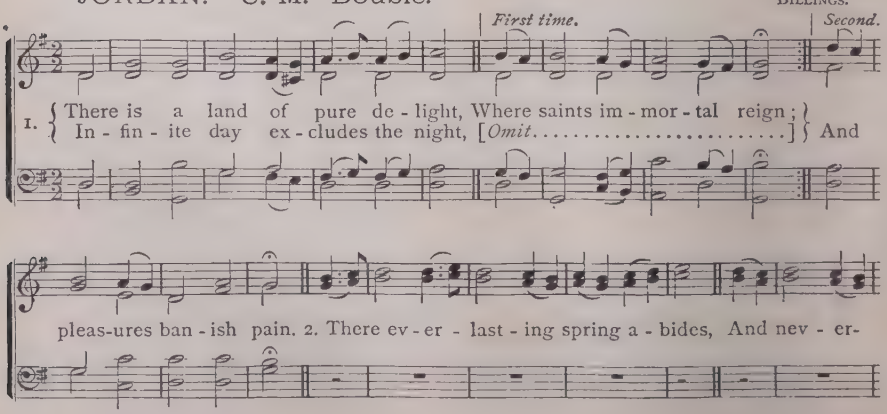
VARINA. C. M. Double.

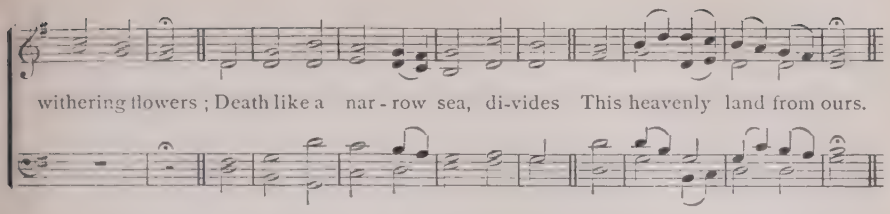
G. F. Root.



JORDAN. C. M. Double.

Billings.





425 (1066)

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes !—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

426 (1074)

1 ARISE, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street ;
And say there's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there ?

WATTS.

427 (1078)

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

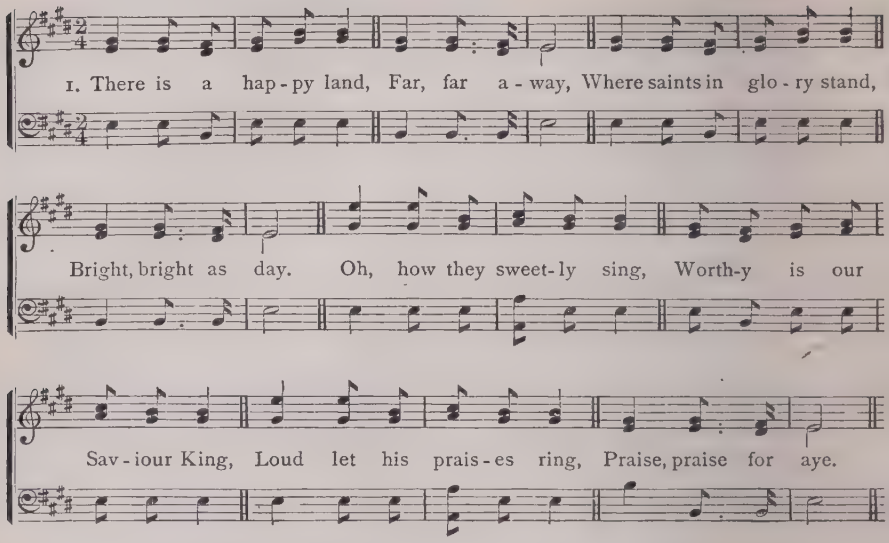
2 Fair distant land : could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains :
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

STEELE.

THE HAPPY LAND. P. M.

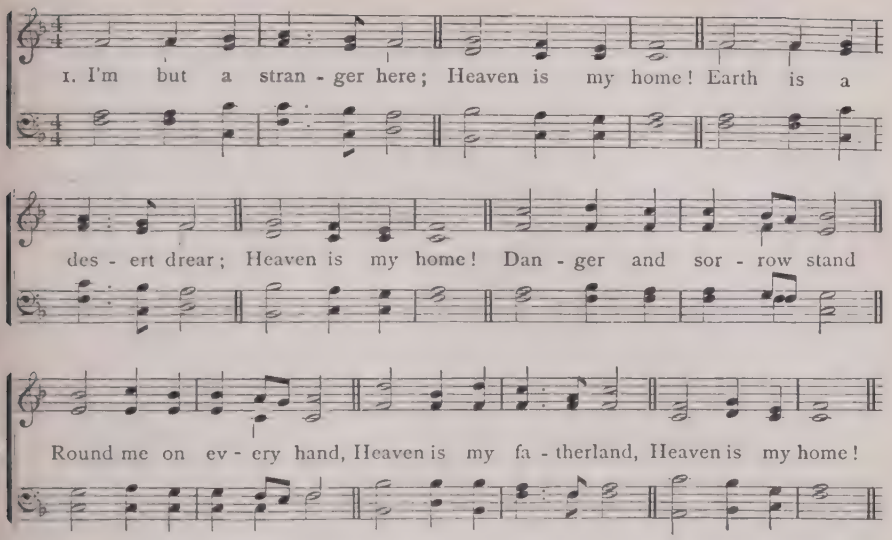


428 (1057)

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

OAK. 6s & 4s.



429 (1046)

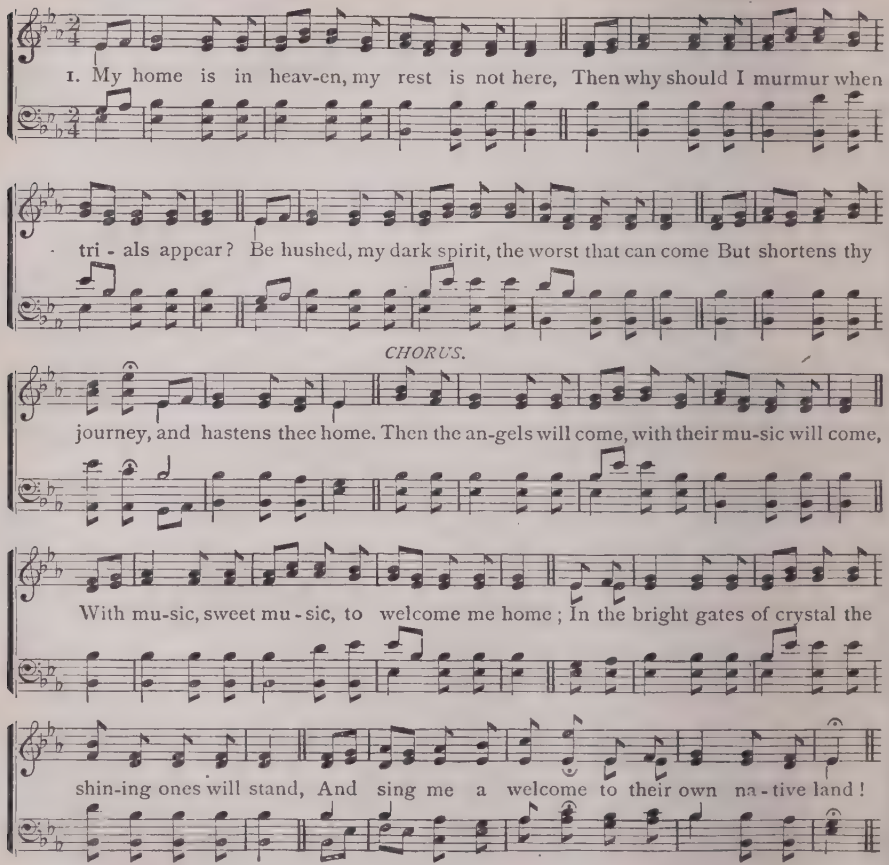
2 What though the tempest rage!
Heaven is my home!
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home!
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home!

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home!
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home!
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home!

T. R. Taylor.

ANGELS' WELCOME.

Rev. R. Lowry.



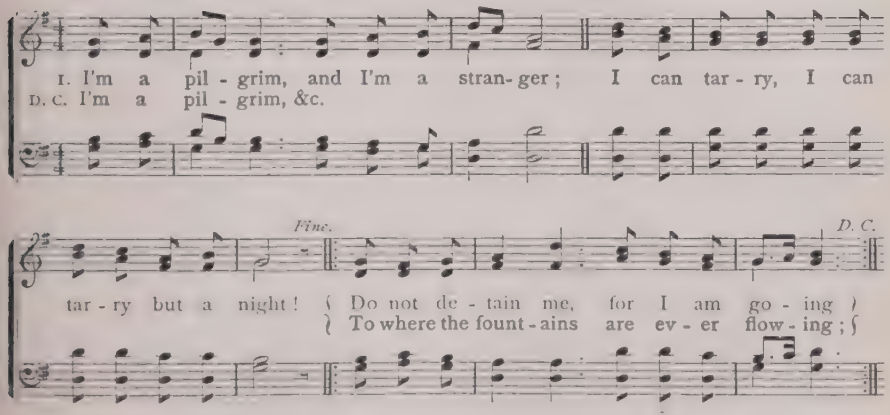
430 (1040)

2 It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,
And building thy hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy—
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

I'M A PILGRIM.

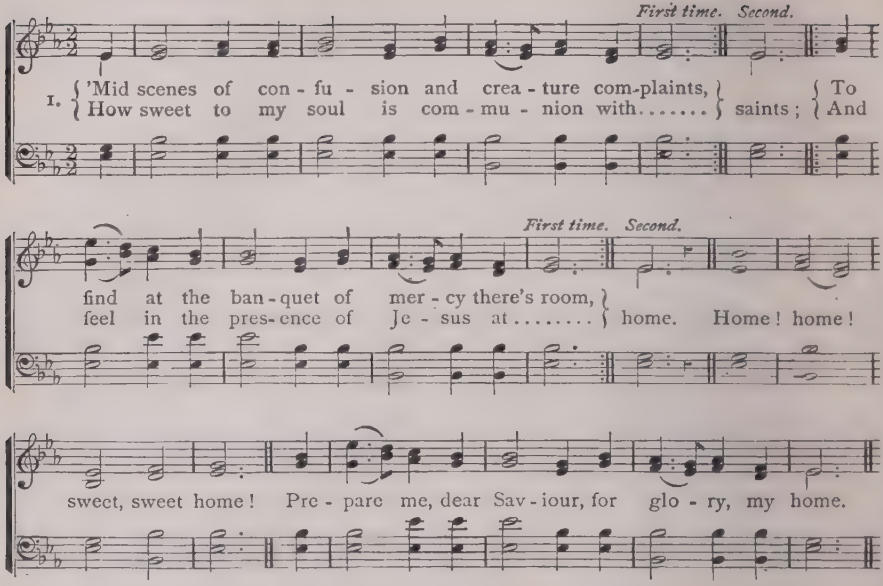


431 (1044)

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:
I m a pilgrim, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

HOME. 11s.



432 (1052)

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

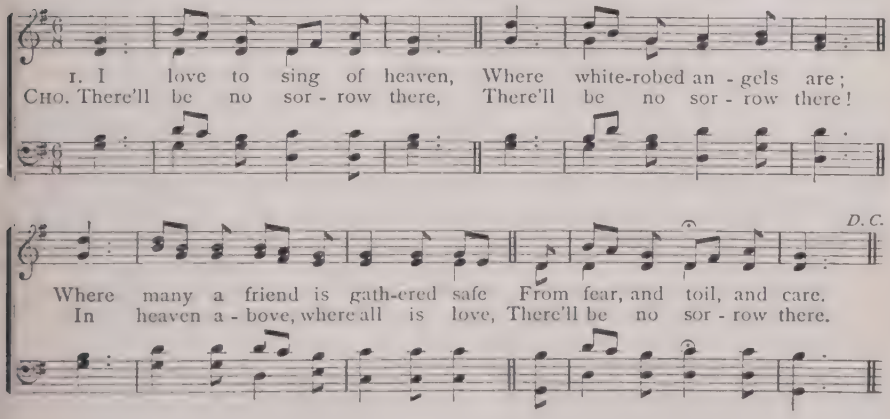
5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

DENHAM.

NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.



433 (1650)

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.
There'll be no sorrow there, etc.

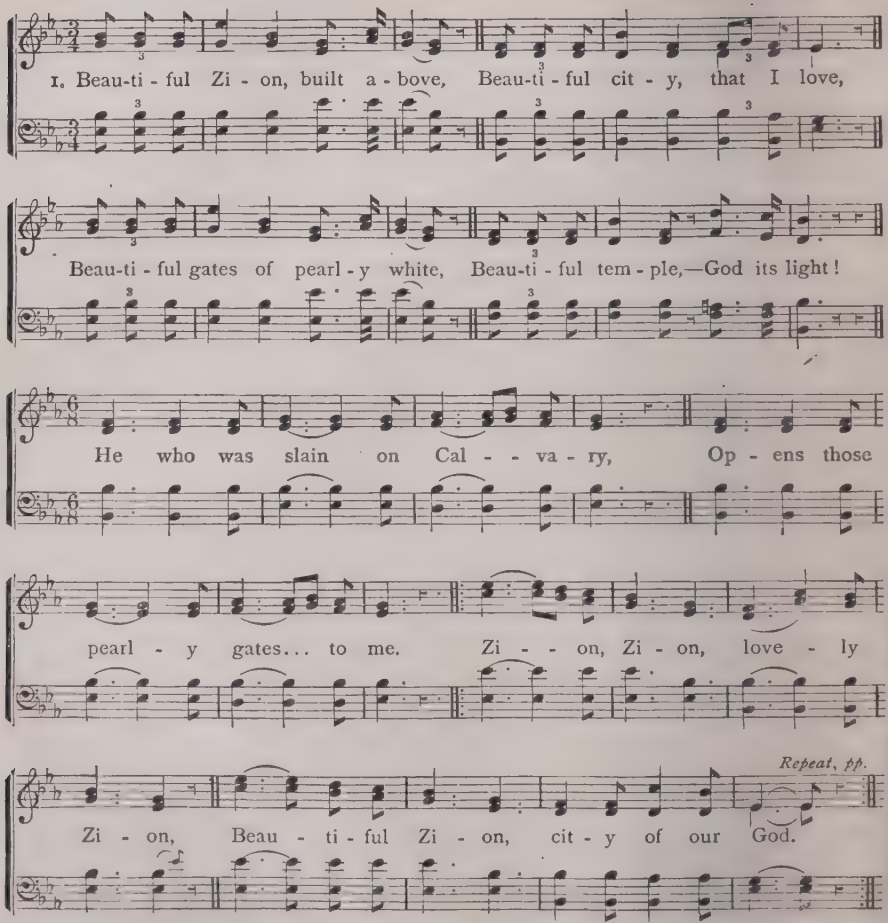
3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home;
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.
There'll be no sorrow there, etc.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps — the songs for ever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.
There'll be no sorrow there, etc.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there!
There'll be no sorrow there, etc.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

T. J. Cook.

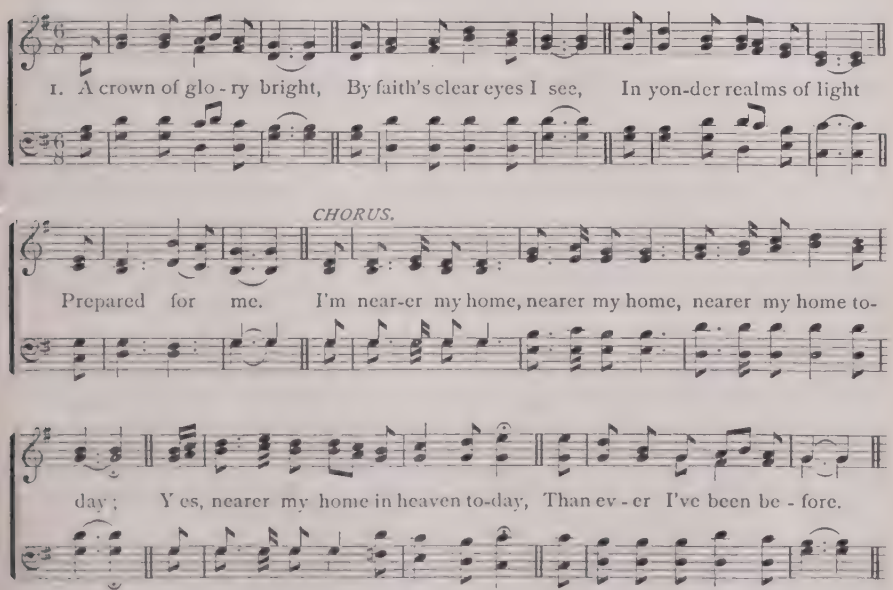


434 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light, (1086)
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wandering cease—
Beautiful home of perfect peace:
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

TABERNACLE. 6s & 4s. J. M. EVANS.



435 (1051)

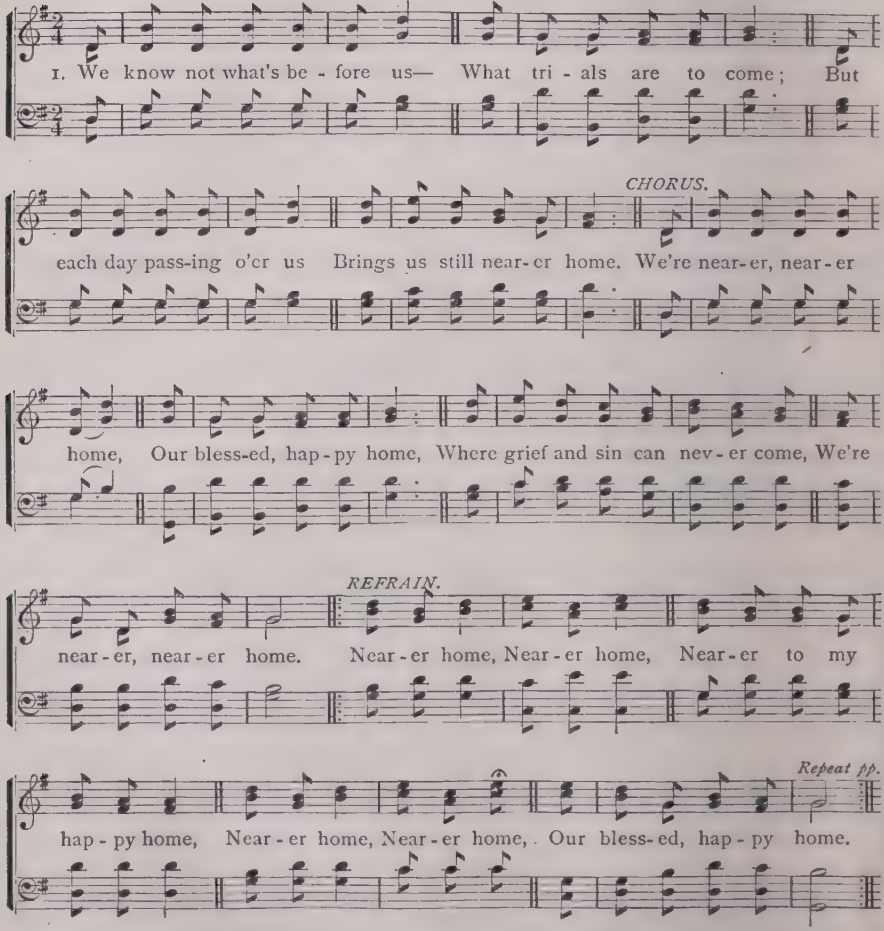
2 Oh may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
Oh keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

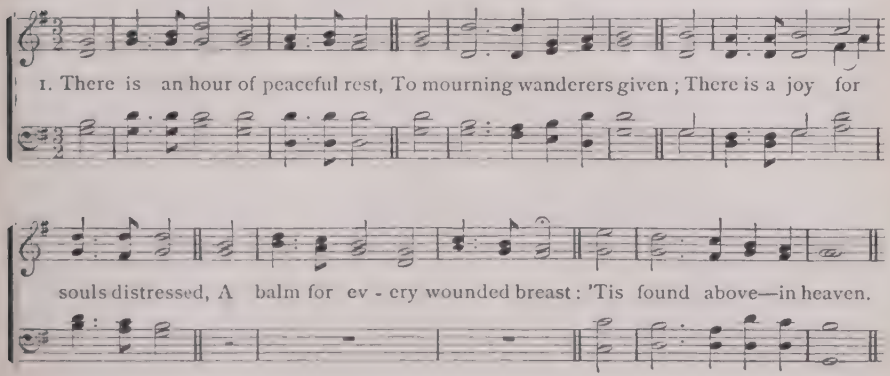


436 (1055)

2 Though dark our path and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
This weary world may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing :—*Chorus.*

WOODLAND. C. M. N. D. GOULD.



437 (1083)

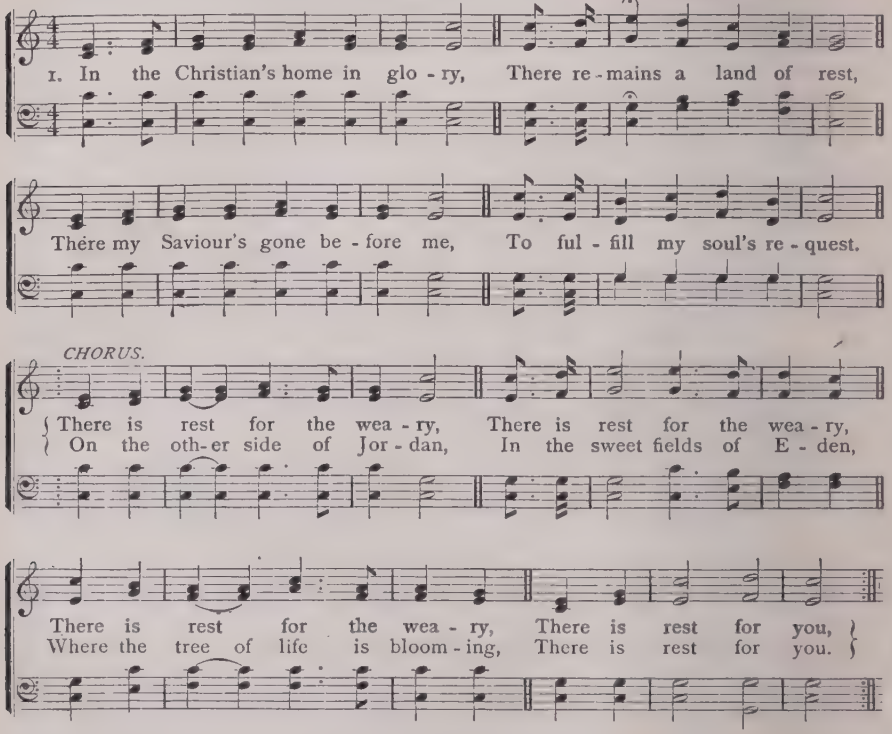
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven ! W. B. TAPPAN.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

W. McDONALD. *Arr.*



438 (1059)

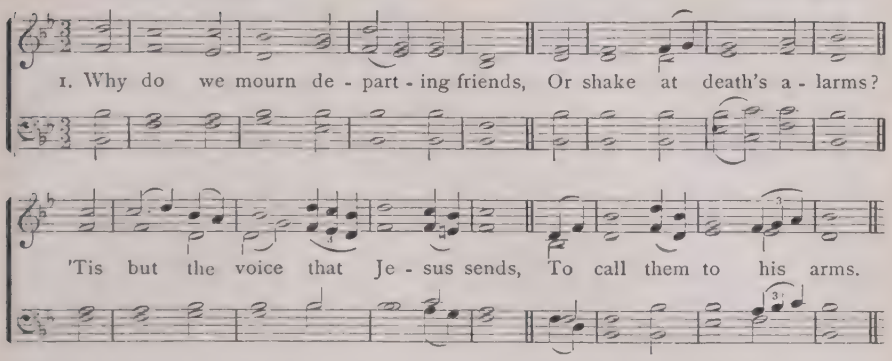
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest for the weary, etc.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest for the weary, etc.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn!
There is rest for the weary, etc.

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go:
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest for the weary, etc.

CHINA. C. M. SWAN.



439 (1115)

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

3 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

WATTS.

440 (1119)

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward. WATTS.

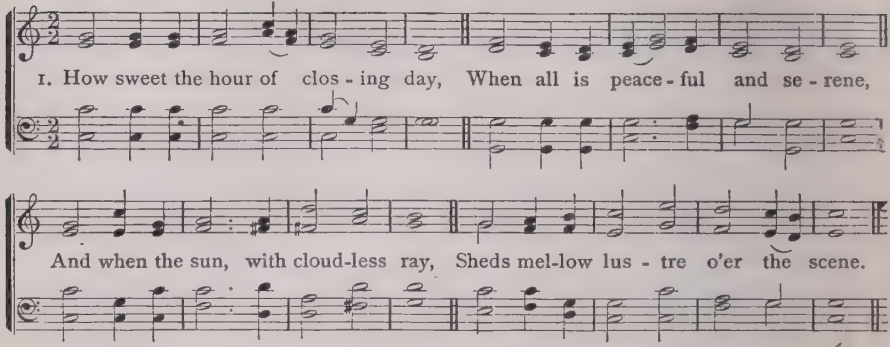
441 (1118)

1 HARK! from the tombs a warning sound;
My ears, attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?—
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more? WATTS.

ZEPHYR. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.



442 (1104)

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness!

Bathurst.

443 (1106)

1 Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Tho' earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

J. N. Brown.

444 (1103)

1 Why should we start, and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

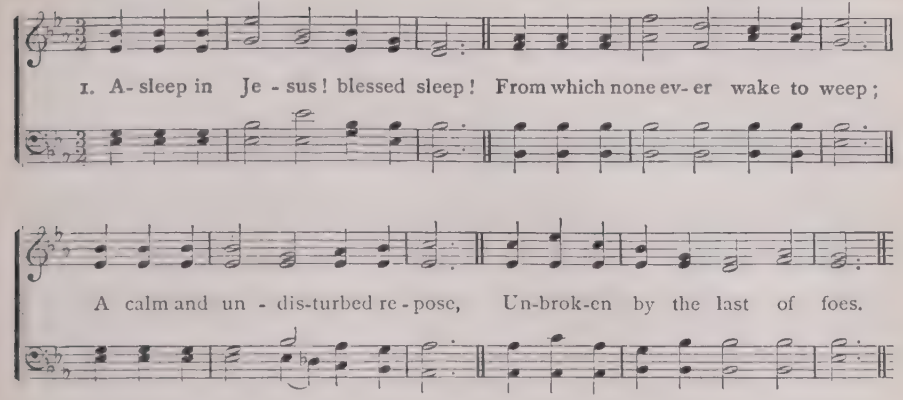
2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

Watts.

REST. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



445 (1100)

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe—shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blesséd sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

MRS. MACKAY.

446 (1102)

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

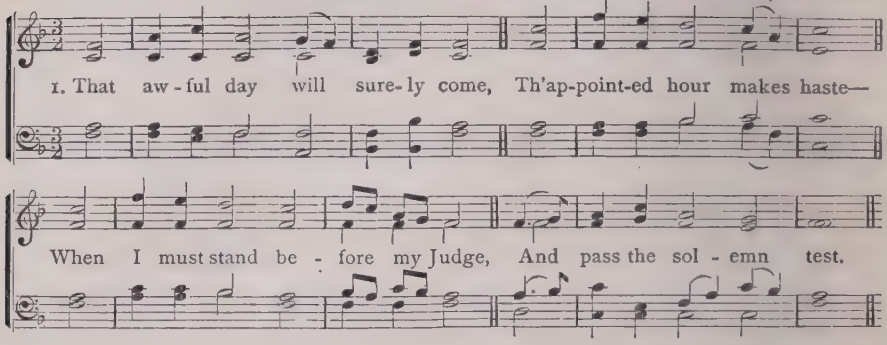
3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which the unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell; [pears!
How bright the unchanging morn ap-
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

BARBAULD.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. WESTERN MELODY.



447 (588)

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands. WATTS.

448 (589)

1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day, more awful, dawns;
And lo, the Judge appears;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng,
For this, thy board surround;
Here may our service be approved,
And in thy presence crowned.
DODDRIDGE.

449 (593)

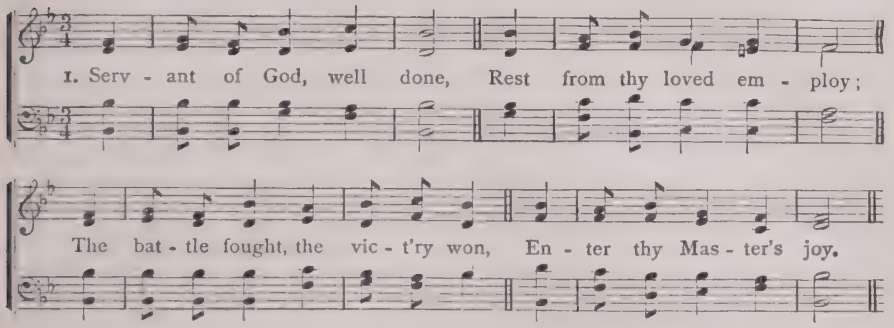
1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

3 Draw us, O God! with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh. WATTS.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



450 (1135)

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.

451 (1130)

1 IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty'

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high. MALAN.

452 (1137)

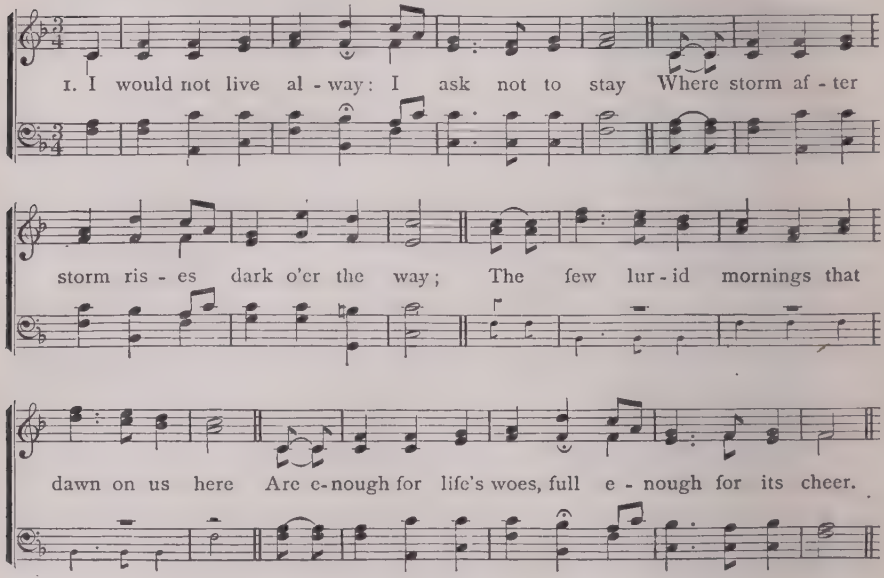
1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay,
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above. WATTS.

FREDERICK. 11s. G. KINGSLEY.



453 (1113)

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

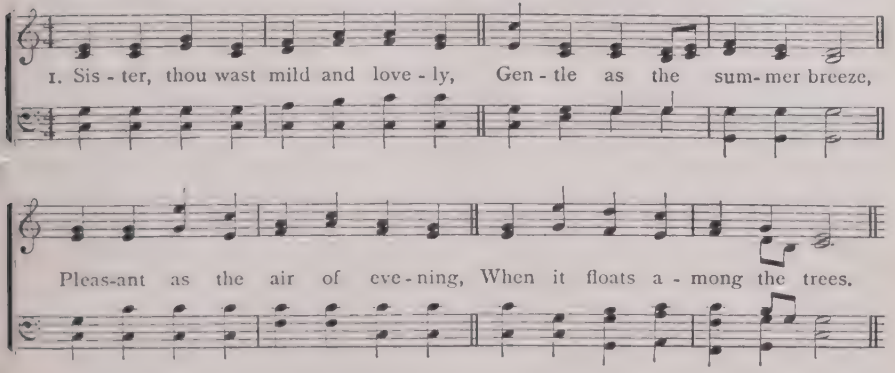
2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live away, away from his God!
Away from yon heavén, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. MUHLENBARG.

MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



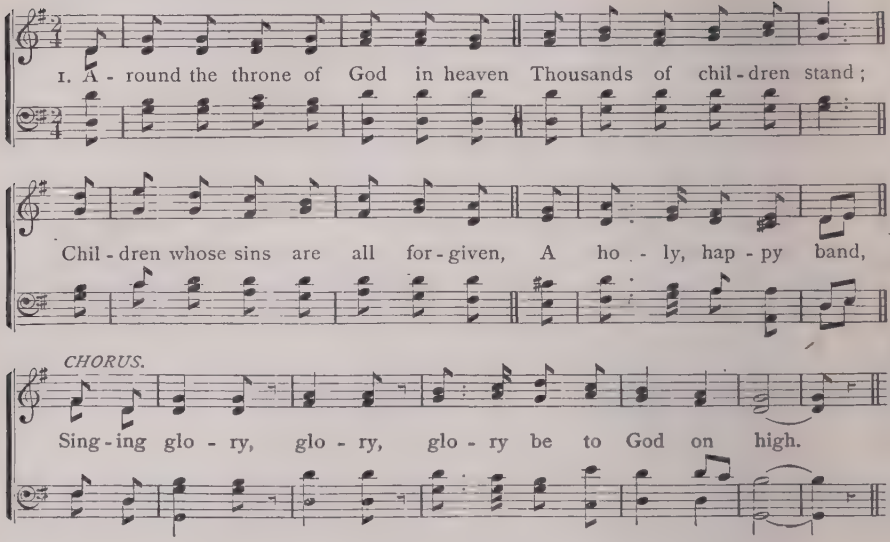
454 (1141)

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed. S. F. SMITH.

AROUND THE THRONE. C. M.



455 (1094)

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.—*Cho.*

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there?—*Cho.*

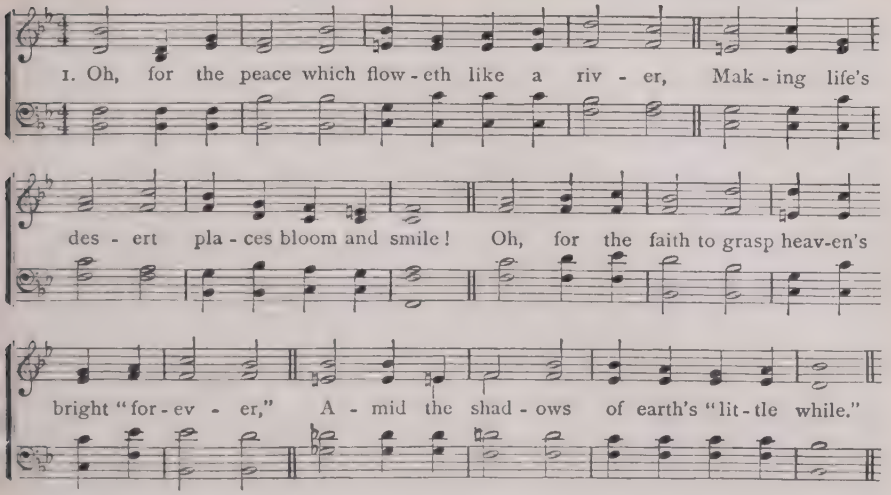
4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!—*Cho.*

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.—*Cho.*

ANNA SHEPHERD.

A LITTLE WHILE.

F. L. BENJAMIN.



456 (1147)

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest home!

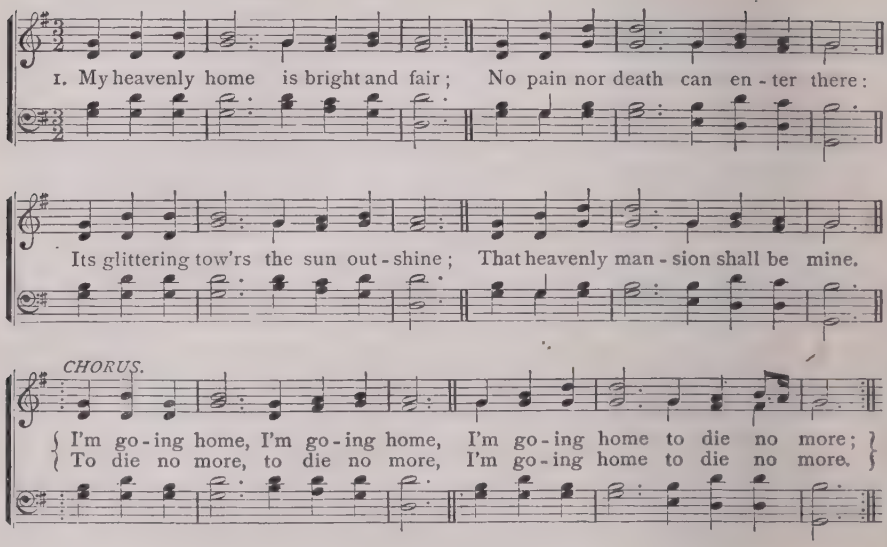
3 A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fullness of the fountain head!

4 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn!

5 And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,—
The future glory and the present smile,—
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

JANE CREWDSON.

GOING HOME. L. M.



457 (1088)

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
I'm going home, etc.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, etc.

458 (1053)

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
I'm going home, etc.

3 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there!
I'm going home, etc.

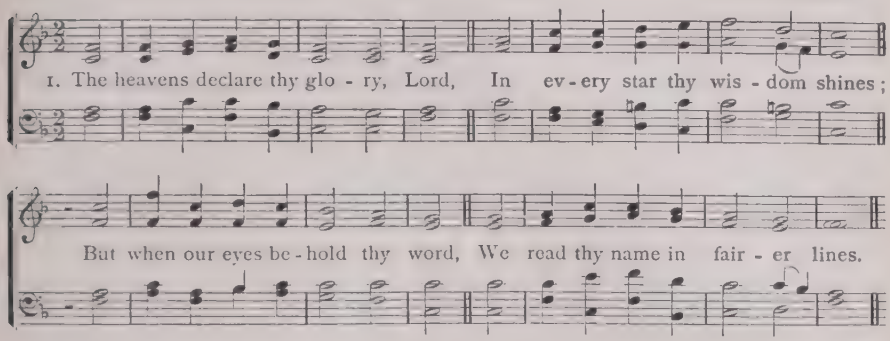
3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
I'm going home, etc.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!
I'm going home, etc.

WATTS.

OCCASIONAL.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. MASON.



459 (1149)

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

WATTS.

460 (1150)

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

BEDDOME.

461 (1151)

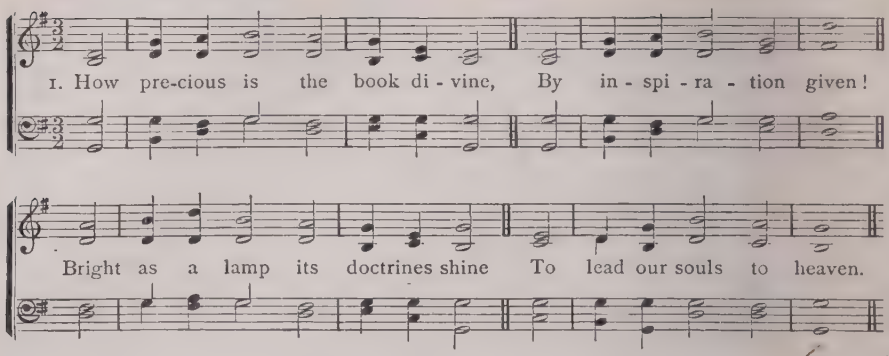
1 Now let my soul, Eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 For love like this, oh let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong:
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

HEGINBOTHAM.

KNOX. C. M. "Temple Melodies."



462 (1159)

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. Rippon's Coll.

463 (1160)

1 Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away. Steele.

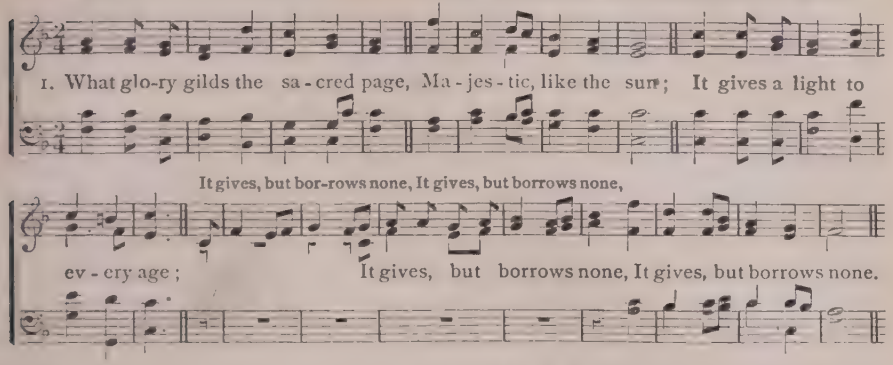
464 (1161)

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age. Watts.

MERIDEN. C. M. *Arr. from* THOS. CLARK, *of Canterbury, by* L. MASON.



465 (1155)

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truth upon the nations rise,—
They rise but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

COWPER.

466 (1158)

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

WATTS.

467 (1157)

1 LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

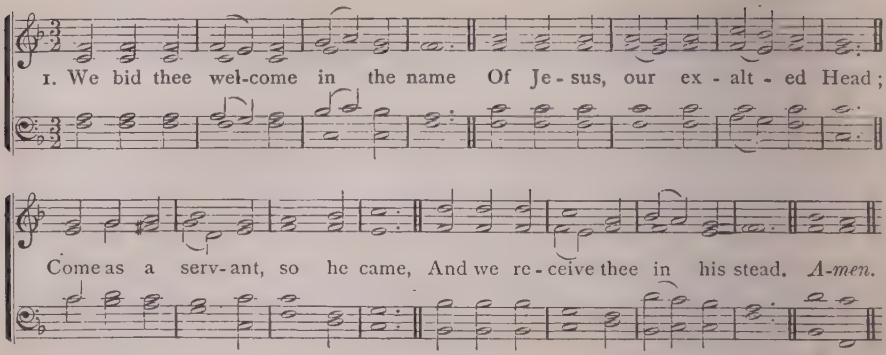
2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

BARTON.

HURSLEY. L. M. GERMAN.



468 (1171)

2 Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we upho'd thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

MONTGOMERY.

469 (1172)

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, thine ordainéd servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them all with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple, as they stand
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy chosen pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,—
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love

MONTGOMERY.

470 (1173)

1 'Tis done—th' important act is done—
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know ;
Its fruits, when time its race has run,
Shall through eternal ages flow.

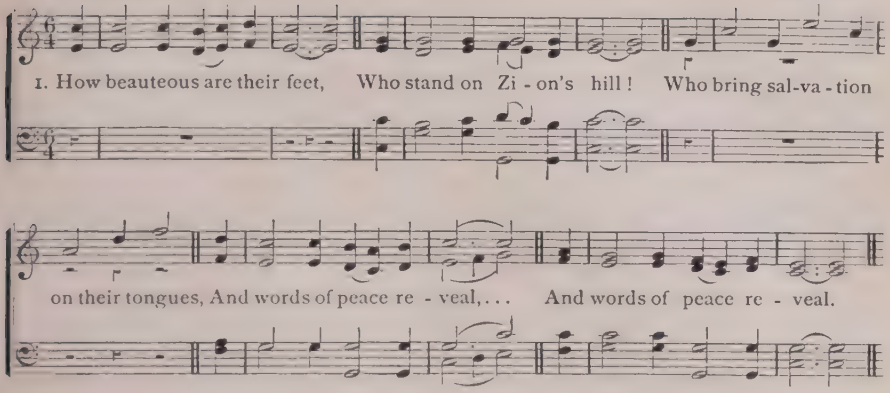
2 The covenants of this sacred hour,
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal ;
Spirit of grace, diffuse thy power,
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.

3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love ;
His lips inspire ; each effort own ;
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove.

4 Oh, when, before the judgment-seat,
The wicked quake in dread despair,
May we, all reverent at thy feet,
Pastor and flock, find mercy there.

S. F. SMITH.

NEBO. S. M. T. HASTINGS.



471 (1163)

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,—
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blesséd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their Lord.

WATTS.

472 (1165)

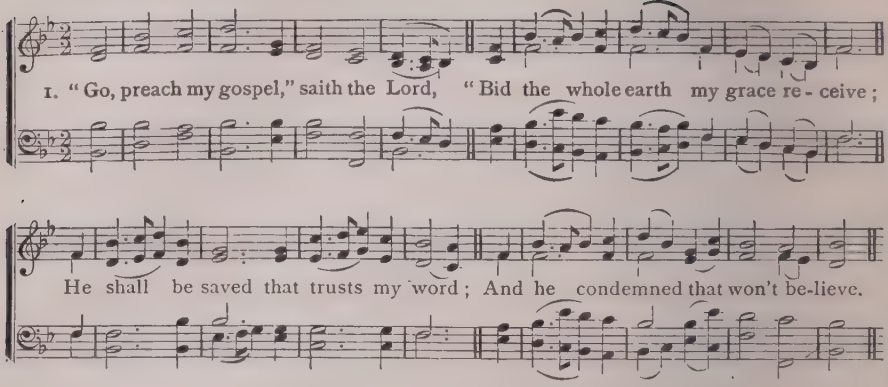
1 LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim—
Thy all-redeeming love. C. WESLEY.

ANTIGUA. L. M.



473 (1167)

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spead
The grace of their ascended God.

WATTS.

474 (1169)

1 LORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
In Zion's heritage appear;
Oh! send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Led by thine own almighty hand,
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

HASTINGS.

475 (1168)

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

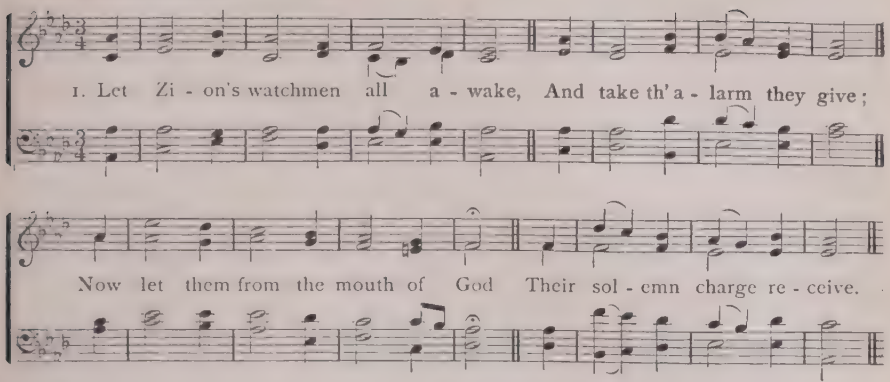
2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

BEDDOME.

ROMBERG. C. M.

ROMBERG.



476 (1174)

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls, which must for ever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

477 (1175)

1 Oh, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

478 (1178)

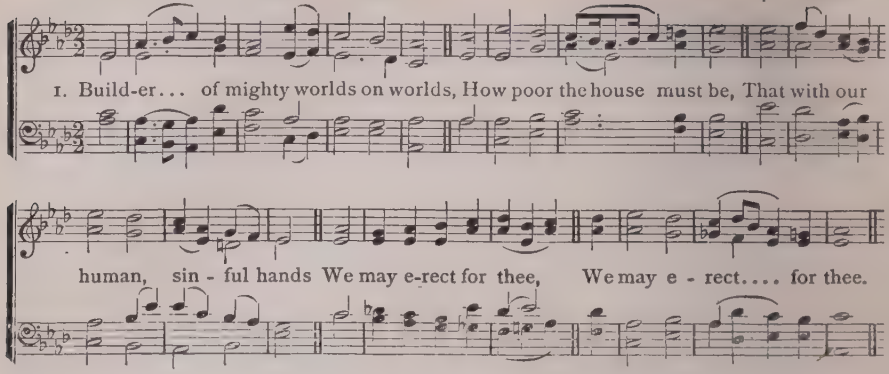
1 O Jesus, in this solemn hour,
Be with thy people here;
Let thine authority and power
To rule thy church appear.

2 Oh, may the choice which we have made
By thee be ratified;
Thy servants' fitness be displayed,
As they are further tried.

3 With faithfulness may they fulfill
The office in their hands,
And seek to know and do thy will
In all that will demands.

COLLYER.

MT. EPHRAIM. C. M. LEACH.



479 (1186)

2 O Christ, thou art our Corner-stone,
On thee our hopes are built;
Thou art our Lord, our light, our life,
Our sacrifice for guilt.

3 In thy blest name we gather here,
And set apart the ground;
The walls that on this rock shall rise
Thy praises shall resound.

4 May many a soul, from death redeemed,
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path
To God and glory there."

480 (1187)

1 To thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near. J. R. SCOTT.

481 (1188)

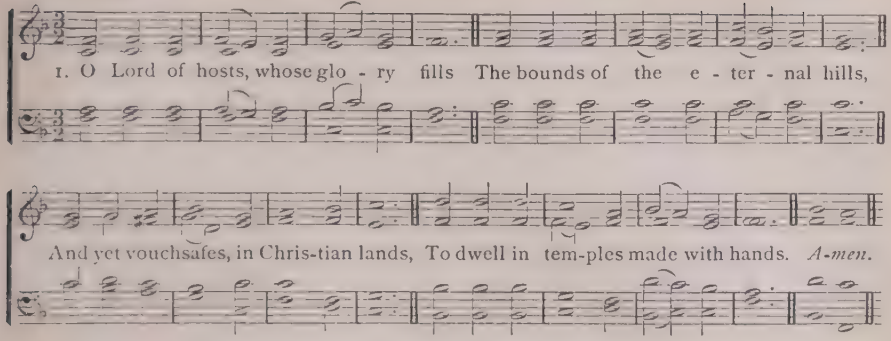
1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee!

2 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

3 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

BRYANT.

HURSLEY. L. M. GERMAN.



482 (1180)

2 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

3 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

4 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
Oh ever-blessed Trinity!

J. M. NEALE.

483 (1181)

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands—
An humbler temple, made with hands.

4 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

N. P. WILLIS.

484 (1183)

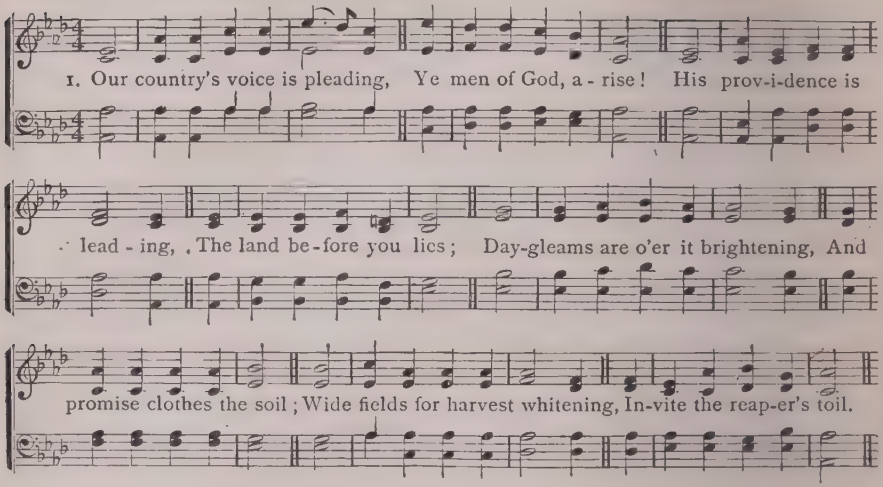
1 MAKER of land and rolling sea,
We dedicate this house to thee;
And what our willing hands have done,
We give to God, and to the Son.

2 Come, fill this house with heavenly grace,
While sinners throng the sacred place,
And saints below with saints above,
Unite to sing redeeming love.

3 Long may this sacred temple be
A monument of praise to thee;
And when to this no more we come,
Be heaven our high, eternal home.

D. C. EDDY.

GLADNESS. 7s & 6s.



485 (1193)

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

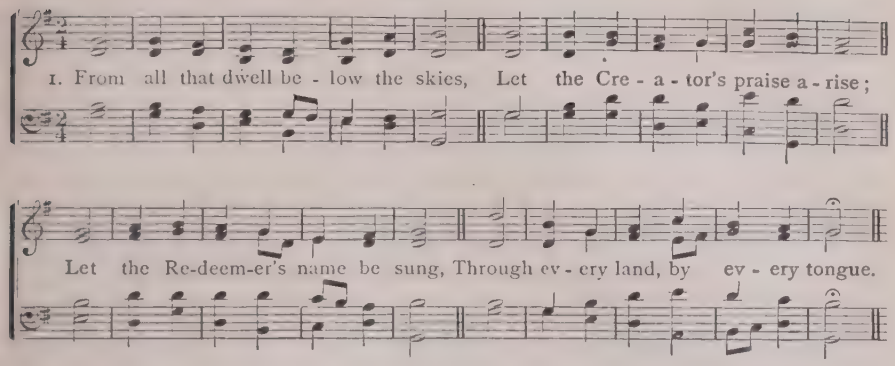
486 (1194)

1 Go preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Saviour's grace;
But bear, oh, quickly bear it
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.

2 Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The fields all ripe are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

SIDNEY DYER.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



487 (1198)

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

488 (1201)

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.

489 (1200)

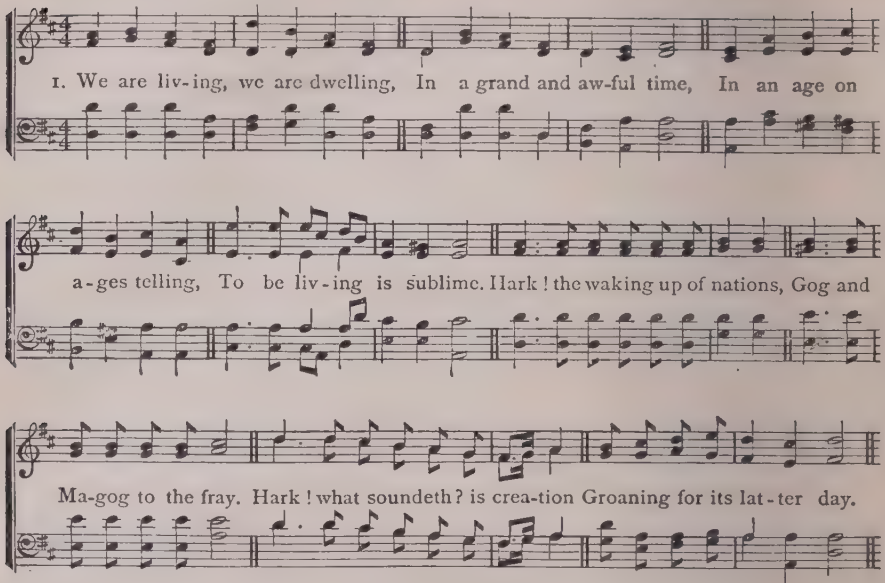
1 OH, hallowed is the land and blessed,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

2 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold, the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

WIESZEL.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.



490 (1225)

2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

A. C. Coxe.

491 (1226)

1 Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the Gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's scorching ray;
Bid the red-browed forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

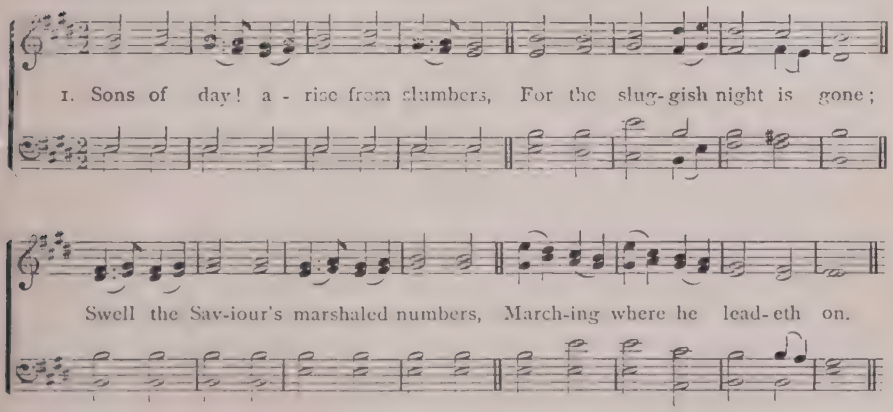
2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal—bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward!—Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

SIGOURNEY.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

ITALIAN.



492 (1192)

2 Soldiers of the cross, appointed,
Girded for the glorious war,
In the name of God's Anointed,
Spread your victories afar.

3 Bid the trumpet of redemption,
Greet our country's farthest shore;
Boldly claim our Lord's pre-emption,
For the agonies he bore.

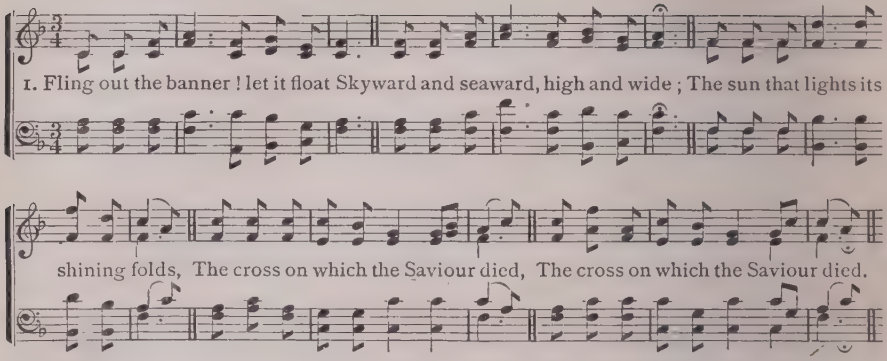
4 On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
Plant the sacred standard there.

5 Where the infant city's founded,
Where the hamlet dots the plain;
Let the Gospel-call be sounded,
Let the church a foothold gain.

6 So shall Error be supplanted,
So shall Truth her vanguard keep,
So shall temple-homes be granted,
To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.

S. D. PHELPS.

ANVERN. L. M. L. Mason.



493 (1206)

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified. Doane.

494 (1207)

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all!
Shrubsole.

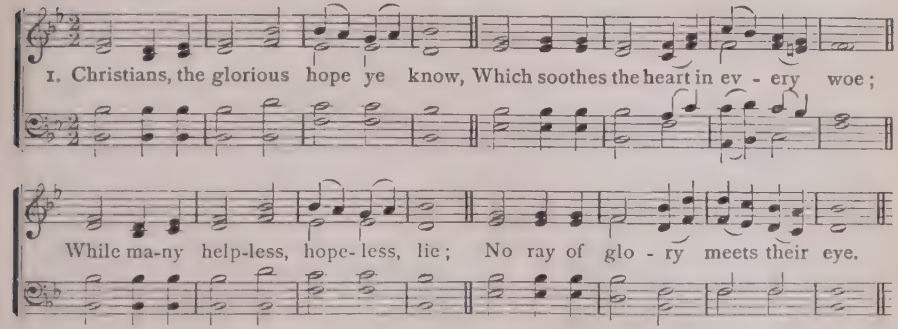
495 (1204)

1 Arise! arise! with joy survey
The glory of the latter day,
Already is the dawn begun,
That marks at hand the rising sun.

2 Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.

3 "Behold the way!" ye heralds! cry,
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.
Kelly.

ERNAN. L. M.



496 (1212)

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race;
Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb.

3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell.

4 To distant lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day;
Oh strive that others soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

CAWOOD.

497 (1213)

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;—
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

VOKE.

498 (1214)

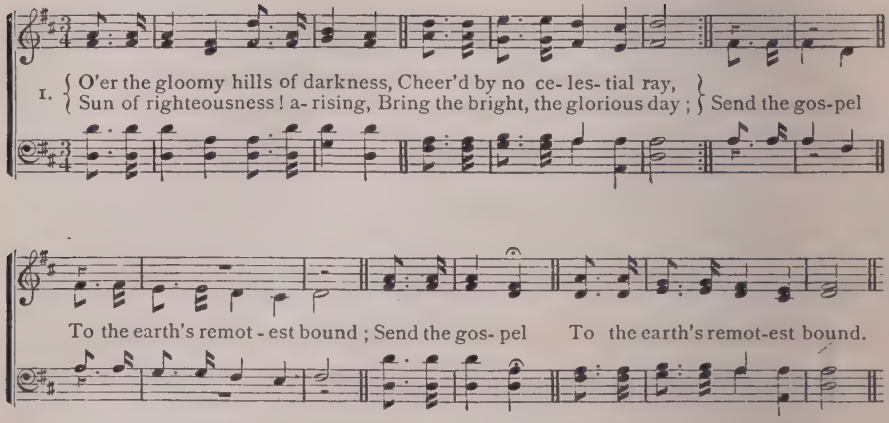
1 THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

2 Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for him will ye not do?

3 Oh, Spirit of the Lord! go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one!

MONTGOMERY.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. T. HASTINGS.



499 (1220)

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

WILLIAMS.

500 (1221)

1 Look, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
Day advances—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay!

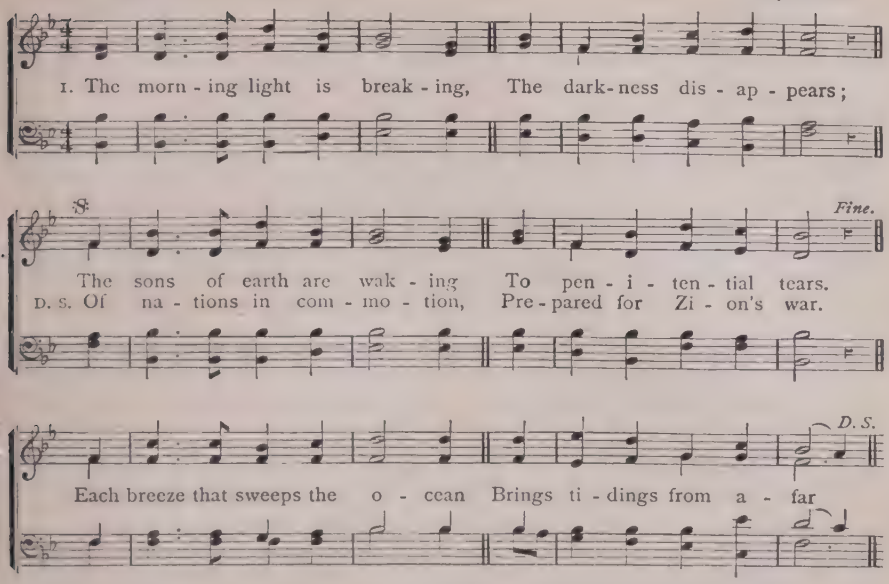
3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand!
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

KELLY.

DOXOLOGY.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. G. J. WEBB.



501 (1231)

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

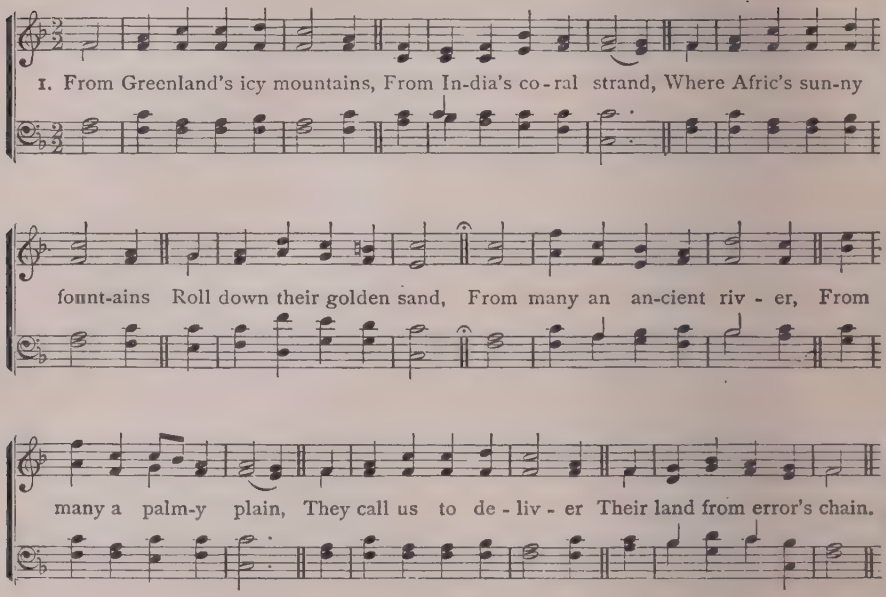
3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON.



502 (1233)

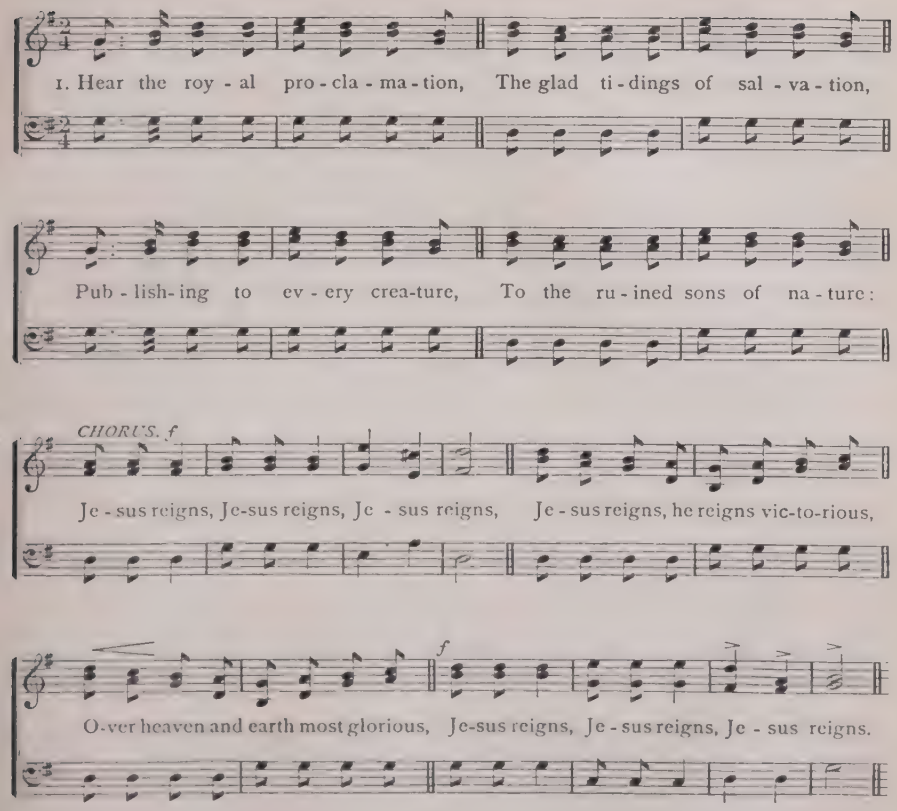
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

HEBER.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.



503 (1244)
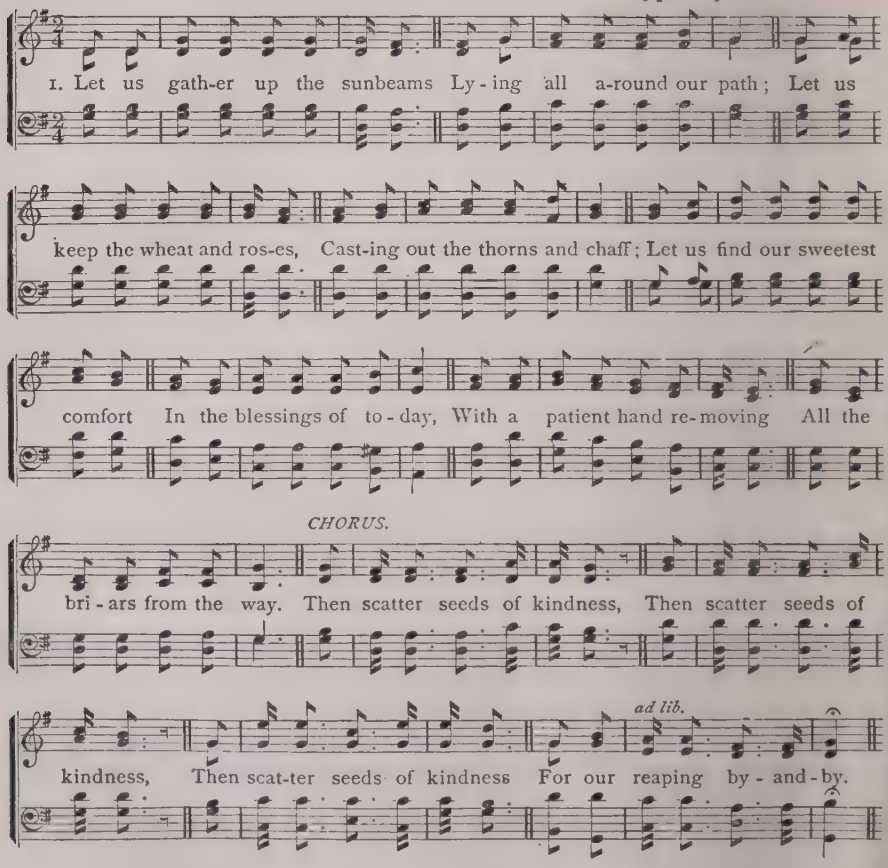
2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."

3 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

4 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

S. J. Vail.
By perm. of Philip Phillips.



504 (1248)

2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!

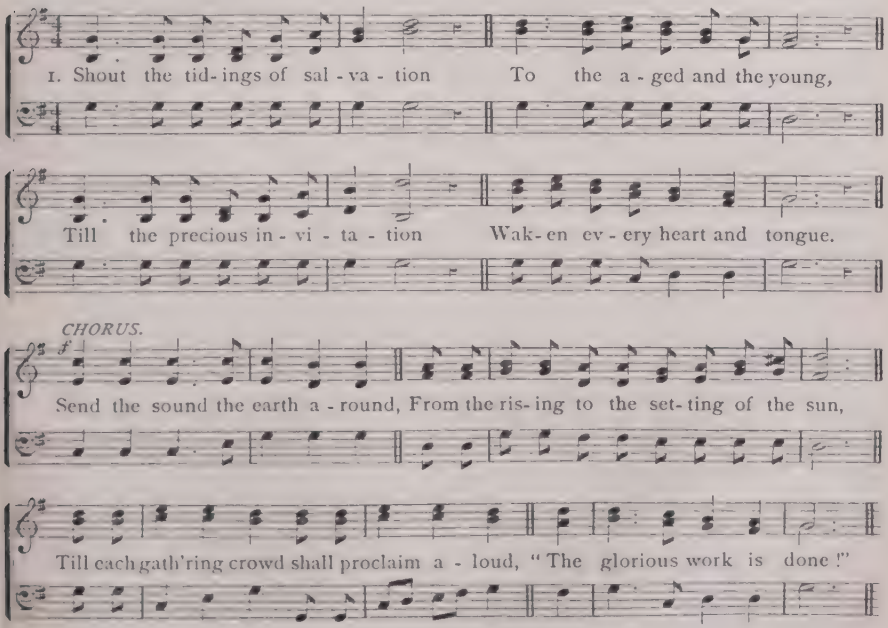
Strange, the summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

GOOD TIDINGS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

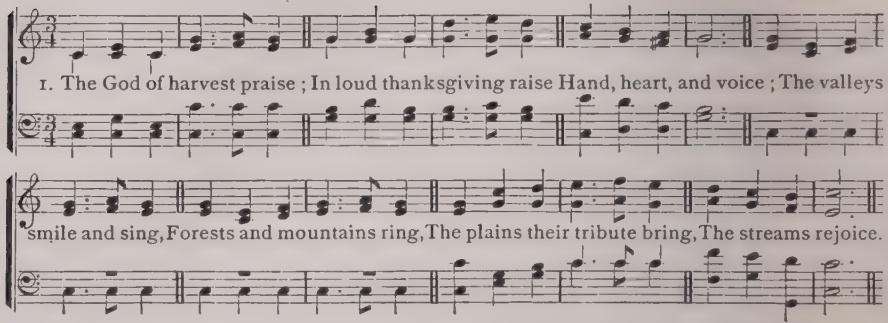


505 (1245)

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the prairies of the West;
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

DORT: 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



506 (1261)

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth ;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord. MONTGOMERY.

507 (1256)

1 GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night :
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might !

3 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On him we wait :
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State ! J. S. DWIGHT.

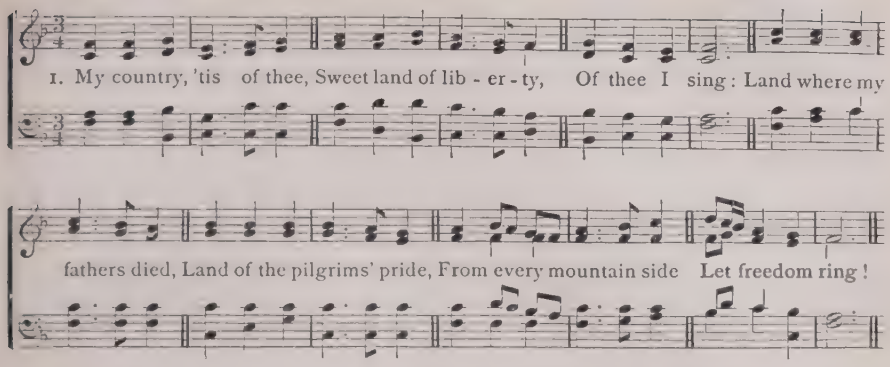
508 (1257)

1 LORD, from thy blesséd throne,
Sorrow look down upon !
God save the poor !
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be !
God save the poor !

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor !
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless ;
God save the poor !

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor !
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light !
God save the poor ! NICOLL.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



509 (1255)

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

510 (1254)

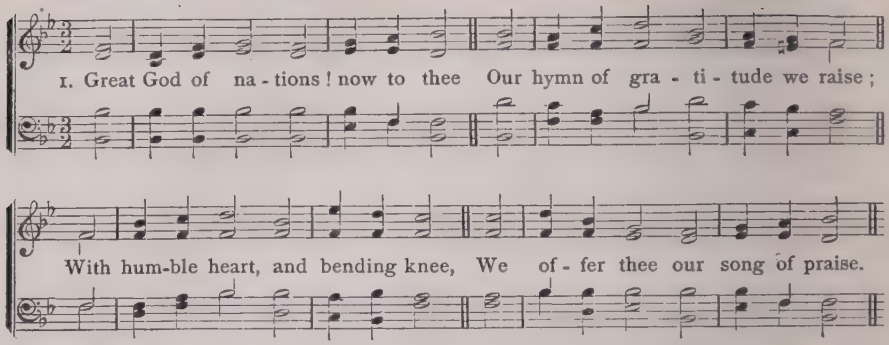
1 Our land, with mercies crowned,
This wide, enchanted ground,
O God, is thine;
Our fathers knew thy name;
The trophies of their fame—
Our heritage—proclaim
A Power divine.

2 Dear Native Land, rejoice!
Raise thou thy virgin voice
To God on high;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

3 And thou, Almighty One,
At whose eternal throne
She bows the knee;
In all the coming time,
Bless thou this favored clime,
And may her deeds sublime
Be hymns to thee!

E. T. Winkler.

HEBRON. L. M. L. Mason.



511 (1265)

1 GREAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God!
For all thy kindness thou hast shown,
To this fair land the Pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here, freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray:—
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety, through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light,
Through all our land, its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

512 (1266)

1 WHEN driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

2 Above the forest's gloomy shade,
The altar and the school appeared:
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
On this their precious hopes were reared.

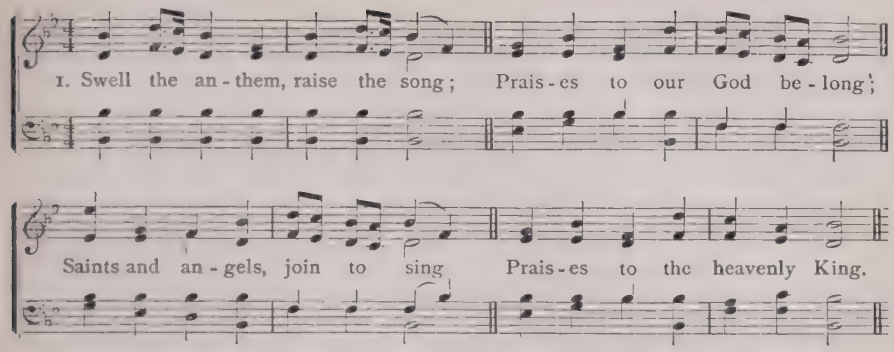
3 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land,
While we are sleeping in the dust.

4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer;
For thou, who wast our fathers' Friend,
Wilt make their offspring still thy care.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

WILMOT. 7s. *Arr. by* L. MASON.



513 (1268)

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod;
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

514 (1269)

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name!
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

4 Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

MONTGOMERY.

515 (1270)

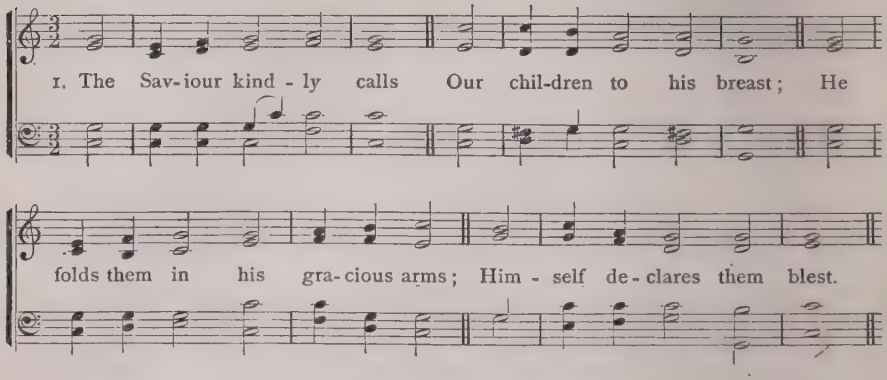
1 PRAISE, oh, praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And has bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

3 Praise him for our harvest-store,—
He hath filled the garner-floor,—
And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

H. W. BAKER.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



516 (1275)

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these;
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

517 (1276)

1 OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God!
To latest times thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

518 (1277)

1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

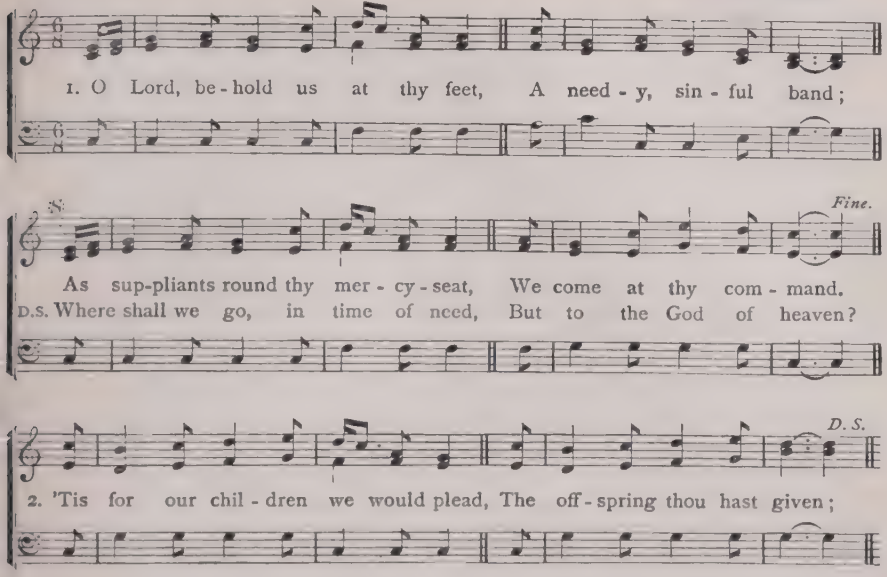
2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away.
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend;
Oh, come, this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

ORIOLA. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



519 (1279)

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

520 (1281)

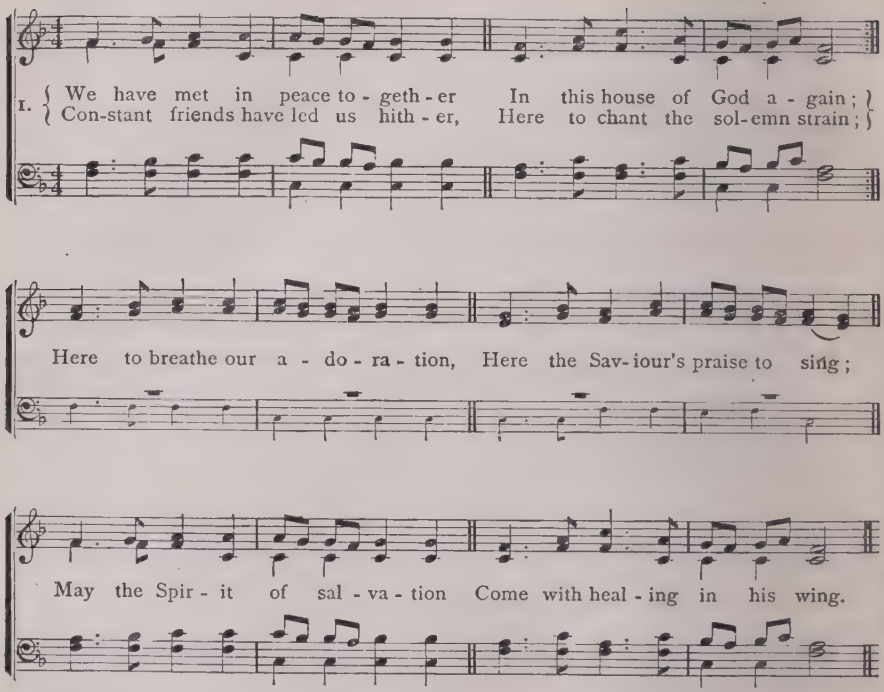
1 On, through Judea's palmy plain,
By Jordan's silv'ry shore,
The Saviour leads the thronging train,
Who follow to adore.

2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid,
He marked the listening child;
His hand upon its head he laid,
And blest in accents mild.

3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form
Can greet our children's sight,
Grant that, whilst life their breasts shall warm
Thy word may guide them right.

4 They may not feel thine earthly touch;
But be thy Spirit given,
To make them holy; "for of such
The kingdom is of heaven."

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.



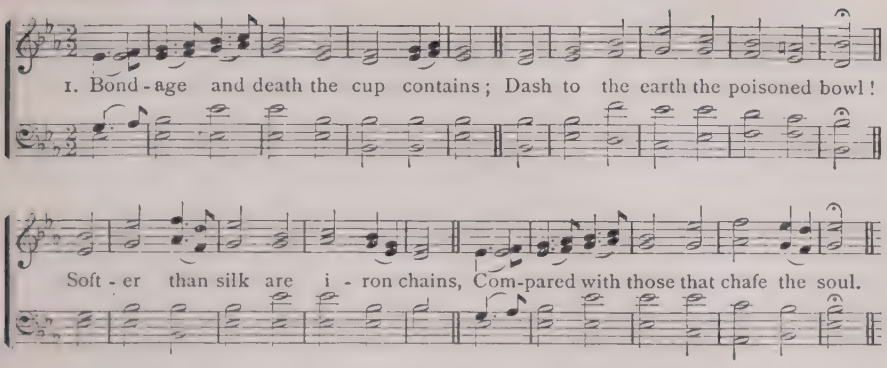
521 (1282)

1 We have met in peace together
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing;
May the Spirit of salvation
Come with healing in his wing.

2 We have met, and time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

3 Then he'll aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest:
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

ILLINOIS. L. M.



522 (1284)

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys!
What countless thousands tribute bring
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruiséd reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless! guide the blind!
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

SARGENT.

523 (1285)

1 We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul,
While the past year prolongéd its flight,
Turned shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light!

2 We praise thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tibute of a ransomed land.

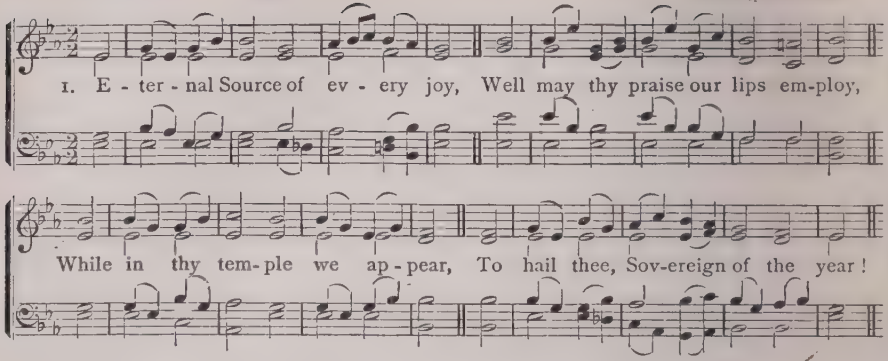
524 (1286)

1 Great God, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all, thy rain from heaven;

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaffed;
Type of that fount whose streams above
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

2 Stay thou, O Lord, the tide of death!
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, oh, speed, on every shore,
The day when strong drink slays no more!

SHOEL. L. M. *Altered from* SHOEL.



525 (1289)

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Thro' all our coasts, redundant stores:
And winters, softened, by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

DODDRIDGE.

526 (1290)

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

DODDRIDGE.

527 (1291)

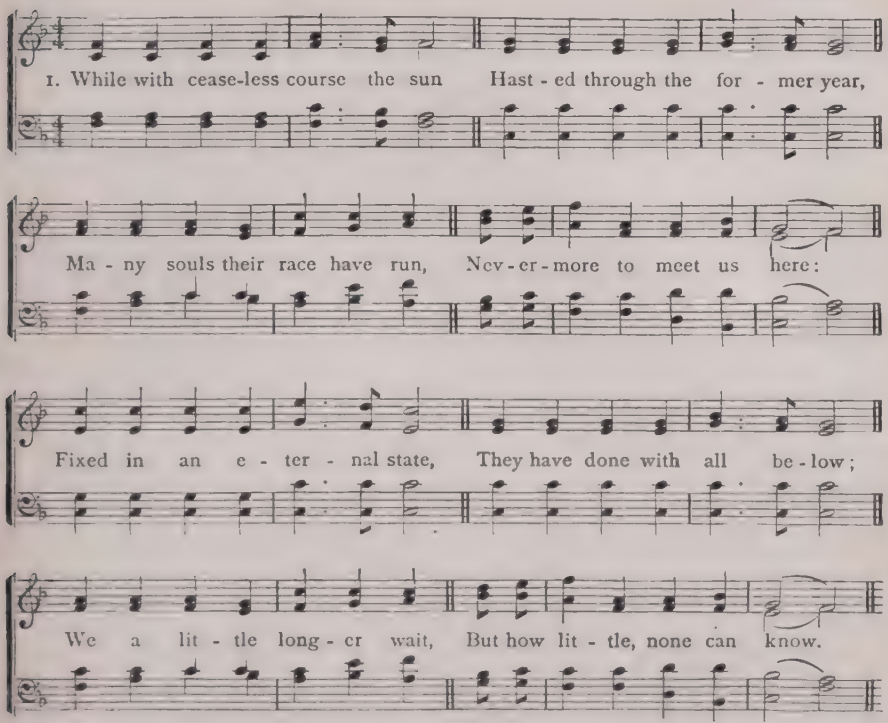
1 OUR helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DODDRIDGE.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double. S. WEBBE.

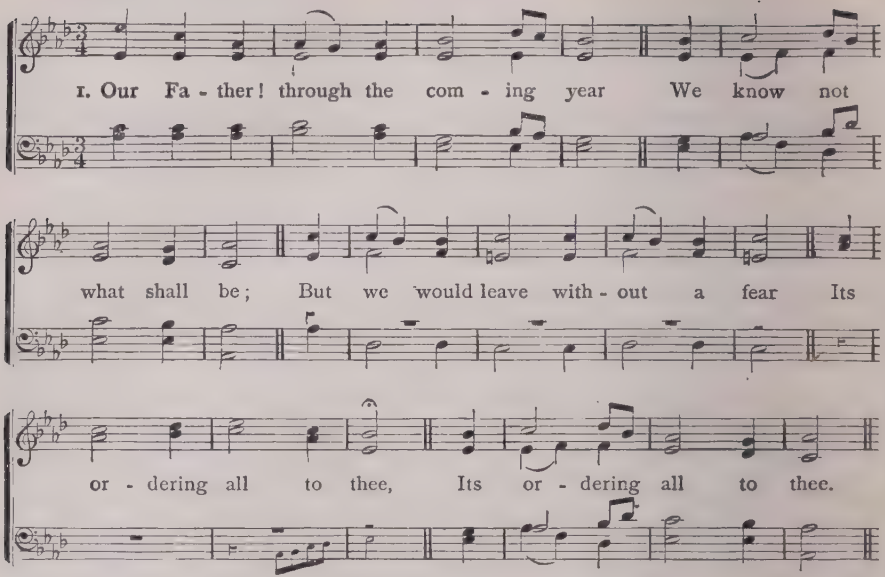


528 (1294)

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above. NEWTON.

ASHLAND. C. M.



529 (1295)

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

530 (1299)

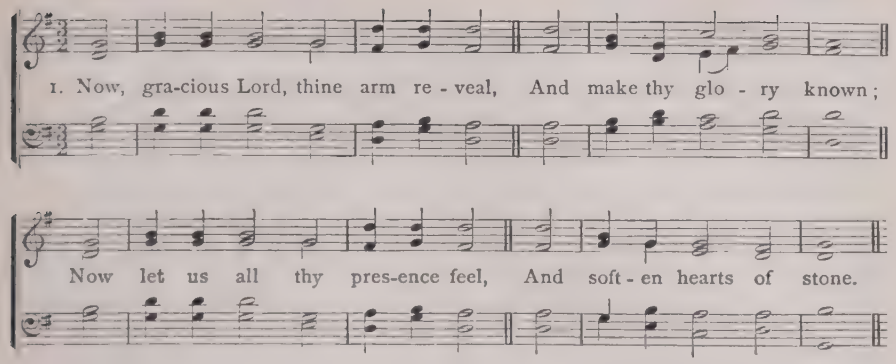
1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,—
The few that yet remain.

3 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

MARLOW. C. M. L. MASON.



531 (1300)

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

NEWTON.

532 (1301)

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

3 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

4 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HEGINBOTHAM.

533 (1302)

1 THE time is short! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle life away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

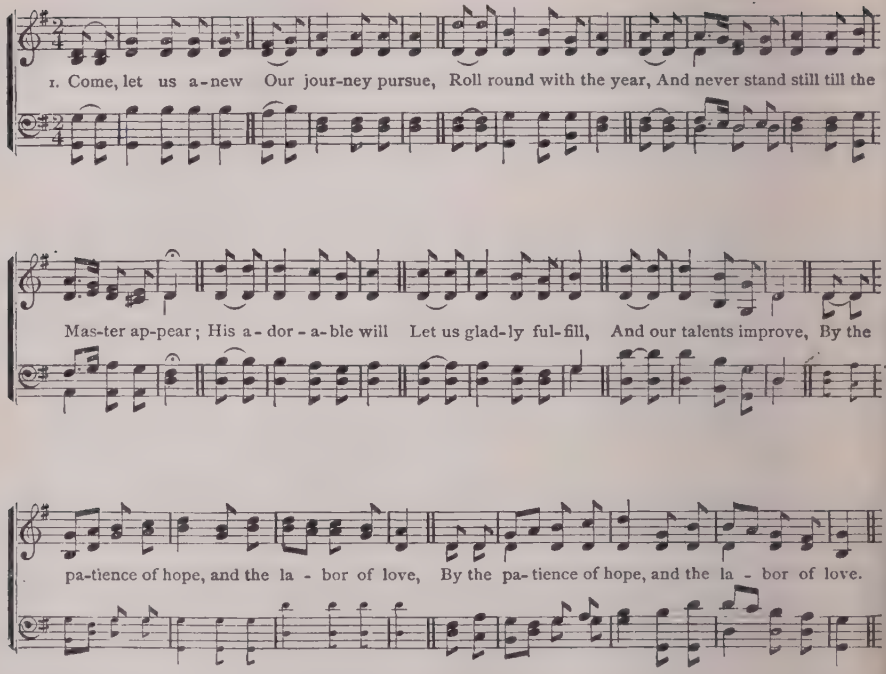
2 The time is short! O sinners, now
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

HOSKINS.

LUCAS. 8s, 6s & 11s.



534 (1303)

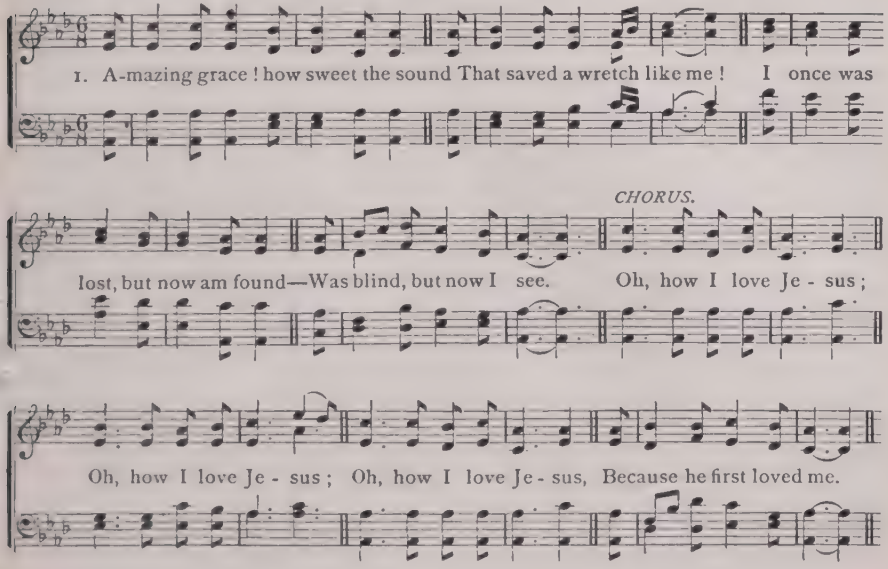
2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view; and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

C. WESLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.



535 (891)

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !

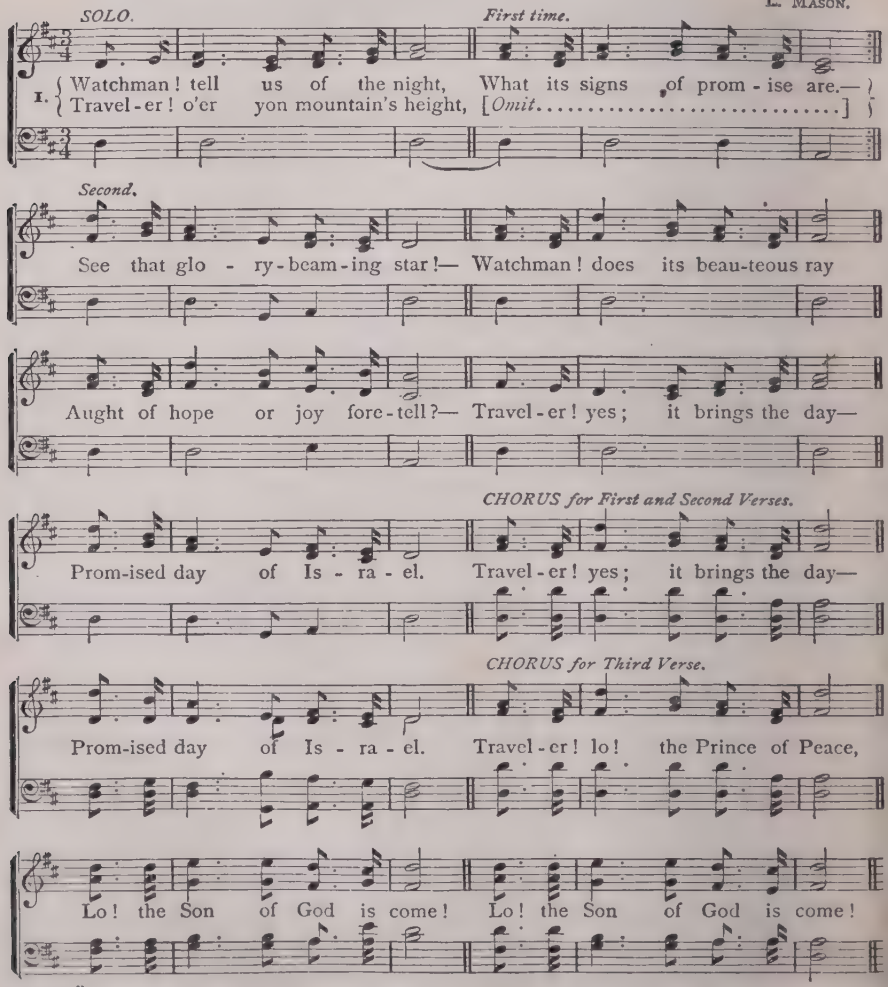
3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

NEWTON.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s.

L. MASON.



536*

(1235)

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

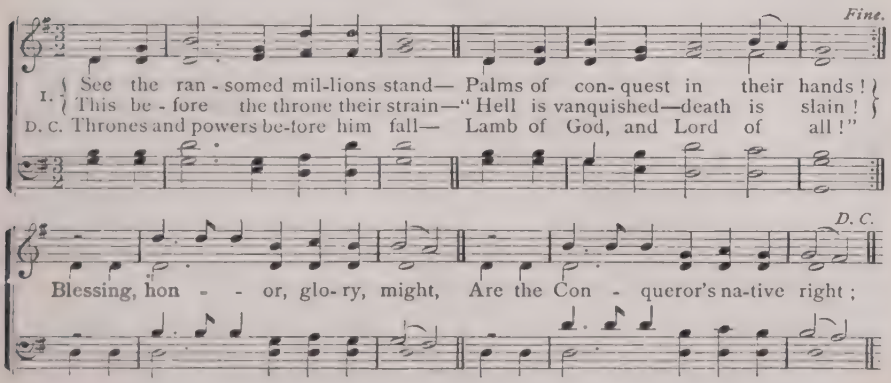
* *May be sung to* "ELTHAM," *opposite page.*

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

BOWRING.

ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

L. MASON.



537 (1239)

2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued—
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things with the bride say "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come—and reign for evermore.

CONDER.

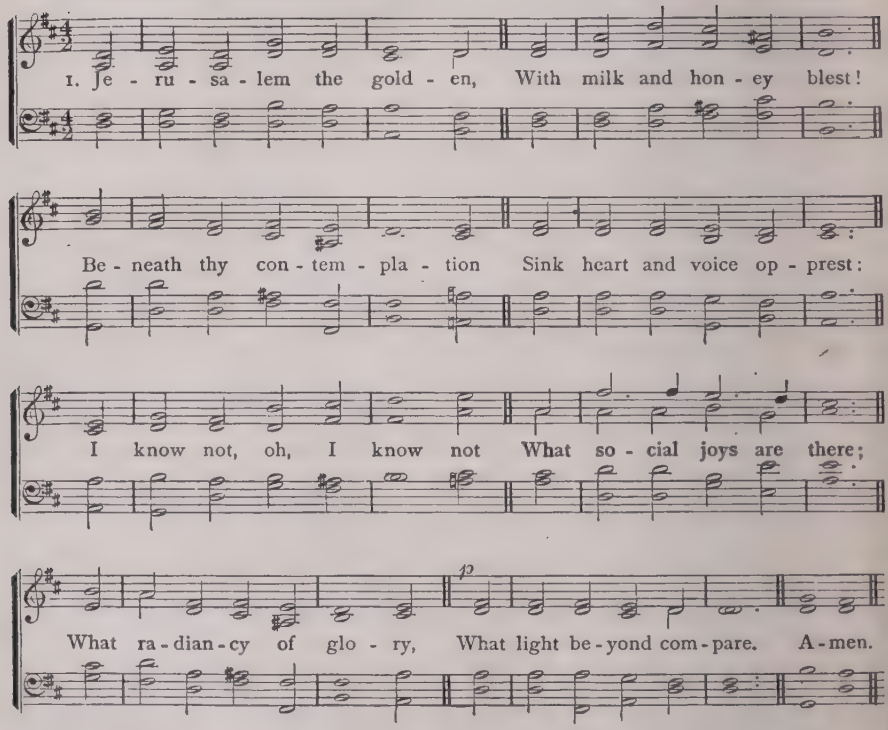
538 (1241)

1 COME, Desire of nations, come;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.
Thou who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days,
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan.
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in,
Filled with righteousness divine;
Claim a ransomed world for thine!

3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed:
Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more!
Reign, when death no more shall be!
Reign to all eternity!

JENNER. 7s & 6s. Bp. Ewing.



539 (1087)

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

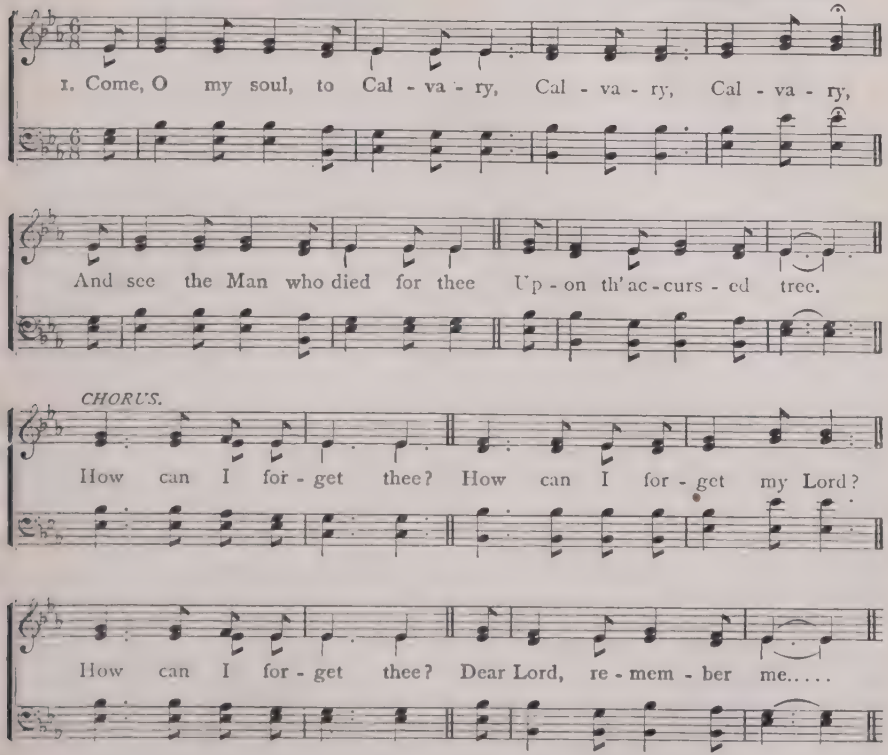
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blesséd country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part,
His only, his forever
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard.

GOLGOTHA. 8s & 7s.

Arranged by R. LOWRY.



540 (814)

2 Behold the Saviour's agony—
While groaning in Gethsemane,
Beneath the sins of men.
Cho.—How can I forget thee? etc.

3 With purple robe, and thorny crown,
And mocking soldiers—bowing down,
The Saviour bears my shame.
Cho.—How can I forget thee? etc.

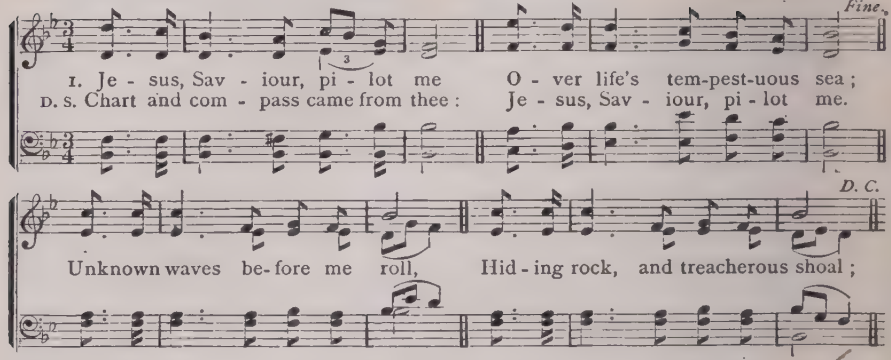
4 Behold, they shed his precious blood,
Oh! hear him cry, "My God, my God,
Hast thou forsaken me?"
Cho.—How can I forget thee? etc.

5 Soon he who once was scourged and bound,
Shall come again with glory crowned,
And reign forevermore.
Cho.—How can I forget thee? etc.

6 His saints shall crown him Lord of all;
Before him every foe shall fall,
And every knee shall bow.
Cho.—How can I forget thee? etc.

HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s. Double. J. E. GOULD.

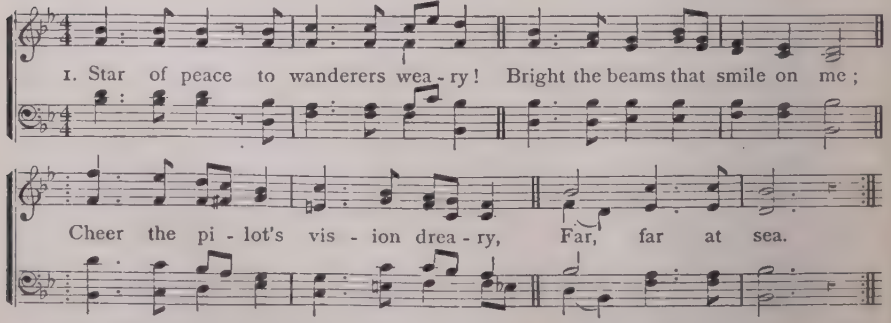


541 (1272)

2 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou sayest to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

WAVE. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Arr. by* WM. B. BRADBURY.

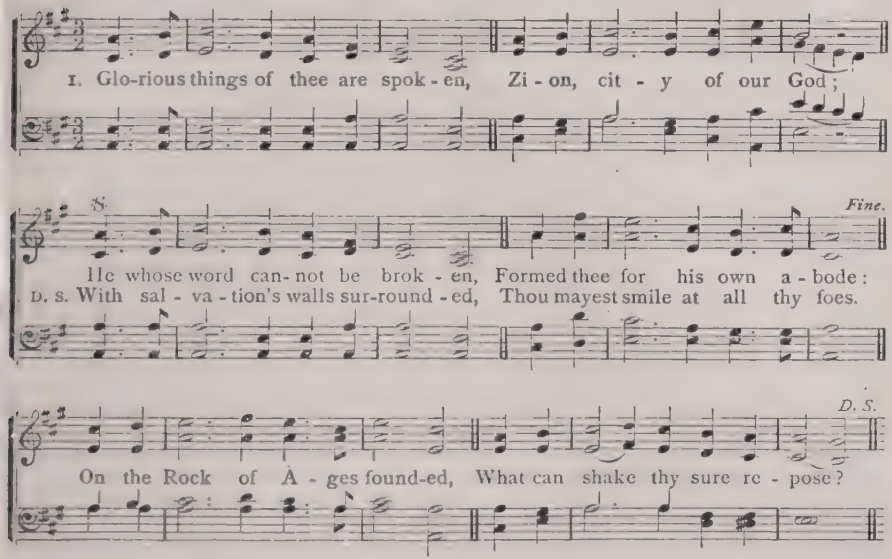


542 (1271)

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star Divine! oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double. SPANISH.



543 (815)

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

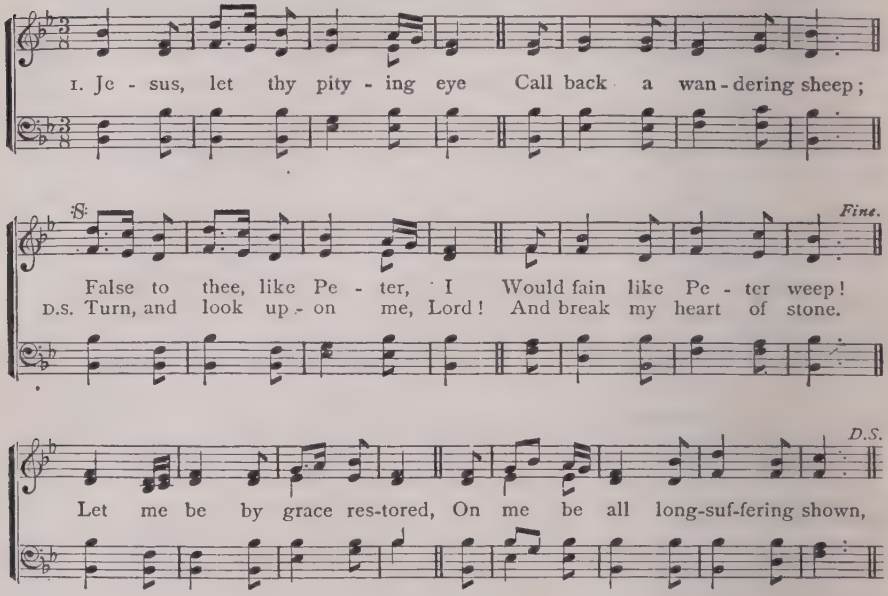
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

NEWTON.

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s. OAKLEY.

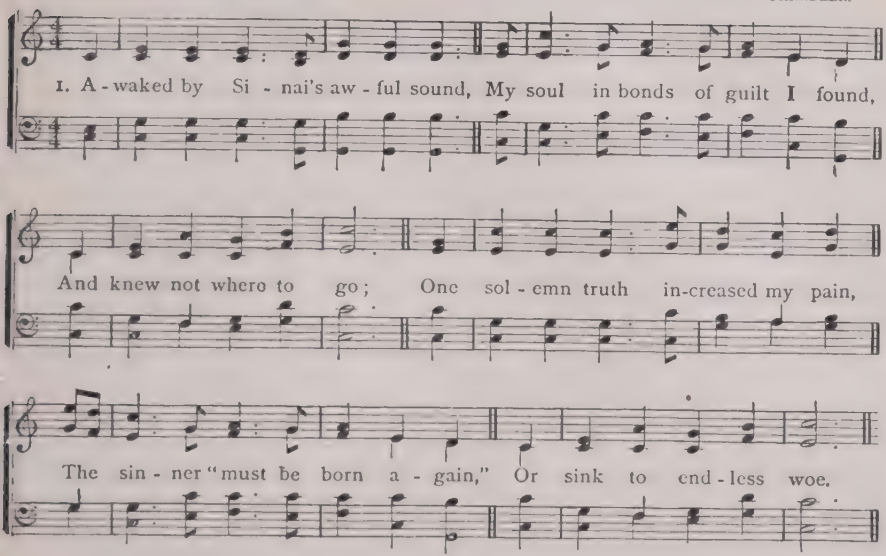


544 (697)

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy mercies now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone. C. WESLEY.

GANGES. C. P. M. CHANDLER.



545 (703)

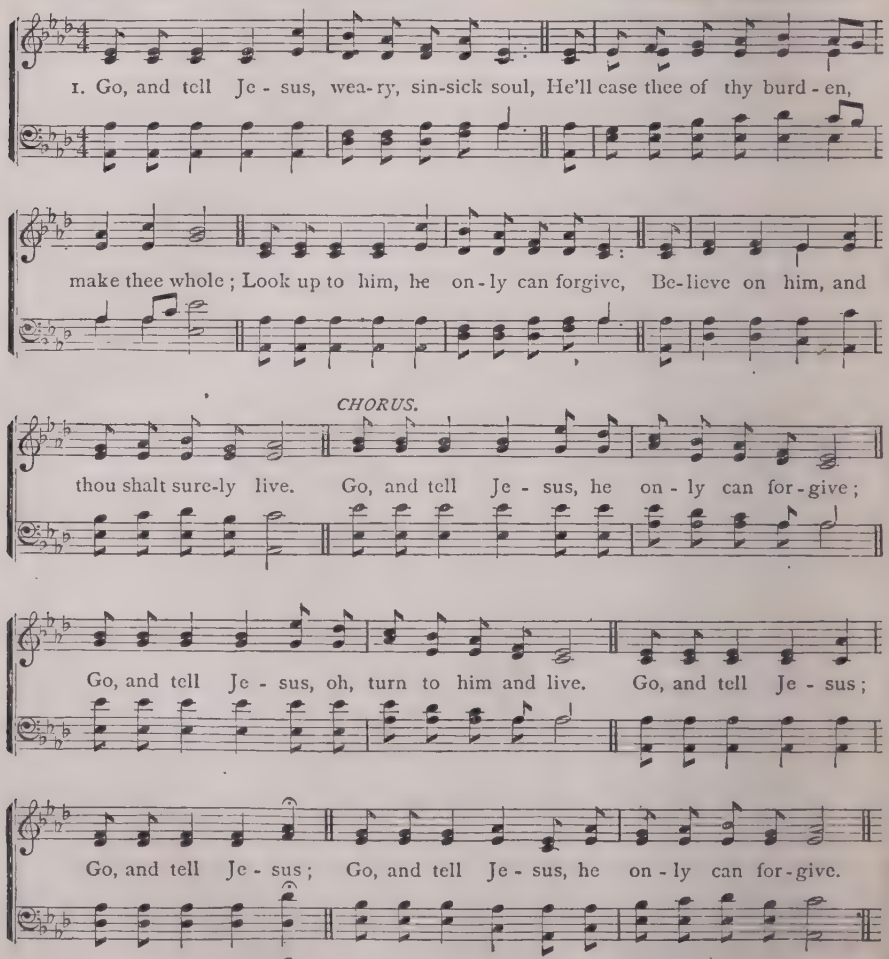
2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love. OCKUM.

GO, AND TELL JESUS.

T. F. SEWARD. *By permission.*

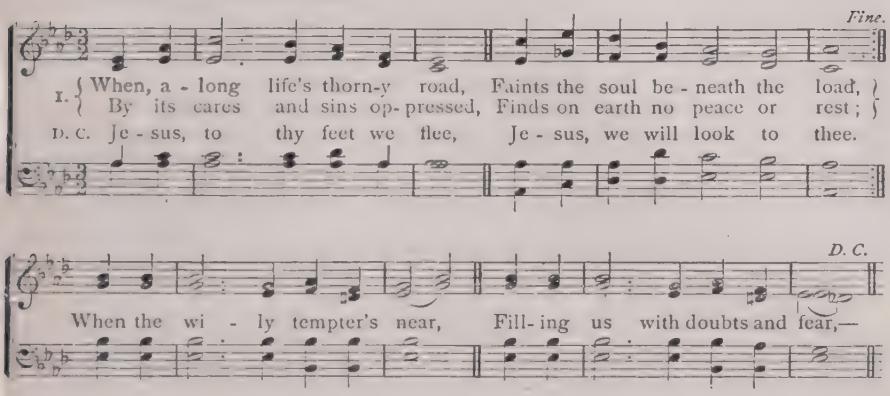


546 (702)

2 Go, and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.

3 Go, and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy fears,
He'll take thee in his arm, and on his breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest.

VIOLA. 7s. 6 lines.



547 (1019)

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Ev'ry pang thy members bear;
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of pow'r, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

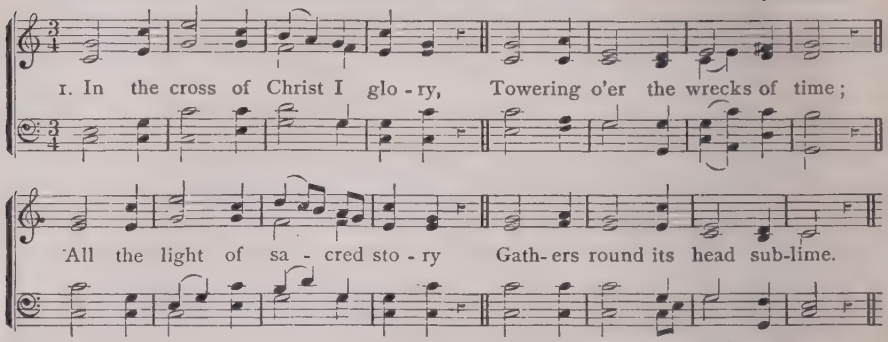
3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open'd wide the gate of heav'n:
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.

548 (1020)

1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. J. CONKEY.



549 (486)

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

4 In thy cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

BOWRING.

550 (487)

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

ALLEN.

551 (982)

1 JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
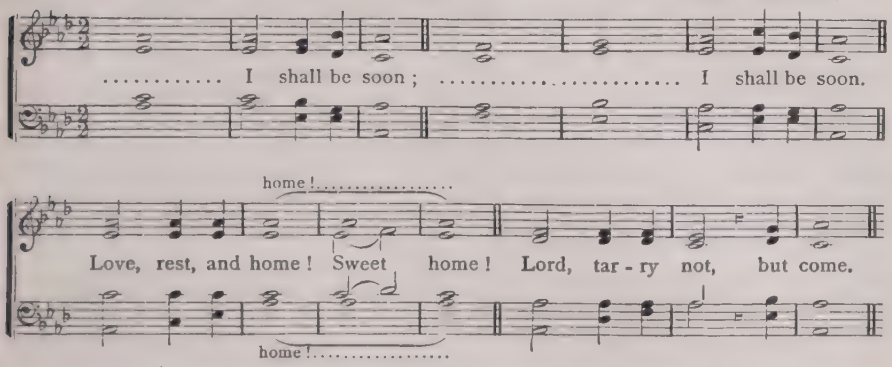
3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

NASON.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

W. A. TARBUTTON.



552 (1146)

1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon ; ‖
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon ; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon ; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting |
I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

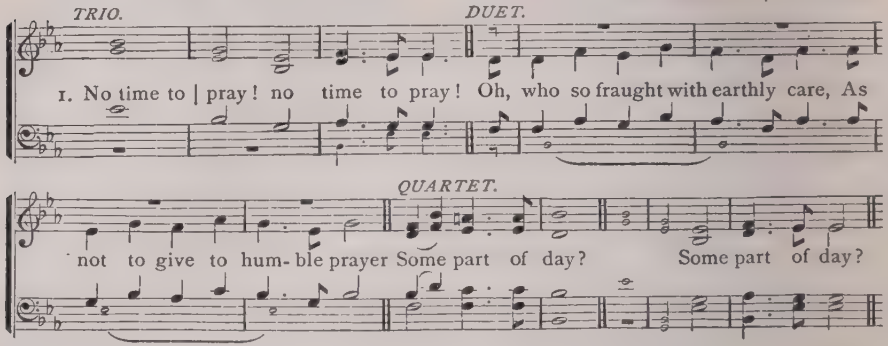
4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon ; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon ; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

BONAR.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

J. E. GOULD. *Subject from* VON WEBER.



553 (*P.* 576).

2 No time to pray!
What heart so clean, so pure within,
That needeth not some check from sin—
Needs not to pray?

3 No time to pray!
'Mid each day's dangers, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who must not pray!

4 No time to pray!
Must care or business urgent call,
So press us as to take it all,
Each passing day?

5 No time to pray!
Then sure your record falleth short;
Excuse will fail you as resort
On reckoning day.

6 What thought more drear,
Than that our God his face should hide,
And say through all life's swelling tide,
No time to hear!

7 Cease not to pray;
On Jesus as your all rely.
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest:
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so, for evermore.

C. L. M.

O Father of unbounded might,
O Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adored by all the saints in light,
And by the angel host,—
Our humble praise we bring to thee,
And will, throughout eternity.

C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be praise amid the heavenly host
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

7s.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to thee
Now and through eternity.

7s. Double.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above.

8s & 7s. Double.

Praise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—
Priest and King, enthroned above,
Praise the Fountain of salvation,—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

8s, 7s & 4.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

6s & 4s.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven!

7s & 6s.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

7s & 6s.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

10s.
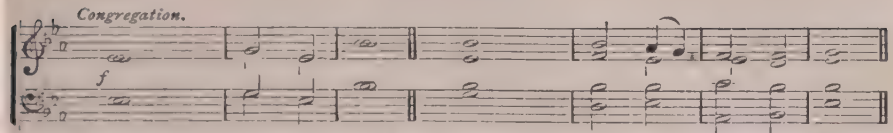
To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more!

11s.

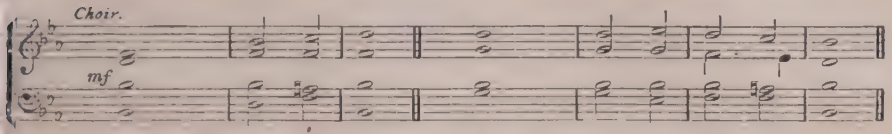
O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addrest,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

CHANTS.
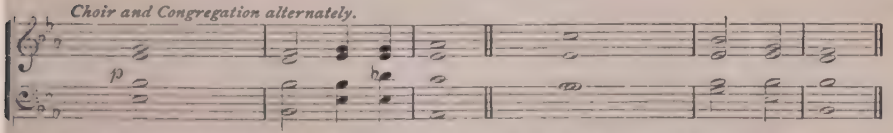
No. 1. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



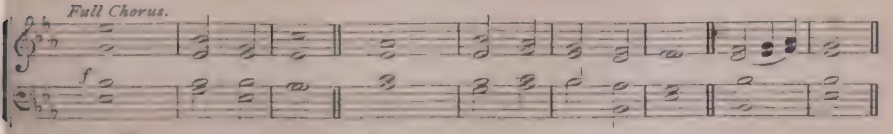
1 GLORY be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory,



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father, | Al- | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; ‖ O Lamb of God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

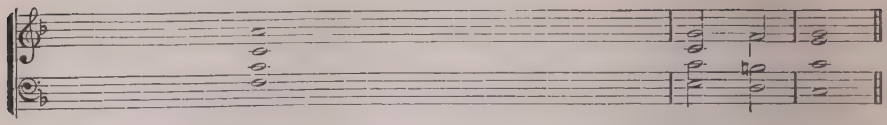


5 That takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.

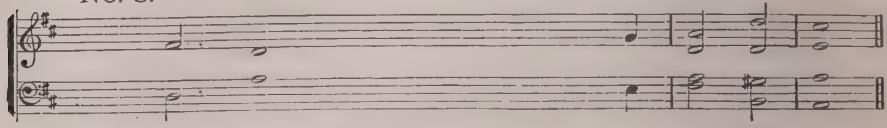


9 For thou | only · art | holy; ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord;
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

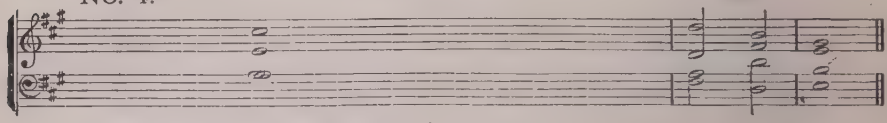
No. 2. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.



No. 3.



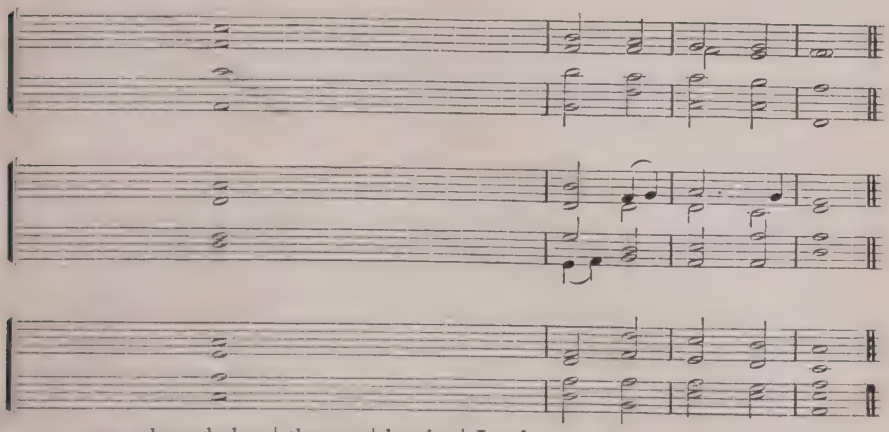
No. 4.



Choir. 1 We praise | thee, O | God;
3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud;
5 Holy, | Holy, | Holy,
7 The glorious company of the Apostles | praise — | thee.
9 The Father of an | Infinite | Majesty;
11 Thou | art the | King
13 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | Man,
15 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God,
17 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants,
19 O Lord, | save thy | people,
21 Day — | by | day
23 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord,
25 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us,

Congregation. 2 All the earth doth | worship | thee,
4 To thee Cherubim and | Sera- | phim
6 Heaven and | earth are | full
8 The noble army of Martyrs | praise — | thee.
10 Also the | Holy | Ghost,
12 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son
14 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death,
16 We believe that | thou shalt | come
18 Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints,
20 Gov- | — ern | them,
22 And we | worship thy | Name,
24 O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us,
26 O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted,

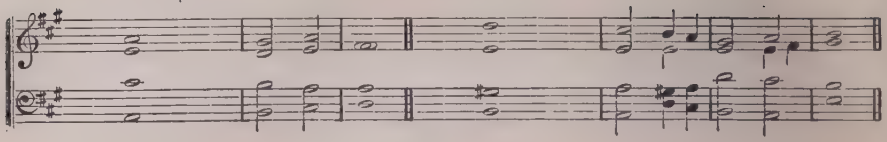
TE DEUM. Concluded.



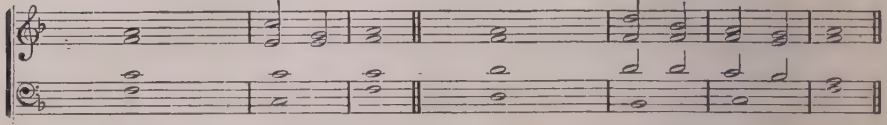
we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. 2
the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- | in. 4
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth. 6
The goodly fellowship of the | Prophets | praise — | thee. 8
Thine adorable | true, and | only | Son ; 10
of | Glory, | O — | Christ. 12
thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | Virgin. 14
in the | Glory | of the | Father. 16
whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood. 18
and | bless — | — thine | heritage. 20
we | magni- | fy — | thee. 22
to keep us | this day | without | sin. 24
as our | trust — | is in | thee. 26

the | Father | ever- | lasting. 3
con- | tinual- | ly do | cry. 5
of the | Majesty | of thy | Glory. 7
The Holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | thee ; 9
the | Com- — | — fort- | er. 11
of | — the | Fa- — | ther. 13
thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers. 15
to | be — | our — | Judge. 17
in | glory | ever- | lasting. 19
and | lift them | up for- | ever. 21
ever | world — | without | end. 23
have | mercy | upon | us. 25
let me | never | be con- | founded.

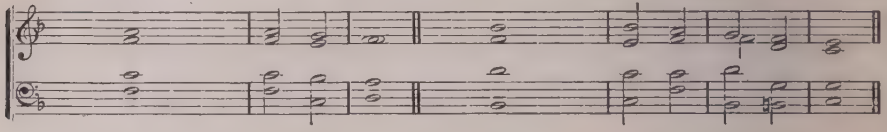
No. 5. BONUM EST CONFITERI.



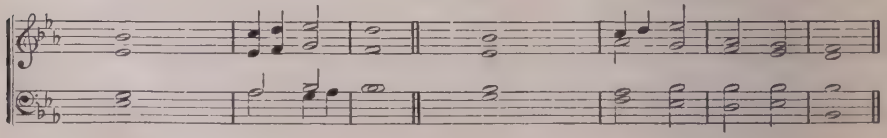
No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.



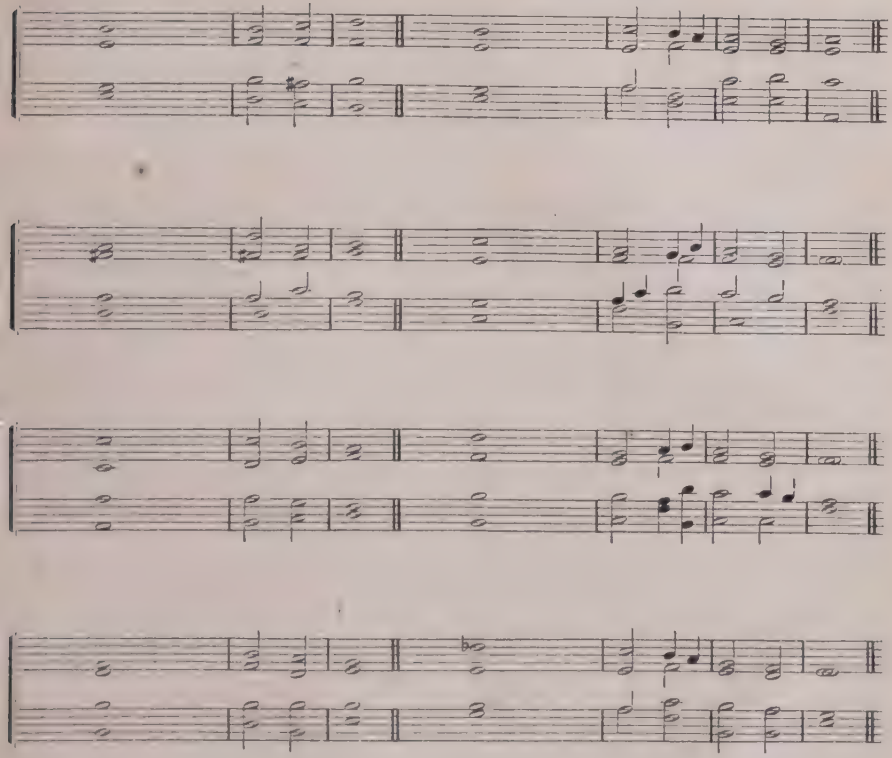
Choir.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord, ‖ and to sing praises unto thy | name, — | O Most | Highest; 2

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute; ‖ upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp. 4

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost; 6

BONUM EST CONFITERI. Concluded.



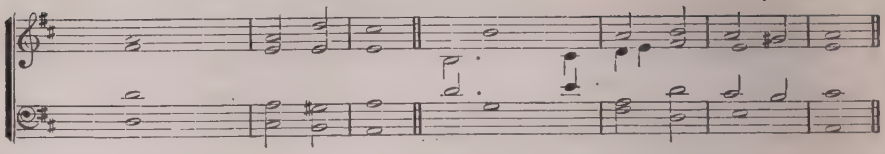
Congregation.

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning, ‖ and of thy truth | in the | night — | season ; 3

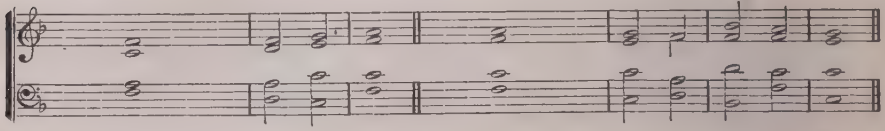
4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works ; ‖ and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | rations | of thy | hand. 5

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

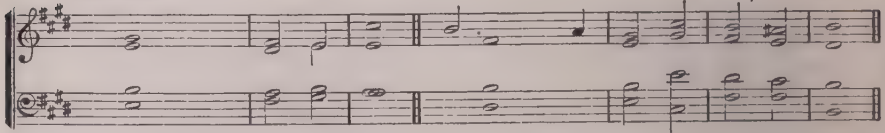
No. 9. DEUS MISEREATUR.



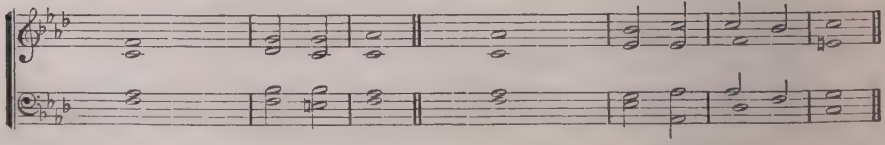
No. 10.



No. 11.



No. 12.



Choir.

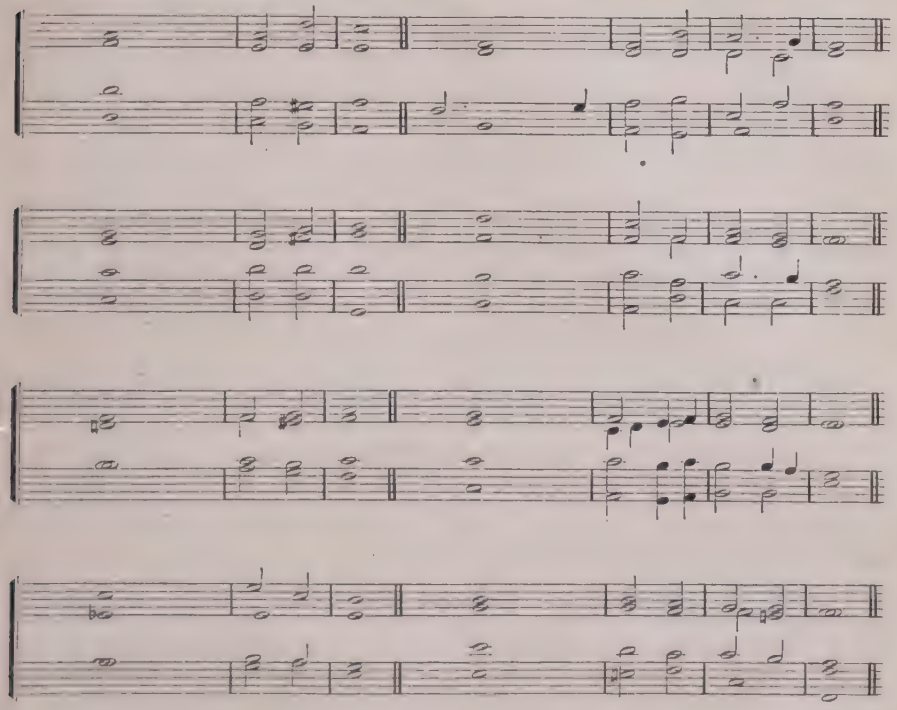
1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us, ‖ and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merciful | unto | us. 2

3 Let the people | praise thee, O | God ; ‖ yea, let all the | people | praise — | thee. 4

5 Let the people | praise thee, O | God ; ‖ yea, let all the | people | praise — | thee. 6

8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ; 9

DEUS MISEREATUR. Concluded.



Congregation.

2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth, ‖ thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations. 3

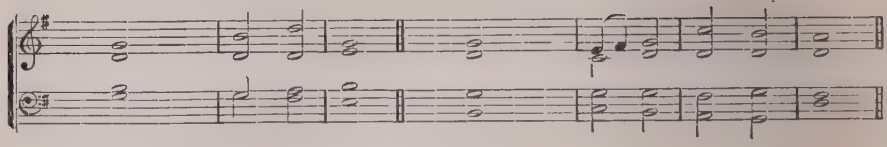
4 Oh let the nations re- | joice and be | glad ; ‖ for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth. 5

6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase ; ‖ and God, even our own | God, shall | give · us his | blessing. 7
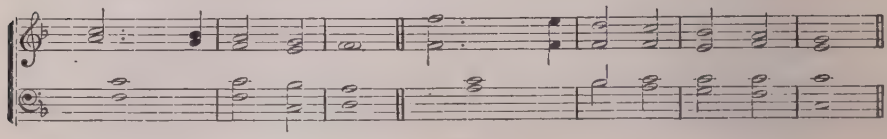
7 God | shall — | bless us ; ‖ and all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him. 8

9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

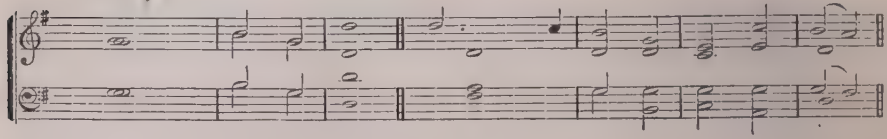
No. 13. BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.



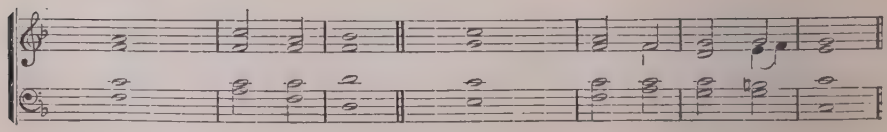
No. 14.



No. 15.



No. 16.



Choir.

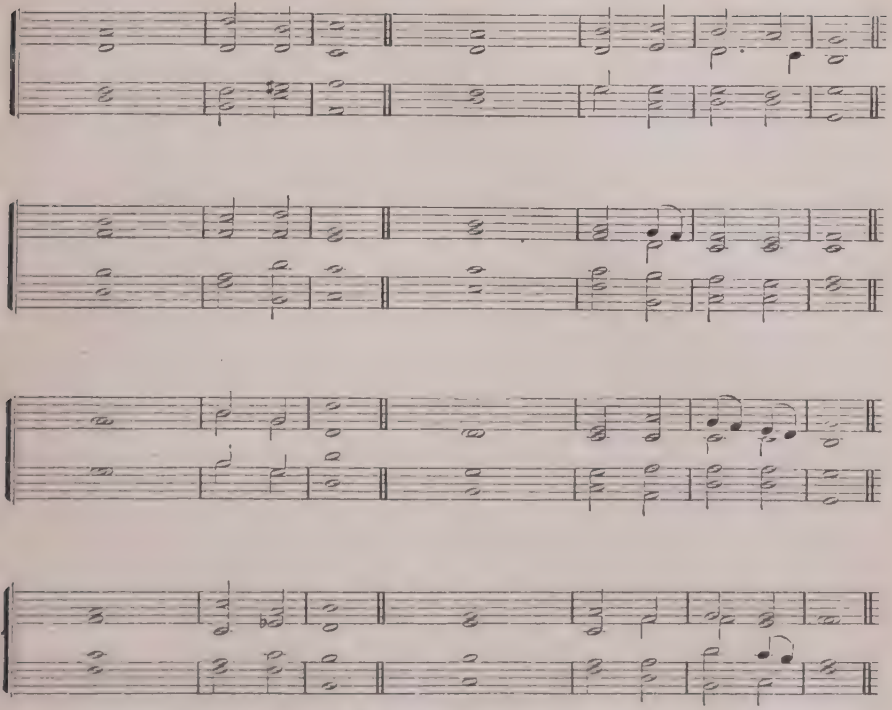
1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul ; ‖ and all that is within me | praise his | holy | name. 2

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, ‖ and healeth | all · thine in- | firmi- | ties. 4

5 Oh praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken un- | to the | voice · of his | word. 6

8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ; 9

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA. Concluded.



Congregation.

2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, ‖ and forget not | all his | bene- | fits ; 3

4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction, ‖ and crowneth thee with | mercy · and | loving- | kindness. 5

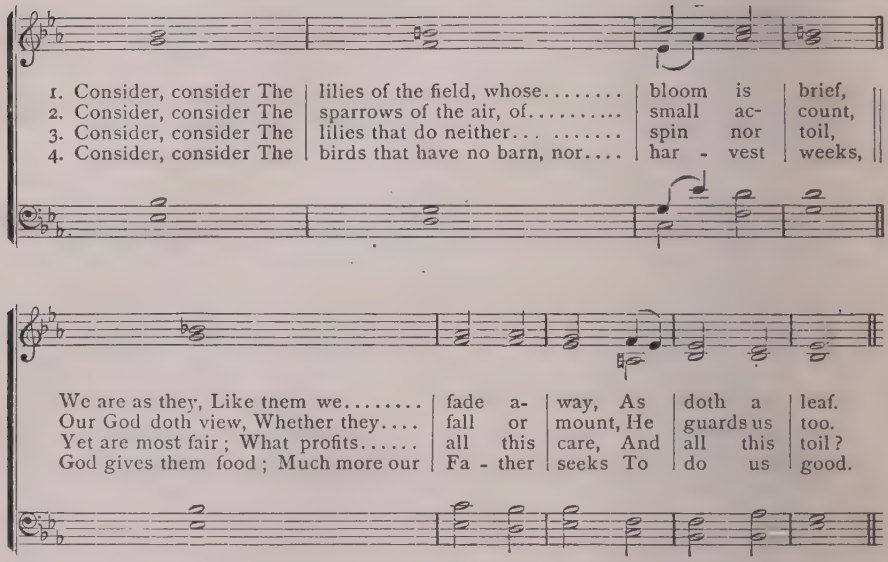
6 O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts ; ‖ ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure. 7

7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion. ‖ Praise thou the | Lord, — | O my | soul. 8

9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

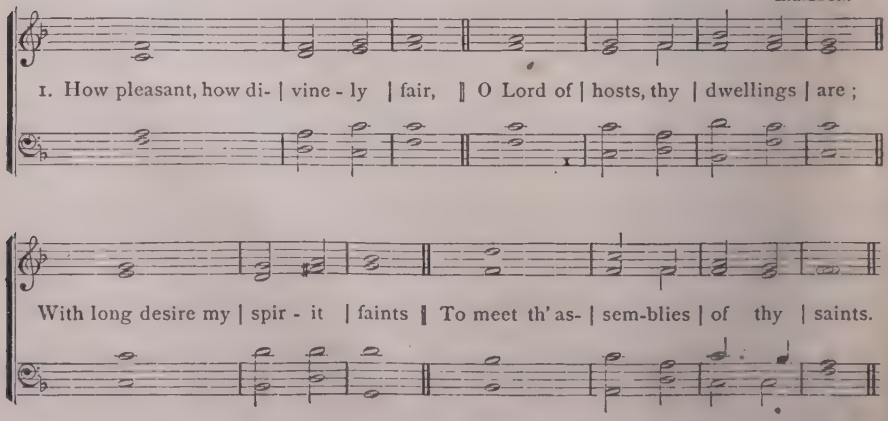
No. 17. CONSIDER THE LILIES.

J. E. Gould.



No. 18. HOW PLEASANT, HOW DIVINELY FAIR.

Langdon.



2 My flesh would rest in | thine a- | bode;
My panting heart cries | out for | God;
My God, my King, why | should I | be
So far from | all my | joys and | thee.

3 Blest are the saints who | sit on | high,
Around thy | throne a- | bove the | sky;
Thy brightest glories | shine a- | bove,
And all their | work is | praise and | love.

4 Blest are the souls who | find a | place
Within the | temple | of thy | grace;
There they behold thy | gentler | rays,
And seek thy | face, and | learn thy | praise.

No. 19. OUR HABITATION.



1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place, in | all · gene- | rations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye | children of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and | as a | watch · in the | night.

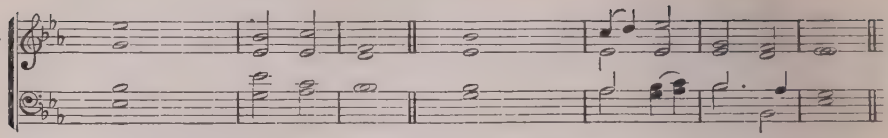
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut | down, *cut* | *down*, and | withereth.

7 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear; | so is thy | wrath.

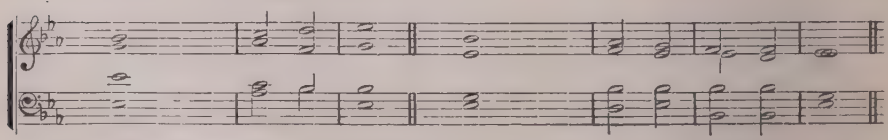
8 So teach us to number our days, that we may ap- | ply our | hearts · unto | wisdom.

No. 20. LEVAVI OCULUS.



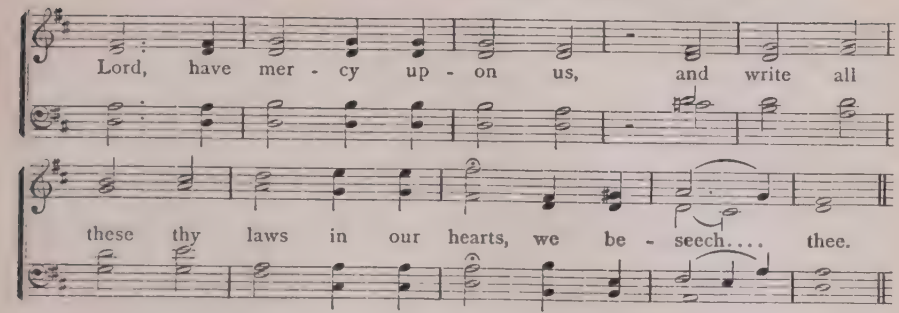
1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh · my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven · and | earth.
2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not · slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.
3 The Lord is thy Keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon | thy right | hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon by | night.
4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and | even · for | ever- | more.
5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men.

No. 21. LÆTATUS SUM.

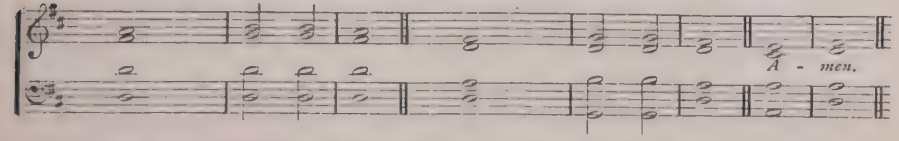


1 I was glad when they said | unto | me,
Let us go into the | house — | of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates,
O Je- | ru- — | sa- — | lem.
3 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem:
They shall | prosper · that | love — | thee.
4 Peace be with- | in thy | walls,
And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
5 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes,
I will now say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.
6 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God,
I will | seek — | thy — | good.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 1.



RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 2.



1 THE law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting · the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making | wise the | simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing · the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | lightening · the | eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during · for- | ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous | alto- | gether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the | honey- | comb.

5 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned:
And in keeping of them there is | great re- | ward.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 3.



LORD, have | mercy up- | on us,
And write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be- | seech — | thee.

BAPTISMAL RESPONSES.

MINISTER.—Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

1. CHOIR.—But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest | thou to | me?

MINISTER.—And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.

2. CHOIR.—And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a | dove, and | lighting · up- | on him.

MINISTER.—And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

1. CHOIR.—Ye are my friends if ye do whatso- | ever · I com- | mand you.

MINISTER.—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

2. CHOIR.—Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the | end · of the | world. A- | men.

MINISTER.—Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

2. CHOIR.—Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should | walk in | newness of | life.

MINISTER.—For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also *in the likeness* of *his* resurrection.

1. CHOIR.—Buried with him in baptism, whence also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath | raised him · from the | dead.

MINISTER.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.

2. CHOIR.—For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also ap- | pear with | him in | glory.

MINISTER.—Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

SENTENCE.
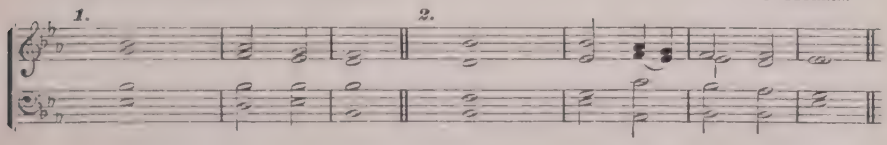
CHOIR.—Lord have mercy up- | on — | us, ‖ and write all these thy laws in our | hearts, — | we be- | seech thee.

GLORIA PATRI.

CHOIR.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost; ‖ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without | end, A- | men! A- | men!
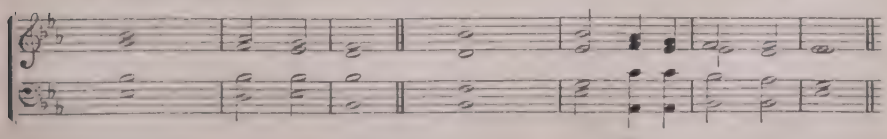
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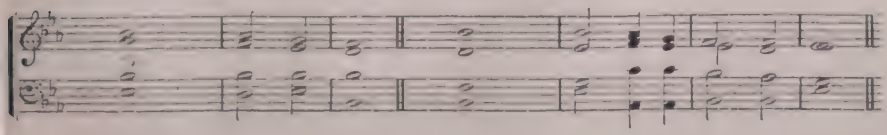
SENTENCE.

GREGORIAN.



GLORIA PATRI.

GREGORIAN.



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